SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1887. No. 1.

REMINISCENCES OF

THE SIEGE AND COMMUNE OF PARIS.

By E. B. Washburne, Ex-Minister to France.

THE DOWNFALL OF THE EMPIRE.

I WAS on the point of leaving Paris for a brief rest, when, toward the last of June, 1870, there arose so suddenly what was known as the "Hohenzollern incident;" which assumed so much importance, as it led up to the Franco-German war. In June, 1868, the Queen Isabella had been chased from Spain and had sought refuge in France. The Spanish Cortes, maintaining the monarchical form, offered the crown of Spain to Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, a relation of the King of Prussia. The French Minister at Madrid telegraphed that Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern had been nominated to the throne of Spain and had accepted. This produced the utmost excitement and indignation among the French people. The Paris press teemed with articles more or less violent, calling on the government to prevent this outrage, even at the cost of war. The journals of all shades were unanimous in the matter, contending that it was an insult and peril to France, and could not be tolerated. The opposition in the Chamber made the incident an occasion for attacking the government, alleging that it was to its weak and vacillating policy that she was indebted for her fresh humiliation. The government journals, however, laid the whole blame upon the ambition of Count Bismarck, who had become to them a *bête noir*. He was accused of everything, and charged with doing everything for the grandeur of Prussia and the unification of Germany; all of which, they alleged, was on account of his hatred for France. The Duke de Gramont, Minister of Foreign Affairs, was interpellated in the Chamber on the subject, and, in reply, declared that France would not permit any foreign power to place one of its princes upon the throne of Charles the Fifth, and disturb, to the detriment of France, the present equilibrium of Europe. All parties in the Chamber received this declaration with the utmost enthusiasm. The opposition members, who were largely in the minority, made as much noise as the government deputies. Much of this was owing to the personal feeling against Bismarck, and both parties vied with each other in showing the extent of their dislike to the great Prussian Chancellor. Much pressure was soon brought to bear in the proper quarters, and the result of this was the withdrawal of the Hohenzollern candidacy. Explanations were made, better counsels seemed to prevail, and all immediate trouble appeared averted.

It became quite certain that all danger of a war between France and Germany was at an end; and, all being quiet on the banks of the Seine, on the 3d of July I left Paris in pursuit of health and recreation at the healing

Copyright, 1886, by Charles Scribner's Sons. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

waters of Carlsbad in far-off Bohemia. I had hardly reached Carlsbad, when scanty news was received of a somewhat

Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern.

threatening character. I could hardly believe that anything very serious was likely to result; yet I was somewhat uneasy.

As I was going to drink the water at one of the health-giving springs, early in the morning of the 15th of July, my Alsatian valet brought me the startling news that a private telegram, received at midnight, gave the intelligence that France had declared war against Germany. The news fell upon the thousands of visitors and the people of Carlsbad like a clap of thunder in a cloudless sky, and the most intense excitement prevailed. The nearest railroad at that time was at Eger, thirty miles distant. The visitors were then all dependent upon the diligence, which only left Carlsbad at night. I immediately determined to return to Paris, as my post of duty. Hiring my seat in the diligence, I rode all night from Carlsbad to Eger. Taking the railroad from Eger to Paris, and passing through Bavaria, Baden, and the valley of the Rhine, the excitement was something prodigious, and recalled to me the days at home of the firing upon Sumter in 1861. The troops were everywhere rushing to the depots; the trains were all blocked, and confusion reigned supreme. After great delays and much discomfort, and a journey of fifty-two hours, I reached Paris at ten o'clock at night, July 18th. The great masses of people, naturally so excitable and turbulent, had been maddened by the false news, so skilfully disseminated, that King William, at Ems, had insulted the French nation through its Ambassador. The streets, the boulevards, the avenues, were filled with people in the greatest state of enthusiasm and excitation. The Champs Elysées, with their brilliant and flashing gas-lights and all the cafés and open-air concert gardens, were encumbered by an immense multitude who filled the air with cries of "*A Berlin en huit jours!*" and whose hearts were set on fire by the refrain of the Marseillaise, that hymn of free France:

"*Allons enfants de la Patrie,*
Le jour de gloire est arrivé."

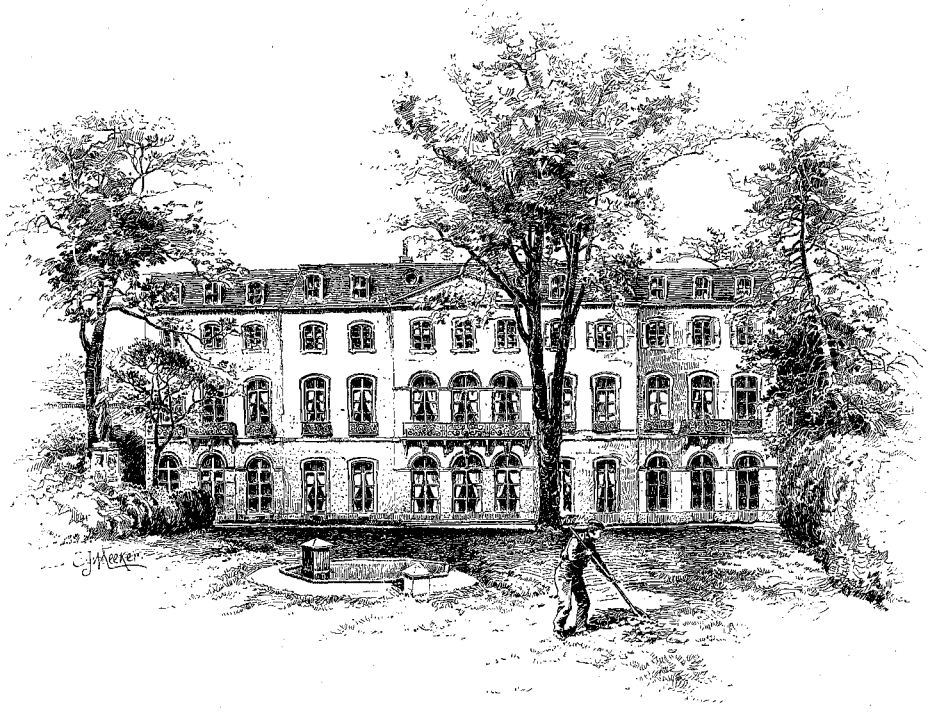
It soon turned out that all the reports which had been spread over Paris, that King William had insulted the French Ambassador, were utterly false, and had not the slightest foundation to rest upon. The French Ambassador, M. Benedetti, denied that he had received the least indignity from the King. The plain truth seemed to be that the French Ambassador courteously approached the King, while walking in the garden of the Kursaal, and spoke to him in relation to the pending difficulties then existing between the two countries. The good old King was kind and polite, as he always is to everyone with whom he comes in contact, and when M. Benedetti began to speak in relation to matters of such a grave character, he politely stated that he would have to talk upon such questions with the German Foreign Office. All that was very proper; and nobody thought of it or supposed that there was any indignity, as there was not the slightest intended. The very spot where this meeting took place is now marked by a tablet, bearing date of the day of the occurrence.

The exaggerations in Paris and France of this simple incident surpassed all bounds, and they were apparently made to inflame the people still more. It really appeared that the Emperor and Government of France had determined

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to have war with Germany, *coute qui coute*. The alleged causes, growing out of the talk that Germany was to put a German prince on the throne of Spain, were but a mere pretext. The Hohenzollern candidature had been withdrawn, and there was no necessity or sense in any further trouble. But the truth was that, after eighteen years of peace, the courtiers and adventurers who surrounded certain real reforms into his government.

The last dinner ever given at the Tuileries was on Tuesday night, June 7, 1870. It was in honor of the United States Minister and Mrs. Washburne. It was a large dinner, and was served in the usual elegant style of all the official dinners. The Emperor appeared in good health and spirits; but yet I



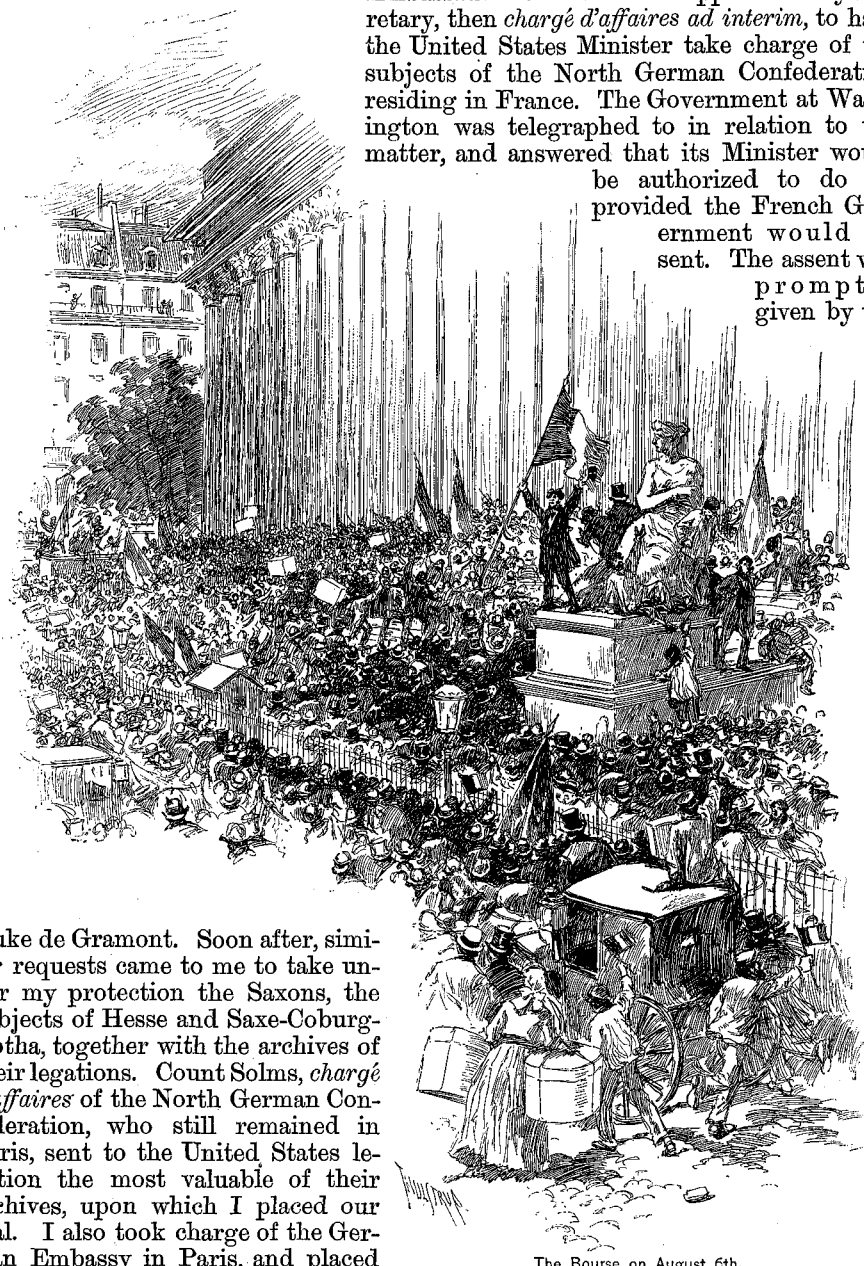
The German Embassy in the Rue de Lille.

the Emperor seemed to think that it was about time to have a war, to awaken the martial spirit of the French people, to plant the French eagles in triumph in the capital of some foreign country, and, as a consequence, to fix firmly on the throne the son of Napoleon the Third, and restore to the Imperial crown the lustre it had lost. It seemed to be very clear to my mind that if the Emperor had been left to himself, war would have been averted. I am quite sure that his heart was never in the venture. He had just entered upon his scheme of a parliamentary government, and everything promised a substantial success. I think he was sincere in his wish to introduce thought I saw a cloud of uneasiness over his face. He made inquiries of me in respect to the postal treaty, and, as was always the case when I met him, inquired very kindly for the President. He alluded to the fact that he was going to send Prévost-Paradol as Minister to the United States, and said that while M. Paradol was a very "clever man," he had yet to learn diplomacy. I replied that the relations of the two countries were then so pleasant and cordial that he would not require much skill in that line. He answered that he believed and hoped so. I speak of this occasion, as it was the last time that I ever saw the Emperor. Matters soon after began to drift

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

toward war, and the state of affairs required all his time and attention until he finally left the gorgeous old palace of St. Cloud to take command of the army, and never to return to France.

After the declaration of war, I found on my return to Paris that the German Ambassador to France had applied to my secretary, then *chargé d'affaires ad interim*, to have the United States Minister take charge of the subjects of the North German Confederation residing in France. The Government at Washington was telegraphed to in relation to the matter, and answered that its Minister would be authorized to do so, provided the French Government would assent. The assent was promptly given by the Duke de Gramont. Soon after, similar requests came to me to take under my protection the Saxons, the subjects of Hesse and Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, together with the archives of their legations. Count Solms, *chargé d'affaires* of the North German Confederation, who still remained in Paris, sent to the United States legation the most valuable of their archives, upon which I placed our seal. I also took charge of the German Embassy in Paris, and placed over it the American flag. The *concierge* of the embassy having been forced to leave, I placed it under the charge of two young and trustworthy Americans who had been residents of my congressional district in Illinois. These young men courageously occupied the embassy until



The Bourse on August 6th.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the close of the hostilities; and, though sometimes threats were made, there was never any violence offered to the embassy or its guardians. The day after my return to Paris I took charge of my legation and relieved the *chargé d'affaires*. From this time I constantly recorded events as they occurred; and in writing my reminiscences in this complete and connected form, I have not hesitated, while weaving the whole into an unbroken story, to avail myself of the substance and in many portions the language of my despatches and letters sent to the Government at the time, and sometimes printed in congressional documents; as I have greatly preferred to trust to the vividness of the language which I then used in describing events as they passed before me, rather than to run any danger of losing the force of those immediate impressions.

It was on the 28th of July, 1870, that the Emperor left the palace of St. Cloud, to go to take command of the army in person. A gentleman belonging to the Court, who was present at the moment of departure, recounted to me that the occasion was a most solemn one, and that even then there was a prescience that the Emperor was leaving France never to return. By a decree, the Empress was made Regent during the absence of the Emperor. She remained at the palace of St. Cloud. Before the Emperor left for the army, he issued a bombastic proclamation to the French people, the first paragraph of which was as follows:

"Frenchmen—There are in the lives of peoples solemn moments, where national honor, violently excited, imposes itself as an irresistible force, dominates all interests, and takes in hand the direction of the destinies of the country. One of these decisive hours has just sounded for France."

On the 2d of August, the Emperor having reached the French headquarters, there was a skirmish at Saarbrücken, and there was shed the first blood in the stupendous contest that was to follow. The Emperor and the Prince Imperial were present at the engagement. Napoleon magnified that little affair into an episode, and sent an account back to Paris which only excited ridicule; particularly that part of it in which he stated that Louis had received "*le baptème de feu.*" These proclamations did not disturb the Germans, and they soon put an end to those grotesque fanfaronades.

While these great events were in progress, the two nations were in full conflict, and blood was flowing like water on both sides, the people of Paris could get no reliable information from the seat of war. While in New York and London the particulars of the battle of Weissenbourg were published by the papers the next day, the people of Paris were kept in entire ignorance of them. The feeling of suspense and the excitement were something most painful and extraordinary at this time, and everybody was on the *qui vive* in search of news.

On Thursday, the 4th of August, occurred the battle of Weissenbourg, on the French frontier, which resulted in a practical defeat of the French army. There was no inkling in the Paris journals of the next day that there had been any fighting at all at Weissenbourg or anywhere else; and it was not until the London *Times* of that morning arrived that anybody in Paris had any particulars of the battle which had taken place. They had been kept in utter ignorance of it until twelve or one o'clock that day, when a very brief and unsatisfactory notice of the affair was communicated to the press by the French authorities. The suppression of the intelligence for so long a time excited a good deal of indignation among the public, and the Parisian newspapers were particularly indignant that the London *Times* should have published the news six or eight hours before it was given out to them. There was great uneasiness and discontent all over the city, and the people were prepared for anything.

At about noon on Saturday one of the most remarkable of those events took place which show how easily large masses of people may be imposed upon and deceived. At twelve o'clock there was assembled, as usual at that hour, a great crowd of people in front of the Bourse. It was then that a man in the uniform of a courier, or messenger, rode up in front of the Bourse where the

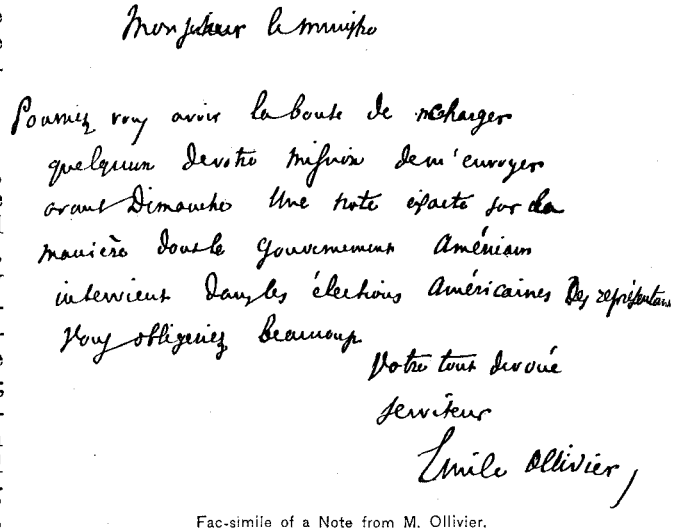
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crowd had assembled, and delivered into the hands of a person, who was evidently

Emile Ollivier.

his confederate, what he pretended was an official despatch, which gave an account of a great battle having been fought in which the French were victorious, taking forty guns and twenty-five thousand prisoners, among whom was included the Crown Prince. A spark of fire falling upon a magazine could hardly have produced a greater explosion. The assembled multitude broke out into the wildest shouts, and the contents of the despatch were repeated from mouth to mouth, and men ran in every direction communicating the joyful intelligence. The people rushed into the streets; the tricolor was everywhere displayed; men embraced and kissed each other, shedding tears of joy; shouts, vociferations, and oaths filled the air, and such a delirium was never before witnessed. Rue Richelieu, the Boulevards of Montmartre and the Italiens, and the Rue de la Paix were filled with people singing the Marseillaise. Everybody declared that the news was true; the official report had been seen and closely scanned, and there could be no doubt of its correctness. Madame Sass, a distinguished opera-singer, was found in the street, and the crowd insisted upon her singing the Marseillaise from her carriage, which she did three times amid transports of enthusiasm. In another part of the streets the multitude forced another distinguished singer to mount to the top of an omnibus, also to sing the Marseillaise.

Soon the furor of the enthusiasm began to abate; and some persons were wise enough to suggest that it would be well to inquire more particularly into the news, and to see whether or not it should be confirmed. The result of the inquiry was that it was a stupendous hoax. The songs at once ceased, the flags were taken in, and the victims of the canard began to feel indignant. As the affair originated at the Bourse, the cry was raised in the crowd "*à la Bourse!*" and away the people went, breathing vengeance against the money-changers and speculators, who, it was alleged, had taken advantage of the false report to get the benefit of a rise of about four per cent. in the stocks. Never were money-changers



Fac-simile of a Note from M. Ollivier.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

more summarily driven out of their temples. In a few moments all persons in the Bourse were expelled, some of whom, it was said, were thrown head and heels out of the windows and doors.

About half-past three o'clock in the afternoon the crowd, still greatly exasperated, started from the Bourse and directed themselves toward the Place Vendôme, halting under the windows of the Ministry of Justice. There they shouted for Émile Ollivier, the Minister of Justice, and demanded of him the closing of the Bourse, from which the false news had emanated. M. Ollivier responded in a short and well-turned speech, closing by asking them to disperse, which they did. But still there was great excitement all over the city, and there was intense indignation at being so easily made the victims of a vile canard.

At half-past five o'clock in the afternoon of that day I rode down to the Place Vendôme, and found another crowd of about three thousand persons gathered in front of the Ministry of Justice, demanding that M. Ollivier should show himself and make another speech. As he had already made one speech to the crowd, he considered that quite enough for one day and so he refused to appear. At this refusal the vociferations were increased every instant and hostile cries were raised against the minister by the multitude, who demanded the author of the false news and reclaimed the liberty of the press, which, they insisted, had been muzzled; for if it had been free to give information, no such event could have happened. I saw this turbulent crowd in front of the ministry, and stopped to ascertain the cause of it. Notwithstanding M. Ollivier had refused to make his appearance at the window in the first place, the pressure was so great that he finally was obliged to yield. Such was the tumult and noise that it was impossible for me, from where I stood, to hear precisely what he said; but it was evidently not very satisfactory, for the people did not disperse immediately, as he had requested, but began shouting in favor of the liberty of the press and raising hostile cries against M. Ollivier. The public held him responsible for the terrible severity of the press-law which prevented the journals from giving the news from the army. Everything was required to come through official channels, and it was given out at such times and in such measure as might suit the purposes of the government.

At ten o'clock on Saturday evening a gentleman connected with my legation, going down-town, found the Place Vendôme again literally crammed with both men and women who were in the highest state of excitement, singing a new song called the "Press song," and raising menacing cries against the Minister of Justice. Afterward, large crowds of people collected in the Rue de la Paix, on the boulevards, and in the Place de la Madeleine, all singing and shouting, and all in bad temper. But large bodies of troops being in the immediate vicinity, no acts of violence were perpetrated.

The Official Journal of the next day (Sunday) contained a despatch of two lines, dated at Metz, at eleven o'clock the evening before (Saturday). Here is the text of the despatch: "The corps of General Frossard is in retreat. There are no details." This and nothing more. And it is not to be wondered at that such a despatch inspired the greatest uneasiness and anxiety. It gave no indication of where the battle was fought or what was the extent of the losses; and naturally the great Paris public was tormented with fear and suspense. A proclamation of the Empress and her ministry appeared at noon in the second edition of the Official Journal. This proclamation contained a bulletin from the Emperor, dated at Metz, at half-past twelve o'clock on Sunday, announcing that Marshal MacMahon had lost a battle and that General Frossard had been obliged to retreat. Another bulletin from the Emperor, dated at Metz, three hours later, announced that his communication with Marshal MacMahon was interrupted, and that he had had no news of him since the day before; and still another despatch, one hour later, from headquarters at Metz, both of which were also contained in the proclamation of the Minister of the Interior, gave a brief account of the battles of MacMahon and Frossard, but said that the details were wanting. It further stated that the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

troops were full of "*élan*," and that the situation was not yet compromised; but that the enemy was on French territory and a serious effort was necessary. Thereupon the proclamation went on to say that in the presence of the grave news the duty was clear; and that therefore:

"The Chambers are convoked; we shall place Paris in a state of defence; to facilitate the execution of military preparations, we declare it in a state of siege."

A decree of the Empress-Regent convoked the Senate and the *Corps Législatif* for Thursday, the 11th of August. Another decree placed the department of the Seine in a state of siege. No person not in Paris at the time could have any adequate idea of the state of feeling which the extraordinary news from the battle-field had created; and now these declarations were added to it. Never had Paris seen such a day since the time of the first revolution. The whole people appeared to be paralyzed by the terrible events which had burst upon them in such rapid and fearful succession. The rain had some influence in keeping the people from the street; but on going down-town, on the afternoon of Sunday, I found them collected in knots about the Grand Hôtel and on the boulevards, reading the newspapers and discussing the situation. Soon after, I saw large crowds of people proceeding in the rain toward the Ministry of Justice, in the Place Vendôme, which seemed to be the objective point, owing to the hostility which existed against Émile Ollivier. The rain, however, dampened the ardor of the crowd and it soon dispersed.

After these exhibitions, which would never have taken place had the people been advised of the true state of things in the field of military operations, the French Government wisely concluded that it was of no use to try any longer to conceal the real state of facts. Then they began to give out certain laconic and ambiguous despatches, which still increased the public anxiety. They all summed up that the French arms had been terribly beaten.

The full particulars of the fatal battles had, by this time, reached the Empress at the palace of St. Cloud. The last and most fatal and disquieting news reached her in the night of the 6th of August. Overcome and almost distracted by the terrible blow, she determined in the night to go at once to Paris and take up her residence at the Tuileries. Soon after the Emperor left Paris I had received a communication from my Government which, according to diplomatic etiquette, had to be presented to the Emperor in person. In his absence it had to be presented to the Empress-Regent. I had announced at the Foreign Office the mission with which I was charged, and asked when I could be received by the Empress-Regent. An early day was designated, and at the palace of St. Cloud. Early in the morning of the day named I received a note stating that I would be received at the Tuileries at eleven o'clock of that day, instead of at St. Cloud. It was the night before that the terrible news had been received from the battle-field which had brought the Empress back.

At the hour fixed I went to the palace to perform my mission. Received by the Master of Ceremonies, I was soon ushered into the presence of the Empress-Regent. After the ordinary salutation and the delivery of my message, we entered into conversation in respect to the news which had just been made public over Paris. She had evidently passed a sleepless and agitated night, and was in great distress of mind. She at once began to speak of the news which she had received, and of the effect it would have on the French people. I suggested to her that it might not be as bad as reported, and that the consequences, in the end, might be far better than the present circumstances indicated. I spoke to her about our first battle of Bull Run and the defeat that the Union armies had received; and that such defeat had only stimulated greater exertions, and had led to that display of courage, heroism, and endurance which had, in the end, suppressed the Rebellion. She replied: "I only wish the French, in these respects, were like you Americans; but I am afraid they would be too much discouraged and give up too soon." On the same day she issued a proclamation to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

French people, in which she frankly avowed that the French arms had submitted to a check, and implored the people to be firm in their reverse and hasten to repair it; that there should be among them only one party, that of France; and only one thought, and that of the national arms. She closed by adjuring all good citizens to maintain order; for to trouble it would be to conspire with the enemy.

All Paris was now under the empire of the most profound emotion. It was in the evening that there was the greatest excitement; the gatherings on the boulevard were immense, and people were singing, swearing, and yelling by turns. On one evening when I was down-town an immense procession had been formed, and the people were marching in twos on the Boulevards Italiens and Madeleine; they kept step to the words issuing from every mouth, "*Vive chassepot, vive chassepot!*" At the time of the declaration of war it was estimated that there were thirty thousand Germans in Paris, and I was charged with their protection in the midst of these events. The news of German triumphs seemed to have inflamed the natural hatred of the Parisians toward the German population. This caused the greatest anxiety and

Jules Ferry.

uneasiness among that peaceable and law-abiding population. The hostility was manifested in every possible way, and the consequence was that there was

Jules Favre.

a general desire among the German population to get out of Paris as soon as possible; but the French Government soon decided that they would not give passports to such Germans as owed military service to their government. This gave me great embarrassment, for how could I tell anything in respect to those who owed military service and those who did not? I could give *laissez-passers* to women, children, and old men; but if I gave one to a German who owed military service, he would not be permitted to leave Paris and France, and my *laissez-passers* might be rejected. The consequence of this was that in the first days the number of passports I gave was comparatively limited, although the number of Germans at the legation was very great, seeking such permission as would enable them to get out of Paris.

The excitement seemed to increase with every day and every hour. The *Corps Législatif* was the great point of interest, as everyone looked to that body for some action that might stem the tide of disaster which was rolling over Paris and France. Its meeting on Tuesday, the 9th of August, presented one of the most extraordinary spectacles which had ever taken place in a French legislative body, except in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jules Simon.

very heat of the revolution of '89. I had seen much turbulence in our own House of Representatives before the War of the Rebellion. I had been present when the Grow and Keitt fight took place, at a night session, where the members had a hand-to-hand scuffle in the area in front of the Speaker's chair—"All of which I saw and a part of which I was;" but never had I seen anything that would parallel the scene which took place in the *Corps Législatif*.

On the day for the opening of that body, fully appreciating that the session would be a remarkable one, I went early to the Palais Bourbon in order to get a good seat in the diplomatic tribune, so that I could see and hear all that took place. The President took his seat at half-past one o'clock P.M., and then the members came rapidly into the hall. The ministers took their places on the ministerial benches, and all were present except the Minister of War, who was in the field. The *Corps Législatif* at this time might be said to be composed of men of more than ordinary ability, and many of them of much political experience and somewhat distinguished in one way or another. As a body, it was made up of older men than the members of our House of Representatives at Washington, but the number of deputies was about the same. The real ability, the dash, the boldness, and the eloquence appertained to the Left. Many of those men had the qualities attributed to the Girondists in the National Convention. It was interesting to watch the deputies coming into the hall; the members of the Right and Centre quietly took their seats, but there was much agitation among the members of the Left. In fact, it was easy to see that there was a storm brewing.

The President, having declared the session opened, had only read the formal part of the proclamation, reciting, "By the grace of God and the national will, Emperor of the French, etc.," when many members of the Left broke out in furious exclamations, saying that they did not want any more of that; and it was some time before the President could finish reading the document. After he had concluded he awarded the floor to M. Ollivier, Minister of Justice, who mounted the tribune and commenced developing the reasons why the Chamber was called together. He had only said a few words when he was met with the most boisterous and insulting interruptions. A member of the Left having cried out that the country had been compromised, Jules Favre exclaimed, "Yes, by the imbecility of its chief! Come down from the tribune! It is a shame!" Arago cried out that the public safety required that the ministers should get out of the way. Pelletan said, "You have lost the country, but it will save itself in spite of you!" At length Ollivier was able to complete his speech, which he read from a written manuscript. The floor was then given to General de Jean, the Minister of War *ad interim*, who proposed a law and stated the reason therefor. Jules Favre then obtained the floor, and proposed resolutions in relation to the defence of the country, looking to the reorganization of the National Guard. He mounted the tribune to speak to his resolutions. A tall, heavy man, with rough, strong features, plainly dressed, and with an immense head of hair, he was a great orator; and at this time he rose to the highest pitch of eloquence, and denounced in unmeasured terms the weakness, mismanagement, and folly of the ministers, and the wretched manner in which the army had been commanded. He said that it was necessary that the Emperor should abandon his headquarters and return to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paris; and that, in order to save the country, the Chamber should take all the powers into its own hands. He then proposed a decree providing for an Executive Committee of fifteen deputies, who should be invested with the full power of government to repel foreign invasion. This proposition was received with yells of denunciation by the Right, who denounced it as revolutionary and unconstitutional, and the President so decided.

After M. Favre had concluded, Granier de Cassagnac, a member of the Extreme Right, rushed to the tribune, and his first words were to denounce the proposition of Favre as the commencement of revolution. He proceeded in a strain of bitter denunciation, amid the shouts, vociferations, and the gestures of almost the entire Left. He accused them of hiding behind their privileges to destroy the government of the Emperor, who was in the face of the enemy. Here there came interruptions, calls to order, and threats. Thirty members of the Left rose to their feet, yelling at Cas-

Garnier-Pagès.

sagnac and shaking their fists toward him, and he returned the compliment by shaking his fist at them. All this time the members of the Right were applauding Cassagnac, who finally wound up with the terrible threat that if he were a minister he would send the members of the Left to a military tribunal before night. This was followed by one of the most terrific explosions ever witnessed in a legislative body. All the deputies of the Left jumped to their feet and raised their voices in most indignant protest. And then rose up the deputies of the Right to drown the cries of the Left with their own vociferations. Jules Simon, who was then simply a deputy from Paris, and who has since occupied so many high positions in France, rushed into the area in front of the tribune, gesticulating with vehemence and saying that if they dared to send them to a council of war they were ready to go; and if they wanted to shoot them they would find them ready. That added to the tumult. Nearly all the members were on their feet. The voice of Simon was heard above the din: "If you want violence, you shall have it." At that moment, Estancelin, under great excitement, cried out, "The Minister of Foreign Affairs laughs!" And that absurd ejaculation caused many others to laugh.

Jules Ferry, also a member of the *Corps Législatif* at that time, and since Prime Minister under President Grévy, was heard in the uproar to say that it was not proper "for a minister who was attempting to negotiate peace to——" and here his voice was lost in the tumult. Nearly the entire Left then started from their seats and rushed to the area in front of the tribune and up to the seat of the ministers; Estancelin, Ferry, and old Garnier-Pagès in front. Estancelin and Ferry were young men and advanced republicans. Garnier-Pagès was an old-time republican, at that time nearly seventy years of age, and had for a long time been a prominent man in France—a republican always, but considered somewhat conservative. He was a member of the provisional government of 1848, and was assigned to the Ministry of Finance, but was not entirely happy in his administration of it. At this time he was a man of striking personal appearance. Tall and slim, and with long white hair, he could not otherwise than attract attention wherever he went. As a speaker he was described as having the "*parole chaleureuse*," and such was his benevolent and exemplary character that he enjoyed the esteem of all men, even of his adversaries. After

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the revolution of the 4th of September, 1870, being then a member of the *Corps Législatif* of Paris, he became a member of the government of the National Defence; and, on the 31st of October, when the Hôtel de Ville was invaded and all the members of the government made prisoners, M. Garnier-Pagès was very badly treated, and even beaten. He was not elected to the National Assembly on the 8th of February, 1871, and from that time he was in private life. He had a country place at Cannes, where he lived the life of a retired gentleman.

These members of the Left shook their fists directly in the face of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Duke de Gramont, who sat fixed and without moving a muscle. Here the tumult reached its height. A hundred men were screaming at the top of their voices, and the President rang his bell furiously, but all to no effect. And then, as a signal that he had lost all control of the assembly, and as a flag of distress, he covered himself by putting on his hat. The huissiers then rushed in and separated the contending parties, and, some minutes after, comparative quiet was restored. The debate continued, and amid the greatest excitement. Finally, after a session of two hours, when all sides seemed wearied out by the contest, the Chamber took a recess until five o'clock. Its first action, after it reassembled, was a proposition substantially expressing a want of confidence in the ministry, and the question was put and fully disposed of in less time than it takes to write about it, and almost in the "twinkling of an eye" the ministers found themselves practically out of office, not more than a dozen members rising in their favor. They asked leave to retire for consultation, and in a few minutes brought in their resignations, with a statement that the Empress-Regent had directed the Count Palikao to form a new ministry. The Chamber then adjourned amid intense excitement. During all the session the Palais Bourbon, in which it was held, was surrounded by troops of the line to keep back the crowd that had assembled on the Pont de la Concorde, at the Place de la Concorde, and along the quays. Leaving the Chamber, I had occasion to go to the Foreign Office. I found the gates there all closed and a regiment of infantry quartered in the court.

It was evident, during the very first days of September, that matters in Paris were drifting to a crisis. It was a strange and indefinable feeling that existed among the population on Saturday, September 3d. Everybody was groping in the dark for news of military operations. The people, alarmed, discouraged, maddened, at all the disasters which had fallen upon their arms, were preparing for great events. I went down to the Chamber of Deputies, at the Palais Bourbon, at five o'clock in the afternoon. On leaving the Chamber a diplomatic colleague whispered trembling in my ear that all was lost to the French, that the whole army had been captured at Sedan, and that the Emperor had been taken prisoner. A session of the Chamber of Deputies was called to meet at midnight.

The startling news had fallen like a thunder-bolt over all Paris. The boulevards were thronged by masses of excited men filled with rage and indignation. The police authorities strove in vain to disperse them.

The Ministry had issued a proclamation which recognized the gravity of the situation, which was brought by my secretary to my residence at midnight. I at once foresaw that stupendous events were on the verge of accomplishment. The news of the full extent of the catastrophe which befell the army of MacMahon was not made public in Paris until about midnight on Saturday, September 3, 1870, though Palikao had, in the previous evening session of the Chamber, given out enough news to prepare the people for almost anything.

That Saturday night session of the *Corps Législatif* was represented as having been solemn and agitated. The hour designated for its meeting was at midnight, but the President did not take his chair until one o'clock on Sunday morning. M. Schneider, the President, came into the Chamber without the beating of the drum which ordinarily announced his entry. The silence was death-like; but few of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Léon Gambetta.

deputies of the Right were in their seats, though the members of the Left were almost all present. M. Palikao, the Minister of War, took the floor and said that in the presence of the serious news which had been received, he deemed it better not to take any action at that time, but to postpone everything until twelve o'clock of that day—it was then Sunday morning. After Palikao had made this suggestion, M. Jules Favre arose and said that he should not propose any serious opposition to that motion, but he asked leave to give notice of a proposition which he had to submit, and which he would discuss at the meeting at twelve o'clock (on Sunday). The proposition which he read was as follows:

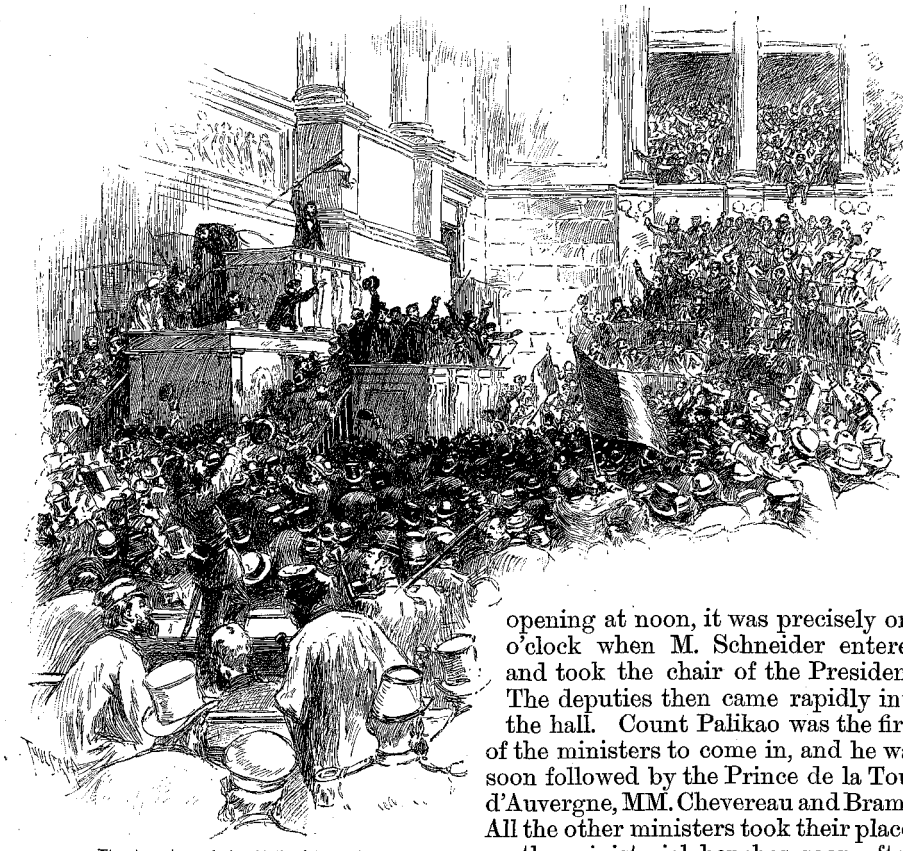
"1. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and his dynasty are declared fallen from the powers which the constitution has confided to them.

"2. There shall be named by the legislative body a commission vested with powers and composed of —— members, and you will designate yourself the number of members who shall compose this commission, who will make it their first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

duty to repel the invasion and drive the enemy from the territory.

"3. M. Trochu shall be maintained in his functions of governor-general of the City of Paris."



The Invasion of the Hall of Deputies.

There was no discussion whatever on these propositions, and after a very brief session of ten minutes the Chamber adjourned.

It was easy to foresee that the sitting of the *Corps Législatif* on Sunday was likely to become historic. I went early to the hall. When I arrived there I found a few troops stationed in the neighborhood, and there was not a large number of people in the immediate vicinity. Indeed, I was quite surprised at the tranquillity which seemed everywhere to reign in the quarter of the Palais Bourbon. Taking my seat in the diplomatic tribune at a quarter before twelve, there was not a single person in the hall of the deputies, though the galleries were all well filled. Instead of the session opening at noon, it was precisely one o'clock when M. Schneider entered and took the chair of the President. The deputies then came rapidly into the hall. Count Palikao was the first of the ministers to come in, and he was soon followed by the Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, MM. Chevereau and Brame. All the other ministers took their places on the ministerial benches soon after. The members of the Left came in almost simultaneously, Gambetta hurrying along among the first, haggard with excitement. The venerable Raspail took his seat, and Garnier-Pagès hurried across the area in front of the President's chair in a state of intense agitation. Arago, Simon, Ferry, Estancelin, Guyot-Montpayvon, entered and took their seats. Thiers, the little, brisk and vigorous old man, walked quietly to his place. The President sat in his chair quietly, and seemed in no hurry to call the Chamber to order. The members became impatient and clamorous. There was loud talk and violent gesticulation. At precisely twenty minutes after one o'clock M. Schneider swung his bell, and the gruff voice of the huissier was heard above the din: "*Silence, messieurs! s'il vous plâit.*"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After some unimportant proceedings the floor was assigned to M. Palikao, the Minister of War, who, in behalf of the Council of Ministers, submitted the following:

"ART. 1. A council of Government and of National Defence is instituted. The council is composed of five members. Each member of this council is named by the absolute majority of the *Corps Législatif*.

"2. The ministers are named under the countersign of the members of this council.

"3. The General Count Palikao is named lieutenant-general of this council.

"Done in a council of ministers the 4th of September, 1870.

"For the Emperor, and in virtue of the powers which he has confided to us.

"EUGÉNIE."

After that project had been read, M. Thiers arose and submitted another proposition, which was as follows:

"Considering the circumstances, the Chamber names a commission of Government and National Defence. A Constituent Assembly will be convoked as soon as the circumstances will allow."

The proposition of Favre being already before the Chamber, "urgency" was voted on these three propositions, and they were sent to a committee for examination, under the rules of the Chamber. This voting of urgency, according to the rules of the Chamber, brings the matter before it for immediate consideration. At one o'clock and forty minutes in the afternoon the sitting was suspended, to await the report of the committee to which these three propositions had been submitted, and then all the members left the hall, going into a large lobby-room, called *La salle des pas perdus*.

As it was supposed that the sitting would not be resumed for an hour or more, I left the diplomatic gallery and descended into the court of the building, facing upon the street which runs parallel with the Seine. There I found a great many people who had been admitted by virtue of tickets. The street in front of the building had been kept quite clear by the military, though there was an enormous multitude of the National Guard and the people on the Place de la Concorde, on the opposite side of the river. The Pont de la Concorde seemed to be sufficiently guarded by the military to prevent their crossing over. All at once I saw quite a number of people on the steps of the Palais Bourbon, and soon they commenced to raise loud cries of "*Vive la République!*" "*Déchéance! Vive la France!*"

At this moment I was called away by the messenger of the legation, who brought me an urgent message from Madame MacMahon, who wanted a safe-conduct from me to enable her to pass the Prussian lines to visit her wounded husband at Sedan. I had asked my friend, the Honorable George Eustis, Jr., of Louisiana, who was a perfect master of the French language, to accompany me to the *Corps Législatif*, and he was with me at the time my messenger came in to get this *laissez-passer* for Madame MacMahon. Leaving the diplomatic tribune, we went into an antechamber, where I could find writing materials, to prepare the document which was sought for. I had no sooner sat myself down to the table than the cry was raised that the people had invaded the building. It seemed but a moment before the flood was rushing in, even into the antechamber where Mr. Eustis and myself were. The crowd and confusion were so great that I found it impossible to prepare the requisite paper, so we made our way into the court-yard.

There was presented a most extraordinary spectacle. A part of a regiment of the line had been brought hurriedly into the yard, and had formed across it and were loading their muskets. Behind them, and in the street, and rushing through the gates and up the front steps of the building, was a vast mass of excited people and the National Guard, who had fraternized—the guard having their muskets butt end upward as a token of friendship. It was evident that there had been collusion between the people who were on the steps of the Palais Bourbon and the people and the National Guard in the Place de la Concorde, on the other side of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Proclamation du Conseil des ministres au peuple français

—

Français !

Un grand malheur frappe la patrie :

après trois jours de lutte héroïques soutenues par l'armée du Maréchal de Mac Mahon contre 300,000 ennemis, quarante mille hommes ont été faits prisonniers.

Le général Wimpffen, qui avait pris le commandement de l'armée, en remplacement du maréchal Mac Mahon, grièvement blessé, a signé une capitulation.

Le cruel revers ne ébranle pas notre courage.

Paris est aujourd'hui en état de défense.

Les forces militaires du pays s'organisent ;

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avant peu de jours, une armée nouvelle sera sous les murs de Paris, une autre armée s'organise sur la Loire.
Votre patriotisme, votre union, votre énergique concours sauveront la France.
L'Impératrice a été faite prisonnière dans la lutte.
Le Gouvernement, fauvé avec les pouvoirs publics, prend toutes les mesures que comporte la gravité des événements
Le Conseil des Ministres :
Pte du Palikao, N. Chevreau, Gal Rigault de Genouilly,
Jules Brame, Prince de la Tour-d'Auvergne, Comte Clément Duvernois, Magne, Thuillier - Williams, Jérôme David.
Pour Conformité
Le Secrétaire du Conseil
S. 1870. une Dépêche de ne
se rend Exactement au Ministère
à 1 heure du matin
Le Secrétaire du Conseil
Williams

OF THE DISASTER OF SEDAN.

at midnight, Sept. 3, 1870.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

river; for it was upon the signal of the people on the steps that the guard and the people broke through the military force that was holding the bridge. As the crowd mounted the steps of the Palais Bourbon it was received with terrific cheers, and with shouts of "*Vive la République!*" and "*Déchéance!*"

Making our way into the street, Mr. Eustis and myself managed to pass through the crowd and to reach the building of the Agricultural Club, in the immediate neighborhood, and from the balcony of which we could see all that was going on. And now the soldiers of the guard, many of them with their hats on the ends of their muskets, accompanied by an indiscriminate mass of men, women, and children, poured over the Pont de la Concorde and filled the entire space, all in one grand fraternization, singing the Marseillaise and shouting "*Vive la République!*" The Municipal Guard, with its shining helmets and brilliant uniform, was forced back, inch by inch, before the people, until, finally, all military authority became utterly powerless. During this time the National Guard and the people had invaded the hall of the deputies, which they found vacant. M. Schneider and about a dozen of the members rushed in. The President in vain made appeals for order, and finally covered himself by putting on his hat, according to the immemorable usage of the French assemblies under such circumstances. Gambetta addressed a few energetic words to the invaders, and, a little order being restored, quite a number of deputies entered the hall. But at three o'clock a grand irruption into the Chamber took place. M. Jules Favre then ascended the tribune and was listened to for a moment. "Let there be no scenes of violence," he said; "let us reserve our arms for the enemy, and fight it to the last. At this moment union is necessary, and for that reason we do not proclaim the republic." The President then precipitately left his seat, and it turned out that it was for the last time. The irruption into the Chamber continued.

The floor and the seats of the deputies, on which a few members of the Left only remained, were filled with a motley crowd in blouses and coarse woollen shirts, or in the uniform of the National Guard or the Guard Mobile. They wore caps and *kepis* of all colors and shapes, and carried muskets with their muzzles ornamented with sprigs of green leaves. The tumult became indescribable, and some of the invaders seized on the pens and paper of the deputies and commenced writing letters, while different persons were going up to the President's chair and ringing his bell continually. The crowd in the hall now demanded the "*déchéance*" of the Emperor, which was declared, and then it was proposed to go to the Hôtel de Ville and proclaim the republic. The cry was therefore raised, "*À l'Hôtel de Ville!*" mingled with other cries, "*Cherchez Rochefort!*" etc., and then this vast multitude commenced moving away from the Palais Bourbon. The crowd having soon sufficiently dispersed, we were enabled to make our way back to the *Corps Législatif* and to enter the diplomatic tribune.

The hall was filled with dust, and was in the greatest possible confusion. A rough-looking man was in the President's chair, surrounded by a number of men still more rough in appearance. The soldiers and the people were occupying the seats of the deputies indiscriminately, writing letters, looking over documents, and talking and laughing, all in the best of humor. In the hall, at this time, I recognized Garnier-Pagès, Raspail, and a few other members of the Left. Leaving the Chamber, we went at once to the Hôtel de Ville. The number of people assembled there was enormous, and we found the same frater-

TRANSLATION OF PROCLAMATION.

FRENCHMEN:

A great misfortune has just fallen upon our country. After three days of heroic struggle kept up by the army of Marshal MacMahon against three hundred thousand of the enemy, forty thousand men have been made prisoners.

General Wimpffen, who had taken command of the army in place of Marshal MacMahon, severely wounded, has signed a surrender.

This cruel defeat does not shake our courage.

Paris is now in a state of defense.

The military forces of the country are organizing.

In a few days a new army will be under the walls of Paris, and still another army is forming on the banks of the Loire.

Your patriotism, your union, and your energy will save France.

The Emperor was made prisoner in the melee.

The Government in accord with the public authorities is taking every measure which befits the gravity of these events.

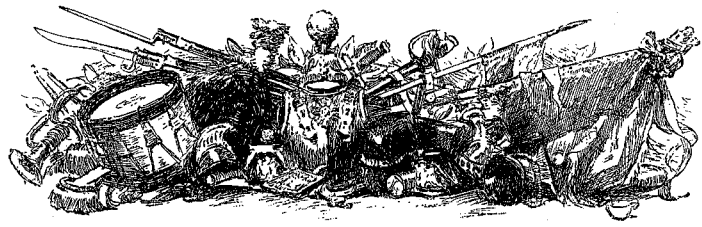
[Signed by the Council of Ministers.]

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nization existing between them and the National Guard as elsewhere. The building had been invaded by the people, and all the windows fronting on the square were filled with rough and dirty-looking men and boys. Soon we heard a terrific shout go up. Rochefort was being drawn in a cab by a multitude through the crowd. He was ghastly pale; he stood up in the vehicle, covered with sashes of red, white, and blue, waving his hat in answer to the acclamations. As he was slowly hauled through the multitude to the main door of the Hôtel de Ville, the delirium seemed to have reached its height, and it is impossible to describe the frantic acclamations which were heard.

At precisely four o'clock and forty-five minutes in the afternoon, as I marked it by the great clock in the tower of the Hôtel de Ville, at one of the windows appeared Gambetta; a little behind him stood Jules Favre and Emanuel Arago; and then and there, on that historic spot, I heard Gambetta proclaim the republic of France. That proclamation was received with every possible demonstration of enthusiasm. Lists were thrown out of the window, containing the names of the members of the provisional government. Ten minutes afterward Raspail and Rochefort appeared at another window and embraced each other, while the crowd loudly applauded them. During this time the public were occupying the Tuileries, from which the Empress had just escaped. Sixty thousand human beings had rolled toward the palace, completely levelling all obstacles; the vestibule was invaded, and in the courtyard, on the other side of the Place du Carrousel, were to be seen soldiers of every arm, who, in the presence of the people, removed the cartridges from their guns, and who were greeted by the cries, "Long live the nation!" "Down with the Bonapartes!" "To Berlin!" etc. During all this time there was no pillage, no havoc, no destruction of property, and the crowd soon retired, leaving the palace under the protection of the National Guard.

Some discussion had been raised at the Hôtel de Ville about changing the flag, but Gambetta declared that the tricolor was the flag of 1792–93, and that under it France had been, and yet would be, led to victory. From the Hôtel de Ville Mr. Eustis and myself went back to the Chamber of Deputies, to find it still in the possession of the people. From there I returned to my legation, which I reached at half-past six o'clock in the evening. At eight o'clock I rode down to the *Corps Législatif* to see what the situation was there, but on my arrival I found everything closed and the lights extinguished. The doors leading to the hall of the deputies had been shut and seals put upon them. I then drove through some parts of the city, and found everything remarkably quiet. The day had been pleasant and the night was beautiful beyond description. Before returning to my lodgings I called upon Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, to talk over the events of the day which we had witnessed, and which we were certain would become one of the most memorable in the history of France. In a few brief hours of a Sabbath day I had seen a dynasty fall and a republic proclaimed, and all without the shedding of one drop of blood.



41773

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SETH'S BROTHER'S WIFE.

By Harold Frederic.

CHAPTER I.

THE HIRED FOLK.

"Ef ther' ain't a flare-up in *this* haouse 'fore long, I miss *my* guess," said Alvira, as she kneaded the pie-crust, and pulled it out between her floury fingers to measure its consistency. "Ole Sabriny's got her back up this time to stay."

"Well, let 'em flare, says I. 'Taint none o' aour business, Alviry."

"I knaow, Milton; but still it seems to me she might wait at least till th' corpse was aout o' th' haouse."

"What's thet got to dew with it?"

The callousness of the question must have grated upon the hired girl, for she made no reply, and slapped the dough over on the board with an impatient gesture.

It was near the close of a fair day, late in May, and the reddened sunlight from the West would have helped to glorify any human being less hopelessly commonplace than Milton Squires as he sat in its full radiance on the doorstep, peeling and quartering apples over a pan which he held between his knees. This sunlight, to reach him, painted with warm tints many objects near at hand which it could not make picturesque. The three great barns, standing in the shadow to the south, were ricketty and ancient without being comely, and the glare only made their awkward outlines and patched, paintless surfaces the meaner; the score of lean cows, standing idly fetlock-deep in the black mire of the barnyard, or nipping the scant tufts of rank grass near the trough, seemed all the dingier and scrawnier for the brilliancy of the light which covered them; the broken gate, the bars eked out with a hop-pole, the wheelbarrow turned shiftlessly against a break in the wall, the mildewed well-curb, with its antiquated reach—all seemed in this glow of dying day to be conscious of exhibiting at its worst their squalid side. The sunset could not well have illuminated, during that hour at least, a less inspiring scene than this which Alvira, looking out as she talked, or the hired man, raising his head from over the apples, could see from the kitchen door of Lemuel Fairchild's farm-house. But any student of his species would have agreed that, in all the uninviting view, Milton was the least attractive object.

As he rose to empty his pan within, and start afresh, he could be seen more fully. He was clumsily cased from neck to ankle in brown overalls, threadbare, discolored, patched, with mud about the knees and ragged edges lower down. He wore rubber boots, over the bulging legs of which the trousers came reluctantly, and the huge feet of these were slit down the instep. His hat had been soft and black once; now it seemed stiffened with dirt, to which the afternoon milking had lent a new contribution of short reddish hair, and was shapeless and colorless from age. His back was narrow and bent, and his long arms terminated in hands which it seemed sinful to have touch anything thereafter to be eaten. Viewed from behind Milton appeared to be at least fifty. But his face showed a somewhat younger man, despite its sun-baked lines and the frowzy beard which might be either the yellow of unkempt youth or the gray of untidy age. In reality he was not yet thirty-six.

He slouched out now with a fresh lot of apples, and, squatting on the doorstone, resumed the conversation.

"I s'pose, naow Sissly's gone, ther' won't be no livin' under th' same roof with Sabriny fer any of us. Ther' ain't nobuddy lef' fer her to rassle with 'cep' us. Ole Lemuel's so broken up, he won't dare say his soul's his own; 'n John—well, Lize Wilkins says she heerd him say he did n't know 's he 'd come to th' funer'l 't all, after th' way him 'n' Sabriny hed it aout las' time he was here."

"I was n't talkin' o' *them!*" said Alvira, slapping the flour from her hands and beginning with the roller; "it 'd be nothin' new, her tryin' to boss *them*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But she 's got her dander up naow agin somebuddy that beats them all holler. They won't no Richardsons come puttin' on airs 'raoun' here, an' takin' th' parlor bedroom 'thaout askin', not ef th' ole lady knaows herself—'n' I guess she does."

"What Richardsons?" asked Milton. "Thought Sissly was th' last of 'em—thet they wa'n't no more Richardsons."

"Why, man alive, ain't Albert's wife a Richardson, th' daughter of Sissly's cousin—you remember, that pock-pitted man who kep' th' fast hoss here one summer. Of course she's a Richardson—full-blooded! When she come up from th' train here this mornin', with Albert, I see by th' ole lady's eye 't she meant misch'f. I didn't want to see no raow, here with a corpse in th' haouse, 'n' so I tried to smoothe matters over, 'n' kind o' quiet Sabriny daown, tellin' her thet they had to come to th' funer'l, 'n' they 'd go 'way soon 's it was through with, 'n' that Albert, bein' the oldest son, hed a right to th' comp'ny bed-room."

"'N' what 'd she say?"

"She did n't say much, 'cep' thet th' Richardsons hed never brung nothin' but bad luck to this haouse, 'n' they never would, nuther. 'N' then she flaounced upstairs to her room, jis 's she allus does when she 's riled, 'n' she give Albert's wife sech a look, I said to m'self, 'Milady, I wouldn't be in *your* shoes fer all yer fine fixin's.'"

"Well, she's a dum likely lookin' woman, ef she *is* a Richardson," said Milton, with something like enthusiasm. "Wonder ef she wears one o' them low-necked gaowns when she's to hum, like th' picters in th' *Ledger*. They say they all dew, in New York."

"Haow sh'd I knaow!" Alvira sharply responded. "I got enough things to think of, 'thaout both'rin' my head abaout city women's dresses. 'N' you ought to hev, tew. Ef you 'n' Leander 'd pay more heed to yer work, 'n' dew yer chores up ship-shape, 'n' spen' less time porin' over them good-fer-nothin' story-papers, th' farm wouldn't look so run-daown 'n' slaouchy. Did yeh hear what Albert said this mornin', when he looked 'raoun'? 'I swan!' he said, 'I b'lieve this is th' seediest lookin' place 'n all Northern New York.' Nice thing fer him to hev to say, wa'n't it!"

"What d' I keer what *he* says? He ain't th' boss here, by a jug-full!"

"'N' more's th' pity, tew. He'd make yeh toe th' mark!"

"Yes, 'n' Sabriny 'd make it lively fer his wife, tew. Th' ole fight 'baout th' Fairchileses 'n' th' Richardsons would n't be a succumstance to thet. Sissly 'd thank her stars thet she was dead 'n' buried aout o' th' way."

These two hired people, who discussed their employer and his family with that easy familiarity of Christian names to be found only in Russia and rural America, knew very well what portended to the house when the Richardson subject came up. Alvira Roberts had spent more than twenty years of her life in the thick of the gaseous strife between Fairchild and Richardson. She was a mere slip of a girl, barely thirteen, when she had first hired out at the homestead, and now, black-browed, sallow from much tea-drinking, and with a sharp, deep wrinkle vertically dividing her high forehead, she looked every year of her thirty-five. Compared with her, Milton Squires was a new comer on the farm, but still there were lean old cows over yonder in the barnyard, lazily waiting for the night-march to the pastures, that had been ravenous calves in their gruel-bucket stage when he came.

What these two did not know about the Fairchild family was hardly worth the knowing. Something of what they knew the reader ought here to be told.

CHAPTER II.

THE STORY OF LEMUEL.

LEMUEL FAIRCHILD, the bowed, gray-haired, lumpish man who at this time sat in the main living room within, feebly rocking himself by the huge wood-stove, and trying vaguely, as he had been for thirty-six hours past, to realize that his wife lay in her final sleep in the adjoining chamber, had forty odd years before been as likely a young farmer as Dearborn County knew. He was fine-looking and popular in those days, and old Seth Fairchild, dying unexpectedly, had left to this elder son his whole pos-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sessions—six hundred acres of dairy and hop land, free and clear, a residence much above the average farm-house of these parts, and a tidy sum of money in the bank.

The contrast now was sweeping. The Fairchild's house was still the largest residential structure on the Burfield road, which led from Thessaly across the hills to remote and barbarous latitudes, but respect had long since ceased to accrue to it upon the score of its size. To the local eye it was the badge and synonym of "rack and ruin;" while sometimes strangers of artistic tastes, chancing to travel by this unfrequented road, would voice regrets that such a prospect as opened to the vision just here, with the noble range of hills behind for the first time looming in their true proportions, should be spoiled by such a gaunt, unsightly edifice, with its tumble-down surroundings, its staring windows cheaply curtained with green paper, and its cheerless, shabby color—that indescribable gray with which rain and frost and Father Time supplant unrenewed white. The garden, comprising a quarter-acre to the east of the house, was a tangled confusion of flowers and weeds and berry-bushes run wild, yet the effect somehow was mean rather than picturesque. The very grass in the yard to the west did not grow healthfully, but revealed patches of sandy barrenness, created by feet too indifferent or unruly to keep the path to the barns.

Yet the neighbors said, and Lemuel had come himself to feel, that the blame of this sad falling off was not fairly his. There had been a fatal defect in the legacy.

The one needful thing which the Hon. Seth Fairchild did *not* leave his elder son was the brains by means of which he himself, in one way or another, had gathered together a substantial competency, won two elections to the State Senate, and established and held for himself the position of leading citizen in his town—that most valued and intangible of American local distinctions. But while Lemuel's brown hair curled so prettily, and his eyes shone with the modest light of wealthy and well-behaved youth, nobody missed the brains. If there was any change in the management of the farm, it passed unnoticed, for all attention was centred on the great problem, interesting enough always when means seeks a help-meet, but indescribably absorbing in rural communities, where everybody knows everybody and casual gallants never come for those luckless damsels neglected by native swains—Whom will he marry?

It boots not now to recall the heart-burnings, the sad convictions that life would henceforth be a blank, the angry repinings at fate, which desolated the village of Thessaly and vicinity when Lemuel, returning from a mid-winter visit to Albany, brought a bride in the person of a bright-eyed, handsome, and clever young lady who had been Miss Cicely Richardson. He had known her, so they learned, for some years—not only during his school-days at the academy there, but later, in what was mysteriously known at Thessaly as "society," in whose giddy mazes he had mingled while on a visit to his legislative sire at the Capital City. No, it is not worth while to dwell upon the village hopes rudely destroyed by this shock—for they are dim memories of the far, far past.

But to one the blow was a disappointment not to be forgotten, or to grow dim in recollection. Miss Sabrina Fairchild was two years younger than her brother in age—a score of years his senior in firmness and will. She had only a small jointure in her father's estate, because she had great expectations from an aunt in Ohio, in perpetual memory of whose anticipated bounty she bore her scriptural name, but she was a charge on her brother in that she was to have a home with him until she chose to leave it for one of her own. I doubt not that her sagacious father foresaw, from his knowledge of his daughter, the improbability that this second home would ever be offered her.

Miss Sabrina, even at this tender age, was clearly not of the marrying kind, and she grew less so with great steadiness. She was at this early date, when she was twenty-four, a woman of markedly strong character, of which perhaps the most distinct trait was family pride.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There has been a considerable army of State Senators since New York first took on the honors of a Commonwealth, and unto them a great troop of daughters have been born, but surely no other of all these girls ever exulted so fondly, nay, fiercely, in the paternal dignity as did Sabrina. She knew nothing of politics, and little of the outside world; her conceptions of social possibilities were of the most primitive sort; one winter, when she went to Albany with her father, and was passed in a bewildered way through sundry experiences said to be of a highly fashionable nature, it had been temporarily apparent to her own consciousness that she was an awkward, ignorant, red-armed country-girl—but this only for one wretched hour or so. Every mile-post passed on her homeward ride, as she looked through the stage window, brought restored self-confidence, and long before the tedious journey ended she was more the Senator's daughter than ever.

Through this very rebound from mortification she queened it over the simpler souls of the village with renewed severity and pomp. The itinerant singing-master who thought to get her for the asking into his class in the schoolhouse, Wednesday evenings, was frozen by the amazed disdain of her refusal. When young Smith Thurber, the kilnkeeper's son, in the flippant spirit of fine buttons and a resplendent fob, asked her to dance a measure with him at the Wallaces' party, the iciness of her stare fairly took away his breath.

Something can be guessed of her emotions when the brother brought home his bride. With a half-cowardly, half-kindly idea of postponing the trouble certain to ensue, he had given Sabrina no warning of his intention, and, through the slow mails of that date, only a day's advance notice of his return with Mrs. Lemuel. The storm did not burst at once. Indeed it may be said never to have really burst. Sabrina was not a bad woman, according to her lights, and she did nothing consciously to make her sister-in-law unhappy. The young wife had a light heart, a sensible mind, and the faculty of being cheerful about many things which might be expected to annoy. But she had some pride, too, and although at the outset it was the very simple and praiseworthy pride of a well-meaning individual, incessant vaunting of the Fairchilds quite naturally gave a family twist to it, and she soon was able to resent slights in the name of all the Richardsons.

After all, was she not in the right? for while the grass was scarcely green on the grave of the first Fairchild who had amounted to anything, there were six generations of Richardsons in Albany chronicles alone who had married into the best Dutch families of that ancient, aristocratic town, to say nothing of the New England record antedating that period. Thus the case appeared to her, and came gradually to have more prominence in her mind than, in her maiden days, she could have thought possible.

So this great Forty Years' War began, in which there was to be no single, grand, decisive engagement, but a thousand petty skirmishes and little raids, infinitely more vexatious and exhausting, and was waged until the weaker of the combatants, literally worn out in the fray, had laid down her arms and her life together, and was at peace at last, under the sheet in the darkened parlor.

The other veteran party to the feud, her thin, iron-gray hair half concealed under a black knit cap, her bold, sharp face red as with stains of tears, sat at the window of her own upper room, reading her Bible. If Milton and Alvira had known that she was reading in Judges, they might have been even more confident of a coming "flare-up."

CHAPTER III.

AUNT SABRINA.

Neighboring philosophers who cared, from curiosity or a loftier motive, to study the Fairchild domestic problem, in all its social and historic ramifications, generally emerged from the inquiry with some personal bias against Miss Sabrina, tempered by the conclusion that, after all, there was a good deal to be said on the old lady's side.

Certainly, as the grim old maid in the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rusty bombazine gown and cap, which gave a funereal air even to the red plaid shawl over her shoulders, sat at her upper window, and tried through a pained and resentful chaos of secular thoughts to follow the Scriptural lines, there was an extremely vivid conviction uppermost in her mind that justice had been meted out neither to her nor to the Fairchilds. She would have repelled indignantly, and honestly enough too, the charge that there was any bitterness in her heart toward the sister-in-law whose burial was appointed for the morrow. She had liked poor Cicely, in her iron-clad way, and had wept genuine tears more than once since her death. Indeed, her thoughts—and they were persistent, self-asserting thoughts, which not even her favorite recital of Gideon's sanguinary triumph could keep back—ran more upon the living than upon the dead.

And what gloomy, melancholy thoughts they were! They swept over two score of years, the whole gamut of emotion, from the pride and hope of youth to the anguish of disappointed, wrathful, hopeless old age, as her hand might cover all there was of sound in music by a run down her mother's ancient spinet which stood, mute and forgotten, in the corner of the room. Her brother, this brother whom satirical fate had made a Lemuel instead of a Lucy or a Lucretia, a man instead of a woman as befitted his weakness of mind and spirit—had begun life with a noble heritage. Where was it now? He had been the heir to a leading position among the men of his county. What was he now? The Fairchilds had been as rich, as respected, as influential as any Dearborn family. Who did them honor now?

The mental answers to these questions blurred Miss Sabrina's spectacles with tears, and Gideon's performance with the lamps seemed a tiresome thing. She laid the Book aside, and went softly down stairs to her brother, who sat, still rocking in his late wife's high, cushioned arm-chair, disconsolate by the stove.

There were also in the room his oldest son and this son's wife, sitting dumbly, each at a window, making a seemly pretence of not being bored by the meagre prospect without. They looked at their aunt in that far-off impassive manner with which participants in a high pageant or solemn observance always regard one another. There was no call for a greeting, since they had already exchanged whispered salutations, earlier in the day. Miss Sabrina glanced at the young wife for an instant—it was not a kindly glance. Then her eyes turned to the husband, and while surveying him seemed suddenly to light up with some new thought. She almost smiled, and her tight pressed lips parted. Had they followed the prompting of the brain and spoken, the words would have been:

"Thank God, there is still Albert!"

Albert Fairchild would have been known in any company, and in any guise, I think, for a lawyer. The profession had its badge in every line and aspect of his face, in every movement of his head, and, so it seemed, in the way he held his hands, in the very tone of his voice. His face was round, and would have been pleasant, so far as conformation and expression went, had it not been for the eyes, which were unsympathetic—almost cold. Often the rest of his countenance was wreathed in amiable smiles; but the eyes smiled never. He had looked a middle-aged man for a decade back, and casual acquaintances who met him from year to year complimented him on not growing old, because they saw no change. In fact he had been old from the beginning, and even now looked more than his age, which lacked some few months of forty. He was growing bald above the temples, and, like all the Fairchilds, was taking on flesh with increasing years.

Nothing could have better shown the extremity of poor Sabrina's woe than this clutching at the relief afforded by the sight of Albert, for she was not on good terms with him. Albert had been born and reared through boyhood at a time when the farm was still prosperous and money plenty. He had been educated far beyond the traditions of his sires, and was the first University man of his family, so far as was known. He had been given his own bent in all things, before he settled down to a choice of profession, and then, at considerable expense, had been secured a place with one of the greatest legal firms in New York City. For years the first

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fruits of the soil, the cream off all the milk—so the Aunt's mingled scriptural and dairy metaphors ran—had been his. And what return had they had for it? He had become a sound, successful lawyer, with a handsome income, and he had married wealth as well. Yet year after year, as the fortunes of the Fairchild homestead declined, he had never interfered to prevent the fresh mortgage being placed—nay, had more than once explicitly declined to help save it.

"Agriculture is out of date in this State," she had heard him say once, with her own ears, "Better let the old people live on their capital, as they go along. It's no use throwing good money after bad. Farm land here in the East is bound to decrease in value, steadily."

This about the homestead—about the cradle of his ancestors! Poor old lady, had the Fairchilds been sending baronial roots down through all this soil for a thousand years, she couldn't have been more pained or mortified over Albert's callous view of the farm which her grandfather, a revolted cobbler from Rhode Island, had cleared and paid for at ten cents an acre.

Then there was his marriage, too. In all the years of armed neutrality or tacit warfare which she and Cicely had passed together under one roof, they had never before or since come so near an open and palpable rupture as they did over a city-bred cousin of Cicely's—a forward, impertinent, ill-behaved girl from New York, who had come to the farm on a visit some ten years before, and whose father was summoned at last to take her away because otherwise she, Sabrina, threatened to herself leave the house. There had been a desperate scene before this conclusion was reached. Sabrina had stormed and threatened to shake the dust of the homestead from off her outraged sandals. Cicely for the once had stood her ground, and said she fancied even worse things than that might happen without producing a universal cataclysm. Lemuel had almost wept with despair over the tumult. The two older boys, particularly John, had not concealed their exuberant hope that their maiden Aunt might be taken at her word, and allowed to leave. And the girl herself, this impudent huzzy of a Richardson, actually put her spoke in too, and said things about old cats and false teeth, which it made Sabrina's blood still boil to recall.

And it was this girl, of all others in the world, whom Albert must go and marry!

Yet Sabrina, in her present despondent mood, felt herself able to rise above mere personal piques and dislikes, if there really was a hope for the family's revival. She was not very sanguine about even Albert, but beyond him there was no chance at all.

John, the second brother, had talent enough, she supposed. People said he was smart, and he must be, else he could scarcely have come in his twenty-eighth year to be owner and editor of the Thessaly *Banner of Liberty*, and put in all those political pieces, written in the first person plural, as if he had the power of attorney for all Dearborn County. But then he was mortally shiftless about money matters, and they did say that since his wife's death—a mere school-teacher she had been—he had become quite dissipated and played billiards. Besides she was at open feud with him, and never, never would speak to him again, the longest day *he* lived! So that settled John.

As for Seth, the youngest of the brothers, it is to be doubted if she would have thought of him at all, had he not come in at the moment. He had been down to the village to get some black clothes which the tailor had constructed on short notice for him, and he, too, passed through the sitting-room to the stairs with the serious look and the dead silence which the awful presence imposes.

Then she did think of him for a moment, as she stood warming her fingers over the bald, flat top of the stove—for though bright and warm enough outside, the air was still chilly in these great barns of rooms.

Seth was indisputably the handsomest of all the Fairchilds, even handsomer than she remembered his father to have been—a tall, straight, broad-shouldered youth, who held his head well up and looked everybody in the face with honest hazel eyes. He had the Richardson com-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plexion, a dusky tint gained doubtless from all those Dutch intermarriages of which poor Cicely used to make so much, but his brown hair curled much as Lemuel's used to curl, only not so effeminately, and his temper was as even as his father's had been, though not so submissive or weak. His hands were rough and coarse from the farm work, and his walk showed familiarity with ploughed ground, but still he had, in his way, a more distinguished air than either Albert or John had ever had.

Looking him over, a stranger would have been surprised that his aunt should have left him out of her thoughts of the family's future—or that, once pausing to consider him, she should have dropped the idea so swiftly. But so it was. Miss Sabrina felt cold and aggrieved toward Albert, and she came as near hating John as a deeply devout woman safely could. She simply took no account of Seth at all, as she would have expressed it. To her he was a quiet, harmless sort of youngster, who worked pretty steadily on the farm, and got on civilly with people. She understood that he was very fond of reading, but that made no special impression on her. If she had been asked, she would undoubtedly have said that Seth was her favorite nephew—but she had never dreamed of regarding him as a possible restorer of the family glories.

"Is yer oven hot enough?" she asked Alvira in the kitchen, a minute later. "If they 's anything I *dew* hate, it 's a soggy undercrust."

"I guess I kin manage a batch o' pies by this time," returned the hired girl with a sniff. Through some unexplained process of reasoning, Alvira was with the Fairchilds as against the Richardsons, but she was first of all for herself, against the whole human race.

"Milton gone aout with the caows?" asked the old lady, ignoring for once the domestic's challenge. "When he comes back, he 'n' Leander better go over to Wilkinses, and get what chairs they kin spare. I s'pose there'll be a big craowd, ef only to git in and see if there 's any holes in our body-Brussels yit, 'n' haow that sofy-backed set in the parlor 's holdin' out. Poor Cicely! I think they better bring over the chairs to-night, after dusk. What people don't see they can't talk abaout."

"Heard Milton say he was goin' to borrer some over at Warren's," remarked Alvira, in a casual way, but looking around to see how the idea affected Miss Sabrina.

"Well he jis' won't!" came the answer, very promptly and spiritedly. "If every mortal soul of 'em hes to stan' up, he won't! I guess Lemuel Fairchild's wife can be buried 'thaout asking any help from Matildy Warren. I wouldn't ask her if 't was th' las' thing I ever did."

"But Annie sent word she was comin' over fus' thing in th' mornin', so's to help clear up th' breakfast things. If she's good enough fer that, I don't see why you need be afeered o' borryin' her chairs."

"They ain't her chairs, and you knaow it, Alviry. I ain't got a word to say agin' Annie Fairchild, but when it comes to her gran'mother, I kin ride a high horse as well 's she kin. After all the trouble she made my family, the sight of a single stick of her furnitur' here 'd be enough to bring the rafters of this haouse daown over my head, I do believe!"

"Well, of course, 'taint none o' my business, but seems to me there 'll be a plaguey slim fun'r'l when *your* turn comes if you 're goin' to keep up all these old-woman's fights with everybody 'raound abaout."

"Naow Alviry!" began Miss Sabrina, in her shrillest and angriest tone; then with a visible effort, as if remembering something, she paused and then went on in a subdued, almost submissive voice, "You knaow jis' haow Matildy Warren's used us. From the very day my poor brother William ran off with her Jenny—and goodness knaows whatever possessed him to dew it—thet old woman's never missed a chance to run us all daown—ez ef she oughtn't to been praoud o' th' day a Fairchild took up with a Warren."

"Guess you ain't had none the wu'st of it," put in Alvira, with sarcasm. "Guess your tongue's 'baout as sharp as her'n ever was. B'sides she's bedridden naow, 'n' everybody thought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she wouldn't get threw th' spring. 'N' ef Seth's goin' to make up to Annie, you ought to begin to smooth things over 'fore she dies. There's no tellin' but what she mightn't leave the farm away f'm th' girl at th' last minute, jis' to spite you."

"Yeh needn't talk as if *I* wanted her pesky farm!"

"Oh, well now, you knaow what I mean 's well 's I dew. What 's th' use o' harpin' on what yer brother William did, or what ole Matildy said, 'fore I was born, when you knaow th' tew farms jine, and yer heart's sot on havin' 'em in one. Yes, 'fore I was born," repeated the domestic, as if pleased with the implication of juvenility.

Miss Sabrina hesitated, and looked at Alvira meditatively through her spectacles, in momentary doubt about the propriety of saying a sharp thing under all the circumstances; but the temptation was not to be resisted. "'N' you ain't percisely a chicken yourself, Alviry," she said and left the kitchen.

Later, when Milton had returned from the pasture, and hung about the kitchen, mending the harness that went with the democrat-wagon while waiting for Leander to return from the cheese factory, Alvira remarked:

"Seems 'if Sabriny 'd lost all her sper't this last day or tew. Never see sech a change. She don't answer up wuth a cent. I shouldn't be s'prised if she didn't tackle Albert's wife after all. Oh yes, 'n' you ain't to go to Warren's for them chairs. Sabriny's dead-set agin that."

"What's up?" asked Milton. "Hez Seth broke off with Annie?"

"Don't knaow 's they ever was anything particular to break off. No, 't 'aint that; it's the same raow 'tween the two ole women. Goodness knaows, I'm sick 'n' tired of hearin' 'baout it."

"No, but ain't Seth 'n' Annie fixed it up?" persisted Milton. "Daown 't th' corners they say it's all settled." Then he mutteringly added, as he slouched out to meet Leander, who drove up now with a great rattle of empty milk-cans, "I wish 't *I* was in Seth's shoes."

"Oh, you *dew*, dew yeh!" said Alvira, thus left to herself.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TWO YOUNG WOMEN.

THE young girl whose future had been settled down at the corners, came along the road next morning toward the Fairchild house, all unconscious of her destiny. She lived in a small, old-fashioned farm-dwelling back in the fields, alone with her grandmother, and although there was a bitter feud between the heads of the two houses, it had not stopped her from being a familiar and helpful figure in her uncle's homestead.

Annie Fairchild was a country girl in some senses of the term, calm-faced, clear-eyed, self-reliant among her friends, but with a curious disposition toward timidity in the presence of strangers. She was held to be too serious and "school-ma'am-ish" for pleasant company by most rural maidens of her acquaintance, and the few attempts of young farmers of the country-side to establish friendly relations with her had not been crowned with conspicuous success. It could scarcely be said that she was haughty or cold; no one could demonstrate in detail that her term of schooling in a far-off citified seminary had made her proud or uncivil; but still she had no intimates. This was the more marked from the fact that she was a pretty girl—or if not precisely pretty, very attractive and winning in face. No other girl of the neighborhood had so fine and regular a profile, or such expressive, dark eyes, or so serenely intelligent an expression. It had been whispered at one time that Reuben Tracy, the schoolmaster, was likely to make a match of it with her, but this had faded away again as a rootless rumor; by this time everybody on the Burfield road tacitly understood that eventually she was to be the wife of her cousin Seth, when it "came time for the two farms to join." And she had grown accustomed long since to the furtive, half-awed, half-covetous look which men cast upon her, without suspecting the spirit of reluctant renunciation underlying it.

She met Milton Squires on the road, close in front of the Fairchild's house, this morning, and, nodding to him, passed on. She did not particularly note the gaze he bent upon her as she

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went by, and which followed her afterward, almost to the Fairchild gate. If she had done so, and could have read all its meaning, she would not have gone on with so unruffled a face, for it was a look to frighten an honest young woman —an intent, hungry, almost wolfish look, unrelieved by so much as a glimmer of the light of manliness. But she was alike unconscious of his thoughts and of the gossip he had heard at the corners. Certainly no listener who followed her to the gate, where she encountered Seth at work screwing on a new hinge, would have gathered from the tone or words of the greeting on either side any testimony to confirm the common supposition that they were destined for each other.

"Good morning, Seth," she said, halting while he dragged the great gate open for her, "you 're all through breakfast, I suppose?"

"No, I think Albert and his wife are at the table still. We didn't call them when the rest got up, you know. They 're not used to country ways."

"Anybody else here?"

"No, except John."

"Oh, I'm so glad he came. That Lize Wilkins has been telling everybody he would n't come on Sabrina's account. And it would have looked *so* bad."

"Yes, Lize Wilkins talks too much. All John ever said was that he would n't stay here in the house any more than he could help. It's too bad he can't get along better with Aunt; it would make things so much pleasanter."

"How 's your father, Seth? He seemed at first to take it pretty hard."

"He appeared a little brighter yesterday, after Albert came, but he's very poorly this morning. Poor old man, it makes a sad difference with him—more I suppose than with us boys, even with me, who never have been away from her hardly for a day."

"Yes, Seth, a boy outgrows his mother, I suppose, but for an old couple who have lived together forty years a separation like this must be awful. I shall go up to the house now."

Seth followed her with his eyes as she walked up the road, past the old-fashioned latticed front door with its heavy fold of crape hanging on the knocker, and turned from sight at the corner of the house; and the look in his face was soft and admiring, even if it was hardly loverlike. In his trouble—and he felt the bereavement most keenly—it seemed restful and good to have such a girl as Annie about. Indeed, a vague thought that she never before seemed so sweet and likeable came to him, as he turned again to the hinge, and lightened his heart perceptibly, for almost the last words his mother had spoken to him had been of his future with Annie as his wife.

"You will have the farm before long, Seth," she said, smiling faintly as he stroked her pale hair—somehow to the last it never grew gray—and looked at her through boyish tears, "and Annie will bring you the Warren farm. Her grandmother and I have talked it over many a time. Annie 's a good girl, there's no better, and she'll make my boy a good, true, wife."

For a year or two back Seth had understood in a nebulous way that his parents had an idea of his eventually marrying Annie, but his mother's words still came to him in the form of a surprise. First, it had been far from his thoughts that old Mrs. Warren, Annie's invalid grandmother, would listen to such a thing, much less plan it. There was a bitterness of long standing between the two families, he knew. His father's younger brother—a half-brother —named William Fairchild, had married Mrs. Warren's only daughter under circumstances which he had never heard detailed, but which at least had enraged the mother. Both William and his wife had died, out West he believed, years and years ago, leaving only this girl, Annie Fairchild, who came an orphan to the grandmother she had never seen before, and was reared by her. In this Mrs. Warren and his aunt Sabrina had found sufficient occasion for a quarrel, lasting ever since he could remember, and as he had always understood from his aunt that her battle was in defence of the whole family, he had taken it for granted that he not less than the other Fairchilds was included in Mrs. Warren's disfavor. He recalled, now, indeed, having heard Annie say once or twice that her grandmother liked him; but this he had taken in a negative way, as

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if the grandmother of the Capulets had remarked that of all the loathed Montagus perhaps young Romeo was personally the least offensive to her sight.

And second, he was far from being in a Romeo's condition of heart and mind. He was not in love with Annie for herself—much less for the Warren farm. To state plainly what Seth had not yet mustered courage to say in entire frankness even to himself, he hated farming, and rebelled against the idea of following in his father's footsteps. And the dreams of a career elsewhere which occupied the mutinous thoughts Seth concealed under so passive an exterior had carried him far away from the plan of an alliance with the nice sort of country cousin who would eventually own the adjoining farm. So in this sense, too, his mother's dying words were a surprise—converting into a definite and almost sacred desire what he had supposed to be merely a shapeless fancy.

Not all this crossed his mind, as he watched Annie till she disappeared, and then turned back to his work. But the sight of her had been pleasant to him, and her voice had sounded very gentle and yet full of the substance of womanliness—and perhaps his poor, dear mother's plan for him, after all, was the best.

The gate swinging properly at last, there was an end to Seth's out-door tasks, and he started toward the house. The thought that he would see Annie within was distinct enough in his mind, almost, to constitute a motive for his going. At the very door he encountered his brother Albert's wife, coming out, and stopped.

Isabel Fairchild was far from deserving, at least as a woman, the epithets with which Aunt Sabrina mentally coupled her girlhood. There was nothing impertinent or ill-behaved about her appearance, certainly, as she stood before Seth, and with a faint smile bade him good-morning. She was above the medium height, as woman's stature goes, and almost plump; her hair, much of which was shown in front by the pretty Parisian form of straw hat she wore, was very light in color; her eyes were blue, a light, noticeable blue. She wore some loose kind of black and gray morning dress, with an extra fold falling in graceful lines from her shoulders to her train, like a toga, and she carried a dainty parasol, also of black and gray, like the ribbons on her dark hat. To Seth's eyes she had seemed yesterday, when he saw her for the first time, a very embodiment of the luxury, beauty, refinement of city life—and how much more so now, when her dingy travelling raiment had given place to this most engaging garb, so subdued, yet so lovely. It seemed to him that his sister-in-law was quite the most attractive woman he had ever seen.

"I thought of going for a little stroll," she said, again with the faint half-smile. "It is so charming outside, and so blue and depressing in the house. Can I walk along there through the orchard now?—I used to when I was here as a girl, I know—and won't you come with me? I've scarcely had a chance for a word with you since we came."

The invitation was pleasant enough to Seth, but he looked deprecatingly at his rough chore clothes, and wondered whether he ought to accept it or not.

"Why, Seth, the *idea* of standing on ceremony with *me!* As if we had n't played together here as children—to say nothing of my being your sister now!"

They had started now toward the orchard, and she continued:—

"Do you know, it seems as if I did n't know anybody here but you—and even you almost make a stranger out of me. Poor Uncle Lemuel, he is so broken-down that he scarcely remembers me, and of course your Aunt and I couldn't be expected to get very intimate—you remember our dispute? Then John, he's very pleasant, and all that, but he isn't at all like the John I used to look up to so, the summer I was here. But you—you have hardly changed a bit. Of course," she made haste to add, for Seth's face did not reflect unalloyed gratification at this, "you have grown manly and big, and all that, but you haven't changed in your expression or manner. It's almost ten years—and I should have known you anywhere. But John *has* changed—he's more like a city man, or rather a villager, a compromise between city and country."

"Yes, I'm a countryman through and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

through, I suppose," said Seth, with something very like a sigh.

"John has seen a good deal of the world they tell me, and been on papers in large cities. I wonder how he can content himself with that little weekly in Thessaly after that."

"I don't think John has much ambition," answered Seth, meditatively. "He doesn't seem to care much how things go, if he only has the chance to say what he wants to say in print. It doesn't make any difference to him, apparently, whether all New York State reads what he writes, or only thirty or forty fellows in Dearborn County—he's just as well satisfied. And yet he's a very bright man, too. He might have gone to the Assembly last fall, if he could have bid against Elhanan Pratt. He *will* go some time, probably."

"Why, do you have an auction here for the Assembly?"

"Oh, no, but the man who's willing to pay a big assessment into the campaign fund can generally shut a poor candidate out. John did n't seem to mind much about being frozen out though—not half so much as I did, for him. Everybody in Thessaly knows him and likes him and calls him 'John,' and that seems to be the height of his ambition. I can't imagine a man of his abilities being satisfied with so limited a horizon."

"And, you, Seth, what is your horizon like?" asked Isabel.

They had entered the orchard, now, and the apple blossoms close above them filled the May morning air with that sweet spring perfume which seems to tell of growth, harvest, the fruition of hope.

"Oh, I'm picked out to be a countryman all the days of my life I suppose." There was the sigh again, and a tinge of bitterness in his tone, as well.

"Oh, I hope not—that is, if you don't want to be. Oh, it must be such a dreary life! The very thought of it sets my teeth on edge. The dreadful people you have to know; men without an idea beyond crops and calves and the cheese-factory; women slaving their lives out doing bad cooking, mending for a household of men, devoting their scarce opportunities for intercourse with other women to the weakest and most wretched gossip; coarse servants who eat at the table with their employers and call them by their Christian names; boys whose only theory about education is thrashing the school teacher, if it is a man, or breaking her heart by their mean insolence if it is a woman; and girls brought up to be awkward gawks, without a chance in life, since the brighter and nicer they are the more they will suffer from marriage with men mentally beneath them—that is, if they don't become sour old maids. I don't wonder you hate it all, Seth."

"You talk like a book," said Seth, in tones of unmistakable admiration. "I didn't suppose any woman could talk like that."

"I talk as I feel always, when I come into contact with country life, and I get angry with people who maunder about its romantic and picturesque side. Where is it, I should like to know?"

"Oh, it isn't all so bad as you paint it, perhaps, Isabel. Of course——" —here he hesitated a little—"you don't quite see it at its best here, you know. Father hasn't been a first-rate manager, and things have kind o' run down."

"No, Seth, it isn't that; the trail of the serpent is over it all—rich and poor, big and little. The nineteenth century is a century of cities; they have given their own twist to the progress of the age—and the farmer is almost as far out of it as if he lived in Alaska. Perhaps there may have been a time when a man could live in what the poet calls daily communion with Nature, and not starve his mind and dwarf his soul, but this isn't the century."

"But Webster was a farm boy, and so was Lincoln and Garfield and Jackson; almost all our great men. Hardly any of them are born in cities, you will find."

"Oh, the country is just splendid to be born in, no doubt of that; but after you are born, get out of it as soon as you can."

"I don't know as I can leave Father very well," said Seth, slowly, and as if in deep thought.

They walked to the end of the pasture beyond the orchard, to within view of the spot where all the Fairchilds for three generations had been laid, and where, among the clustering sweet-briars and wild strawberry vines Milton had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only yesterday dug a new grave. The sight recalled to both another subject, and no more was said of country life as they returned to the house. Indeed, little was said of any sort, for Seth had a thinking mood on. Nothing was very clear in his mind perhaps, but more distinctly than anything else he felt that existence on the farm had all at once become intolerable.

CHAPTER V.

THE FUNERAL.

THE American farm-house funeral is surely, of all the observances with which civilized man marks the ending of this earthly pilgrimage, the most pathetic. The rural life itself is a sad and sterile enough thing, with its unrelieved physical strain, its enervating and destructive diet, its mental barrenness, its sternly narrowed groove of toil and thought and companionship—but death on the farm brings a desolating gloom, a cruel sense of the hopelessness of existence, which one realizes nowhere else. The grim, fatalist habit of seizing upon the grotesque side, which a century of farm life has crystallized into what the world knows as American humor, is not wanting even in this hour; and the comforting conviction of immortality, of the shining reward to follow travail and sorrow, is nowhere more firmly insisted upon than among our country people. But the bleak environment of the closed life, the absence of real fellowship among the living, the melancholy isolation and vanity of it all, oppress the soul here with an intolerable weight which neither fund of sardonic spirits nor honest faith can lighten.

Something of this Isabel felt, as the mid-day meal was hurried through, on Alvira's sharp intimation that the room couldn't be cleared any too soon, for the crowd would begin coming now, right along. There were three strangers at the table—though they seemed to be scarcely more strangers than the members of her husband's family—of whom two were clergymen.

One of these, who sat next to her, was the Episcopalian minister at Thessaly, a middle-aged, soft sort of man, with short hair so smooth and furry that she was conscious of an impulse to stroke it like a seal-skin, and little side-whiskers which reminded her of a baby brush. He impressed her as a stupid man, but in that she was mistaken. He was nervous and ill at ease, first because he could not successfully or gracefully use the narrow three-tined steel fork with a bone handle that had been given him, and second, because he did not understand the presence of the Rev. Stephen Bunce, who sat opposite him, offensively smacking his lips, and devoting to loud discourse periods which it seemed might better have been employed in mastication.

If quiet Mr. Turner was ill at ease, the Rev. Stephen was certainly not. He bestrode the situation like a modern Colossus. The shape of his fork did not worry him, since he used it only as a humble and lowly adjunct to his knife. The presence of Mr. Turner too, neither puzzled nor pained him. In fact, he was rather pleased than otherwise to have him there, where he could talk to him before sympathetic witnesses, and make him realize how the man of the people who had a genuine call towered innately superior to mere beneficed gentility. "Beneficed gentility"—that was a good phrase, and he made a mental note of it for future use; then—the temptation was too strong—he bundled it neck and crop into the florid sentence with which he was addressing Albert—and looked at the Episcopalian to watch its effect.

Mr. Turner was occupied with his javelin-shaped fork, and did not seem to hear it.

Mr. Bunce suspected artifice in this, and watched the rector's meek face for a sign of secret confusion. After a moment he said, with his full, pompous voice at its loudest and most artificial pitch:—

"Ah, Mr. Turner, this is a sad occasion!"

The rector glanced up with some surprise, for he had not expected this overture, and answered: "Yes, truly it is; extremely sad."

"Yet it is consoling to feel that even so sad an occasion can be converted into a means of grace, a season of spiritual solace as it were."

Mr. Turner only nodded assent to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

this; he felt that the whole company around the table, hired people and all, were eagerly watching him and the burly, bold-faced preacher opposite, as if they were about to engage in gladiatorial combat.

But Mr. Bunce would not permit the challenge to be declined. He stroked his ochre-hued chin-whisker, looked complacently around the board, and asked:

"I s'pose you 've brought your white and black riggin's along, eh? Or don't you wear 'em except in church?"

There was a pained looked in Mr. Turner's face; he made a little gesture toward the folding-doors leading to the parlor, beyond which lay the dead, and murmured:

"It will be better, will it not, to speak of these matters together, after dinner?"

Again the Rev. Stephen glanced around the table, looking especially toward Miss Sabrina for approval, and remarked loftily:

"There is no need of concealment here, sir. It is all in the family here. We all know that the Mother in Israel who has departed was formerly of your communion, and if she wanted to have you here, sir, at her funeral, why well and good. But the rest of this sorrowin' family, sir, this stricken household, air Baptists——"

"I declare! there's the Burrells drivin' into the yard, a'ready!" said Alvira, rising from her chair abruptly. "If you 're threw we better hustle these things aout, naow; you women won't more 'n have time to dress 'fore they'll all be here."

The interruption seemed a welcome one to everybody, for there was a general movement on both sides of Mr. Bunce, which he, with his sentence unfinished, was constrained to join.

The third stranger, a small, elderly man with a mobile countenance and rusty black clothes, drew himself up, put on a modifiedly doleful expression, and, speaking for the first time, assumed control of everything:

"Naow, Milton, you 'n' Leander git the table aout, 'n' bring in all the extry chairs, 'n' set 'em 'raound in rows. Squeeze 'em pooty well together in back, but the front ones kind o' spread aout. You, Miss Sabriny, 'n' the lady"—indicating Isabel with his thumb—"'n' Annie 'd better go upstairs 'n' git yer bonnets on, 'n' things, 'n' go 'n' set in the room at the head o' the stairs. You men, tew, git your gloves on, 'n' naow be sure 'n' have your hankch'fs in some pocket where you can git at 'em with your gloves on—'n' have your hats in your hands, 'n' then go 'n' set with the ladies. Miss Sabriny, you'll come daown arm-in-arm with yer brother, *when* I call, 'n' then Albert 'n' his wife, 'n' John with Annie, 'n' Seth with—pshaw, there's odd numbers. Well, Seth can come alone. And dew keep step comin' daown stairs!

"'N' naow, gents," turning to the Rev. Mr. Turner, "your gaown's in the fust room to the right on the landin', and if you"—addressing Mr. Bunce—"will go up with him, and arrange 'baout the services, so 's to come daown together—it 'll look pootier than to straggle in by yourselves—'N' you, Milton, ain't you got somethin' besides overalls to put on?"

Thus the autocrat cleared the living room. Then, going around through the front hall, he entered the parlor to receive, with solemn dignity and a fine eye to their relative social merit, the first comers.

These were almost exclusively women, dressed in Sunday garb. As each buggy or democrat wagon drove up inside the gate, and discharged its burden, the men would lead the horses further on, to be hitched under or near the shed, and then saunter around to the kitchen side of the house, where cider was on tap, and other men were standing in the sunshine, chewing tobacco and conversing in low tones, while the women from each conveyance went straight to the front door, and got seats in the parlor as close to the coffin as possible. The separation of the sexes could hardly have been more rigorous in a synagogue. There were, indeed, two or three meek, well-brushed men among the women, sitting, uncomfortable but resigned, in the geranium-scented gloom of the curtained parlor, but, as the more virile brethren outside would have said, they were men who didn't count.

The task of the undertaker was neither light nor altogether smooth. There were some dozen chairs reserved, nearest the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pall, for the mourners, the clergymen, and the mixed quartette expected from Thessaly. Every woman on entering made for these chairs, and the more unimportant and "low-down" she was in the rural scale of social values, the more confidently she essayed to get one of them. With all of these more or less argument was necessary—conducted in a buzzing whisper from which some squeak or guttural exclamation would now and again emerge. With some, the undertaker was compelled to be quite peremptory; while one woman—Susan Jane Squires, a slatternly, weak-eyed creature who presumed upon her position as sister-in-law of Milton, the hired man—had actually to be pushed away by sheer force.

Then there was the further labor of inducing all these disappointed ones to take the seats furthest back, so that late comers might not have to push by and over them, but efforts in this direction were only fitful at the best, and soon were practically abandoned.

"Fust come, fust sarved!" said old Mrs. Wimple. "I'm jes ez good ez them that 'll come bimeby, 'n' ef I don' mind their climbin' over me, *you* need n't!" and against this the undertaker could urge nothing satisfactory.

In the intervals of that functionary's activity, conversation was quite general, carried on in whispers which, in the aggregate, sounded like the rustle of a smart breeze through the dry leaves of a beech-tree. Many women were there who had never been in the house before — could indeed, have had no other chance of getting in. These had some fleeting interest in the funeral appointments, and the expense incident thereto, but their chief concern was the furnishing of the house. They furtively scraped the carpet with their feet to test its quality, they felt of the furniture to see if it had been re-varnished, they estimated the value of the curtains, speculated on the cost of the melodeon and its age, wondered when the ceiling had last been whitewashed. Some, who knew the family better, discussed the lamentable decline of the Fairchilds in substance and standing within their recollection, and exchanged hints about the endemic mortgage stretching its sinister hand even to the very chairs they were sitting on. Others, still more intimate, rehearsed the details of the last and fatal illness, commented on the character of individuals in the family, and guessed how long old Lemuel would last, now that Cicely was gone.

In the centre of these circling waves of gossip lay the embodiment of the eternal silence. Listening, one might fain envy such an end to that living death of mental starvation which was the lot of all there, and which forced them, out of their womanhood, to chatter in the presence of death.

The singers came. They were from the village, belonging to the Congregational Church there, and it was understood that they came out of liking for John Fairchild. None of the gathering knew them personally, but it was said that the contralto—the woman with the bird on her bonnet, who took her seat at the melodeon—had had trouble with her husband. A fresh buzz of whispering ran round. Some stray word must have reached the contralto, for she colored and pretended to study the music before her intently, and, later, when "Pleyel's Hymn" was being sung, she played so nervously that there was an utter collapse in the sharps and flats of the third line, which nearly threw the singers out.

The undertaker now stalked in, and stood on tip-toe to see if the back room was also filled. He had been out with the men at the kitchen-door, fixing crape on the arms of six of the best-dressed and most respectable-looking farmers in an almost jocular mood, and drilling them affably in their duties; drinking cider, exchanging gossip with one or two acquaintances, and conducting himself generally like an ordinary mortal. He had now resumed his dictatorship.

Most of the men had followed him around to the front of the house, and clustered now in the hall, or in a group about the outer door, holding their hats on a level with their shoulders.

A rustle on the stairs told that the mourners were descending. Then came the strains of the melodeon, and the singing, very low, solemn and sweet.

A little pause, and the full voice of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Baptist preacher was heard in prayer—then in some eulogistic remarks. What he said was largely nonsense, from any point of view, but the voice was that of the born exhorter, deep, clear-toned, melodious; there seemed to be a stop in it, as in an organ, which at pathetic parts gave forth a tremulous, weeping sound, and when this came, not a dry eye could be found. He was over-fond of using this effect, as are most men possessing the trick, but no one noticed it, not even Isabel, who from sitting sternly intolerant of the whispering women around her, and indignant at Mr. Bunce for his dinner performance, found herself sobbing with all the rest when the tremulo stop was touched.

There was more singing, this time fine, simple old "St. Denis," and then the bearers were summoned in.

The men asked one another in murmurs outside if the Episcopal clargyman was to take no part in the services. Within, Mrs. Wimple went straighter to the point. She plucked him by the sleeve of his robe and leaning over with some difficulty, for she was a corpulent body, whispered to the hearing of a score of her neighbors:

"What air you here fer, mister, if you ain't goin' to say nor dew nothin'?"

"I officiate at the grave," he had said, and then regretted all the remainder of the day having answered her at all.

On the return of the procession from the little knoll where the slate and marble tomb-stones of long dead Fairchilds bent over the new brown mound, Annie and Seth walked together. There was silence between them for a time, which he broke suddenly.

"It 's *all* very hard, Annie, for you know how much mother and I loved each other. But, truly, the hardest thing of all is to think of staying here among these narrow dolts. While she was here I could stand it. But I can't any more."

Annie said nothing. She felt his arm trembling against hers, and his voice was strained and excited. What *could* she say?

"They 're not like me," he went on; "I have nothing in common with them. I hate the sight of the whole of them. I never realized till to-day how big a gulf there was between them and me. Did n't *you* see it—what a mean, narrow-contracted lot they all were?"

"Who do you mean, Seth?"

"Why all of them. The Burrells, the Wimples, old Elhanan Pratt, old Lyman Tenney, that fellow Bunce—the whole lot of them. And the women too! Did you watch them—or, what's worse, did you hear them? I wonder you can bear them yourself, Annie, any more than I can."

"Sometimes it *is* hard, Seth, I admit; when I first came back to grandma from school it was awfully hard. But then I've got to live here, and reconcile myself to what the place offers—and, after all, Seth, they are well-meaning people, and some of them are smart, too, in their way."

"Oh, well-meaning—in their way—yes! But I haven't got to live here, Annie, and I haven't got to reconcile myself, and I *won't!* That 's the long and short of it. I can make my living elsewhere—perhaps more than my living—and be among people who don't make me angry every time I set eyes on them. And I can find friends, too, who feel as I do, and look at things as I do, instead of these country louts who only know abominable stories, and these foolish girls—who—who——"

"Nobody can blame you to-day, Seth, for feeling blue and sore, but you ought not to talk so, even now. They 're not all like what you say. Reuben Tracy, now, he's been a good friend and a useful friend to you."

"Yes, Rube 's a grand, good fellow, of course. I know all that. But then just take his case. He's a poor schoolmaster now, just as he was five years ago, and will be twenty years from now. What kind of a life is that for a man?"

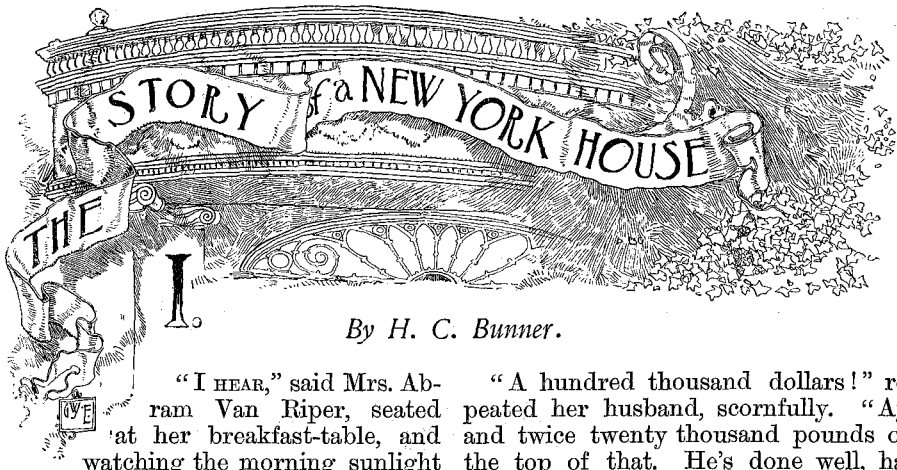
"And maybe the girls *are*—foolish, as you started to say, but——"

"Now, Annie, don't think I meant anything by that, *please!* I know you 're the dearest girl and the best friend in the world. Truly, now, you won't think I meant anything, will you?"

"No, Seth, I won't," said Annie softly. It was her arm that trembled now.

(To be continued.)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



By H. C. Bunner.

I.

"I HEAR," said Mrs. Abram Van Riper, seated at her breakfast-table, and watching the morning sunlight dance on the front of the great Burrell house on the opposite side of Pine Street, "that the Dolphs are going to build a prodigious fine house out of town—somewhere up near the Rynders's place."

"And I hear," said Abram Van Riper, laying down last night's *Evening Post*, "that Jacob Dolph is going to give up business. And if he does, it's a disgrace to the town."

It was in the summer of 1807, and Abram Van Riper was getting well over what he considered the meridian line of sixty years. He was hale and hearty; his business was flourishing; his boy was turning out all that should have been expected of one of the Van Riper stock; the refracted sunlight from the walls of the stately house occupied by the Cashier of the Bank of the United States lit with a subdued secondary glimmer the Van Riper silver on the breakfast-table—the squat tea-pot and slop-bowl, the milk-pitcher that held a quart, and the apostle-spoon in the broken loaf-sugar on the Delft plate. Abram Van Riper was decorously happy, as a New York merchant should be. In all other respects, he was pleased to think, he was what a New York merchant should be, and the word of the law and the prophets was fulfilled with him and in his house.

"I'm sure," Mrs. Van Riper began again, somewhat querulously, "I can't see why Jacob Dolph shouldn't give up business, if he's so minded. He's a monstrous fortune, from all I hear—a good hundred thousand dollars."

"A hundred thousand dollars!" repeated her husband, scornfully. "Ay, and twice twenty thousand pounds on the top of that. He's done well, has Dolph. All the more reason he should stick to his trade; and not go to lolling in the sun, like a runner at the Custom House door. He's not within ten years of me, and here he must build his country house, and set up for the fine gentleman. Jacob Dolph! Did I go on his note, when he came back from France, brave as my master, in '94, or did I not? And where 'ud he have raised twenty thousand in this town, if I hadn't? What's got into folks now-a-days? Damn me if I can see!"

His wife protested, in wifely fashion. "I'm sure, Van Riper," she began, "you've no need to fly in such a huff if I so much as speak of folks who have some conceit of being genteel. It's only proper pride of Mr. Dolph to have a country house, and——" (her voice faltering a little, timorously) "ride in and—and out——"

"*Ride!*" snorted Mr. Van Riper. "In a carriage, maybe?"

"In a carriage, Van Riper. You may think to ride in a carriage is like being the Pope of Rome; but there's some that knows better. And if you'd set up your carriage," went on the undaunted Mrs. Van Riper, "and gone over to Greenwich Street two years ago, as I'd have had you, and made yourself friendly with those people there, I'd have been on the Orphan Asylum Board at this very minute; and *you* would——"

Mr. Van Riper knew all that speech by heart, in all its variations. He knew perfectly well what it would end in, this time, although he was not a man of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quick perception: "He would have been a member of the new Historical Society."

"Yes," he thought to himself, as he found his hat and shuffled out into Pine Street; "and John Pintard would have had my good check in his pocket for his tuppenny society. Pine Street is fine enough for me."

Mr. Van Riper had more cause for his petulancy than he would have acknowledged, even to himself. He was a man who had kept his shop open all through Clinton's occupancy, and who had had no trouble with the British. And when they were gone he had had to do enough to clear his skirts of any smirch of Toryism, and to implant in his own breast a settled feeling of militant Americanism. He did not like it that the order of things should change, and the order of things was changing. The town was growing out of all knowledge of itself. Here they had their Orphan Asylum, and their Botanical Garden, and their Historical Society; and the Jews were having it all their own way; and now people were talking of free schools, and of laying out a map for the upper end of the town to grow on, in the "system" of straight streets and avenues. To the devil with Systems and Avenues! said he. That was all the doing of those cursed Frenchmen. He knew how it would be when they brought their plaguy frigate here in the first fever year—'93—and the fools marched up from Peck's Slip after a red nightcap, and howled their cut-throat song all night long.

It began to hum itself in his head as he walked toward Water Street—*Ça ira, —ça ira—les aristocrats à la lanterne.* A whiff of the wind that blew through Paris streets in the terrible times had come across the Atlantic and tickled his dull old Dutch nostrils.

But something worse than this vexed the conservative spirit of Abram Van Riper. He could forgive John Pintard —whose inspiration, I think, foreran the twentieth century—his fancy for Free Schools and Historical Societies, as he had forgiven him his sidewalk-building fifteen years before; he could proudly overlook the fact that the women were busying themselves with all manner of wild charities; he could be contented though he knew that the Hebrew Hart was President of that merchants' club at Baker's, of which he himself would fain have been a member. But there was something in the air that he could neither

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forgive nor overlook, nor be contented with.

There was a change coming over the town—a change which he could not clearly define, even in his own mind. There was a great keeping of carriages, he knew. A dozen men had bought carriages, or were likely to buy them at any time. The women were forming societies for the improvement of this and that. And he, who had moved uptown from Dock Street, was now in an old-fashioned quarter. All this he knew, but the something which made him uneasy was more subtle.

Within the last few years he had observed an introduction of certain strange distinctions in the social code of the town. It had been vaguely intimated to him—perhaps by his wife, he could not remember—that there was a difference between his trade and Jacob Dolph's trade. He was a ship-chandler. Jacob Dolph sold timber. Their shops were side by side. Jacob Dolph's rafts lay in the river in front of Abram Van Riper's shop. And Abram Van Riper had gone on Jacob Dolph's note, only a few years ago. Yet, it seemed that it was *genteel* of Jacob Dolph to sell timber, and it was not genteel of Abram Van Riper to be a ship-chandler. There was, then, a difference between Jacob Dolph and Abram Van Riper—a difference which, in forty years, Abram Van Riper had never conceived of. There were folks who held thus. For himself, he did not understand it. What difference there was between selling the wood to make a ship and selling the stores to go inside of her he could not understand.

The town was changing for the worse; he saw that. He did not wish—God forbid!—that his son John should go running about to Pleasure Gardens. But it would be no more than neighborly if these young bucks who went out every night should ask him to go with them. Were William Irving's boys and Harry Brevoort and those young Kembles too fine to be friends with his boy? Not that he'd go with them a-rollicking—no, not that—but—'twould be neighborly. It was all wrong, he thought; they were going whither they knew not, and wherefore they knew not; and with that he cursed their airs and their graces, and pounded down to the Tontine, to put his name at the head of the list of those who subscribed for a testimonial service of plate, to be presented to Our Esteemed Fellow-Citizen and Valued Associate, Jacob Dolph, on his Retirement from Active Business.

. . . . . .

Jacob Dolph at this moment was setting forth from his house in State Street, whose pillared balcony, rising from the second floor to the roof, caught a side glance of the morning sun that loved the Battery far better than Pine Street. He had his little boy by the hand—young Jacob, his miniature, his heir, and the last and only living one of his eight children. Mr. Dolph walked with his stock thrust out and the lower end of his waistcoat drawn in—he was Colonel Dolph, if he had cared to keep the title; and had come back from Monmouth with a hole in his hip that gave him a bit of a limp, even now in eighteen-hundred-and-seven. He and the boy marched forth, like an army with a small but enthusiastic left wing, into the poplar-studded Battery. The wind blew fresh off the Bay; the waves beat up against the sea-wall, and swirled with a chuckle under Castle Garden Bridge. A large brig was coming up before the wind, all her sails set, as though she were afraid—and she was—of British frigates outside the Hook. Two or three fat little boats, cat-rigged, after the good old New York fashion, were beating down toward Staaten Island, to hunt for the earliest blue-fish.

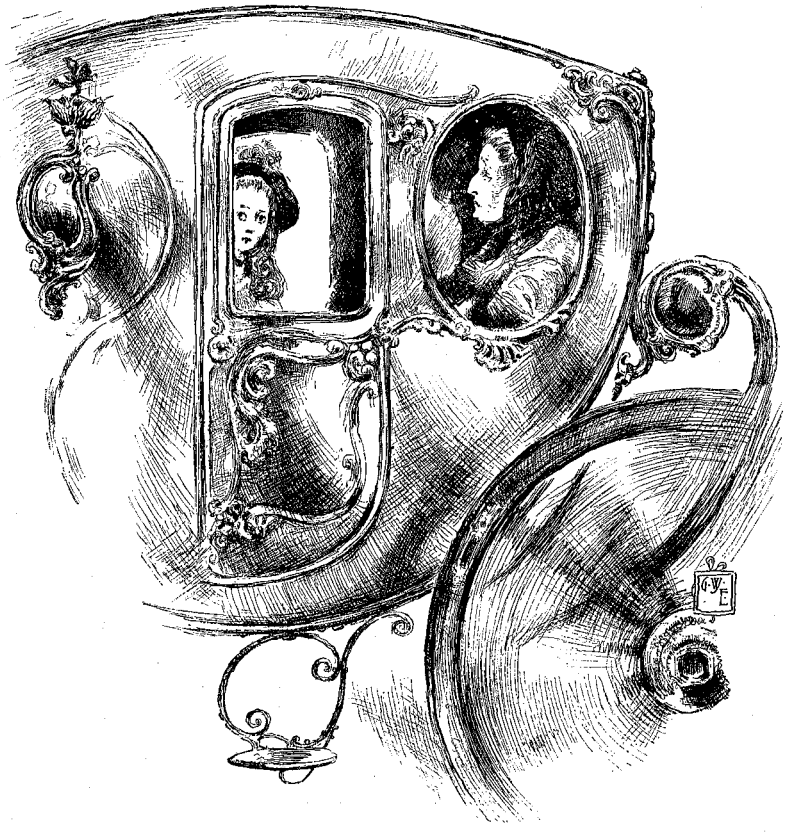
The two Dolphs crossed the Battery, where the elder bowed to his friends among the merchants who lounged about the city's pleasure-ground, lazily chatting over their business affairs. Then they turned up past Bowling Green into Broadway, where Mr. Dolph kept on bowing, for half the town was out, taking the fresh morning for marketing and all manner of shopping. Everybody knew Jacob Dolph afar off by his blue coat with the silver buttons, his nankeen waistcoat, and his red-checked Indian silk neck-cloth. He made it a sort of uniform. Captain Beare had brought him a bolt of nankeen and a silk kerchief every year since 1793, when Mr. Dolph gave him credit

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the timber of which the *Ursa Minor* was built.

And everybody seemed willing to make acquaintance with young Jacob's London-made kerseymere breeches, of a bright canary-color, and with his lavender silk coat, and with his little *chapeau de Paris*. Indeed, young Jacob was quite the most prominent moving spectacle on Broadway, until they came to John Street, and saw something rolling down the street that quite cut the yellow kerseymeres out of all popular attention.

This was a carriage, the body of which was shaped like a huge section of a cheese, set up on its small end upon broad swinging straps between two pairs of wheels. It was not unlike a piece of cheese in color, for it was of a dull and faded grayish green, like mould, relieved by pale-yellow panels and gilt ornaments. It was truly an interesting structure, and it attracted nearly as much notice on Broadway in 1807 as it might to-day. But it was received with far more reverence, for it was a court coach, and it belonged to the Des Anges family, the rich Huguenots of New Rochelle. It had been



built in France, thirty years before, and had been sent over as a present to his brother from the Count des Anges, who had himself neglected to make use of his opportunities to embrace the Protestant religion.

When the white-haired old lady who sat in this coach, with a very little girl by her side, saw Mr. Dolph and his son, she leaned out of the window and signalled to the old periwigged driver to stop, and he drew up close to the sidewalk. And then Mr. Dolph and his son came up to the window and took off their hats, and made a great low bow and a small low bow to the old lady and the little girl.

"Madam Des Anges," said Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dolph, with an idiom which he had learned when he was presented at the court of Louis the Sixteenth, "has surely not driven down from New Rochelle this morning? That would tax even her powers."

Madam Des Anges did not smile—she had no taste for smiling—but she bridled amiably.

"No, Mr. Dolph," she replied; "I have been staying with my daughter-in-law, at her house at King's Bridge, and I have come to town to put my little granddaughter to school. She is to have the privilege of being a pupil of Mme. Dumesnil."

Madam Des Anges indicated the little girl with a slight movement, as though she did not wish to allow the child more consideration than a child deserved. The little girl turned a great pair of awed eyes, first on her grandmother, and then on the gentlemen, and spoke no word. Young Jacob Dolph stared hard at her, and then contemplated his kerseymeres with lazy satisfaction. He had no time for girls. And a boy who had his breeches made in London was a boy of consequence, and need not concern himself about everyone he saw.

"And this is your son, I make no doubt," went on Madam Des Anges; "you must bring him to see us at King's Bridge, while we are so near you. These young people should know each other."

Mr. Dolph said he would, and showed a becoming sense of the honor of the invitation; and he made young Jacob say a little speech of thanks, which he did with a doubtful grace, and then Mr. Dolph sent his compliments to Madam Des Anges's daughter-in-law, and Madam Des Anges sent her compliments to Mrs. Dolph, and there was more stately bowing, and the carriage lumbered on, with the little girl looking timorously out of the window, her great eyes fixed on the yellow kerseymeres, as they twinkled up the street.

"Papa," said young Jacob, as they turned the corner of Ann Street, "when may I go to a boys' school? I'm monstrous big to be at Mrs. Kilmaster's. And I don't like to be a girl-boy."

"Are you a girl-boy?" inquired his father, smiling.

"Aleck Cameron called me one yesterday. He said I was a girl-boy because I went to dame-school. He called me Missy, too!" the boy went on, with his breast swelling.

"We'll see about it," said Mr. Dolph, smiling again; and they walked on in silence to Mrs. Kilmaster's door, where he struck the knocker, and a neat mulatto girl opened the narrow door. Then he patted his boy on the head and bade him good-by for the morning, and told him to be a good boy at school. He took a step or two and looked back. Young Jacob lingered on the step, as if he had a further communication to make. He paused.

"I thumped him," said young Jacob, and the narrow door swallowed him up.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Dolph continued on his walk up Broadway. As he passed the upper end of the Common he looked with interest at the piles of red sandstone among the piles of white marble, where they were building the new City Hall. The Council had ordered that the rear or northward end of the edifice should be constructed of red stone; because red stone was cheap, and none but a few suburbans would ever look down on it from above Chambers Street. Mr. Dolph shook his head. He thought he knew better. He had watched the growth of trade; he knew the room for further growth; he had noticed the long converging lines of river-front, with their unbounded accommodation for wharves and slips. He believed that the day would come—and his own boy might see it—when the business of the city would crowd the dwelling-houses from the riverside, east and west, as far, maybe, as Chambers Street. He had no doubt that the boy might find himself, forty years from then, in a populous and genteel neighborhood. Perhaps he foresaw too much; but he had a jealous yearning for a house that should be a home for him, and for his child, and for his grandchildren. He wanted a place where his wife might have a garden; a place which the boy would grow up to love and cherish, where the boy might bring a wife some day. And even if it were a little out of town—why, his wife did not want a rout every night; and it was likely his old friends would come out and see him once in a while, and smoke a pipe in his garden and eat a dish of strawberries, perhaps.

As he thought it all over for the hundredth time, weighing for and against in his gentle and deliberative mind, he strolled far out of town. There was a house here and there on the road, a house with a trim, stiff little garden, full of pink and white and blue flowers in orderly clam-shell-bordered beds. But it was certainly, he had to admit, as he looked about him, very *countrified* indeed. It seemed that the city must lose itself if it wandered up here among these rolling meadows and wooded hills. Yet even up here, half way to Greenwich Village, there were little outposts of the town—clumps of neighboring houses, mostly of the poorer class, huddling together to form small nuclei for sporadic growth. There was one on his right, near the head of Collect Street. Perhaps that quizzical little old German was right, who had told him that King's Bridge property was a rational investment.

He went across the hill where Grand Street crosses Broadway, and up past what was then North and is to-day Houston Street, and then turned down a straggling road that ran east and west. He walked toward the Hudson, and passed a farmhouse or two, and came to a bare place where there were no trees, and only a few tangled bushes and ground-vines.

Here a man was sitting on a stone, awaiting him. As he came near, the man arose.

"Ah, it's you, Weeks? And have you the plan?"

"Yes, Colonel—Mr. Dolph. I've put the window where you want it—that is, my brother Levi did—though I don't see as you're going to have much trouble in looking over anything that's likely to come between you and the river."

Mr. Dolph took the crisp roll of parchment and studied it with loving interest. It had gone back to Ezra Weeks, the builder, and his brother Levi, the architect, for the twentieth time, perhaps. Was there ever an architect's plan put in the hands of a happy nest-builder where the windows did not go up and down from day to day, and the doors did not crawl all around the house, and the verandah did not contract and expand like a sensitive plant; or where the rooms and closets and corridors did not march backward and forward and in and out at the bidding of every fond, untutored whim?

"It's a monstrous great big place for a country-house, Mr. Dolph," said Ezra Weeks, as he looked over Jacob Dolph's shoulder at the drawings of the house, and shook his head with a sort of pitying admiration for the projector's audacity.

They talked for a while, and looked at the site as if they might see more in it than they saw yesterday, and then Weeks set off for the city, pledged to hire laborers and to begin the work on the morrow.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I think I can get you some of that stone that's going into the back of the City Hall, if you say so, Mr. Dolph. That stone was bought cheap, you know —bought for the city."

"See what you can do, Weeks," said Mr. Dolph; and Mr. Weeks went whistling down the road.

Jacob Dolph walked around his prospective domain. He kicked a wild blackberry bush aside to look at the head of a stake, and tried to realize that that would be the corner of his house. He went to where the parlor fireplace would be, and stared at the grass and stones, wondering what it would be like to watch the fire flickering on the new hearth. Then he looked over toward the Hudson, and saw the green woods on Union Hill and the top of a white sail over the high river-bank. He hoped that no one would build a large house between him and the river.

He lingered so long that the smoke of midday dinners was arising from Greenwich Village when he turned back toward town. When he reached the Commons on his homeward way he came across a knot of idlers who were wasting the hour of the noontide meal in gaping at the unfinished municipal building.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They were admiringly critical. One man was vociferously enthusiastic.

"It's a marvellous fine building say I, sir! Worthy of the classic shades of antiquity. If Europe can show a finer than that will be when she's done, then, in *my* opinion, sir, Europe is doing well."

"You admire the architecture, Mr. Huggins?" asked Mr. Dolph, coming up behind him. Mr. Huggins turned around slightly disconcerted, and assumed an amiability of manner such as can only be a professional acquirement among us poor creatures of human nature.

"Ah, Mr. Dolph—Colonel, I should say! I have purposed to do myself the honor of presenting myself at your house this afternoon, Colonel Dolph, to inquire if you did not desire to have your peruke *frisée*. For I had taken the liberty of observing you in conversation with Madam Des Anges this morning, in her equipage, and it had occurred to me that possibly the madam might be a-staying with you."

"Madam Des Anges does not honor my house this time, Huggins," returned Mr. Dolph, with an indulgent little laugh; "and my poor old peruke will do very well for to-day."

There was a perceptible diminution in Mr. Huggins's ardor; but he was still suave.

"I hope the madam is in good health," he remarked.

"She is, I believe," said Mr. Dolph.

"And your good lady, sir? I have not had the pleasure of treating Mrs. Dolph professionally for some time, sir. I——"

Mr. Dolph was weary. "I don't think Mrs. Dolph is fond of the latest modes, Huggins. But here comes Mr. Van Riper. Perhaps he will have his peruke *frisée*."

Mr. Huggins got out of a dancing-master's pose with intelligent alacrity, bade Mr. Dolph a hasty "Good afternoon!" and hurried off toward his shop, one door above Wall Street. Mr. Van Riper did not like "John Richard Desbrosses Huggins, Knight of the Comb."

There was *something* else that Mr. Van Riper did not like.

"Hullo, Dolph!" he hailed his friend. "What's this I heard about you building a preposterous tom-fool of a town house out by Greenwich? Why don't you hire that house that Burr had, up near Lispenard's cow-pasture, and be done with it?"

Mr. Dolph seized his chance.

"It 's not so preposterous as all that. By the way, talking of Burr, I hear from Richmond that he'll positively be tried next week. Did you know that young Irving—William's son, the youngest, the lad that writes squibs—has gone to Richmond for the defence?"

"William Irving's son might be in better business," grunted Mr. Van Riper, for a moment diverted. "If we'd got at that devil when he murdered poor Hamilton—'fore gad, we'd have saved the trouble of trying him. Do you remember when we was for going to Philadelphia after him, and there the sly scamp was at home all the time, up in his fine house, a-sitting in a tub of water, reading French stuff as cool as a cowcumber, with the whole town hunting for him?" Then he came back. "But that house of yours. You haven't got this crazy notion that New York's going to turn into London while you smoke your pipe, have you? You're keeping some of your seven business senses, ain't you?"

"I don't know," Mr. Dolph mildly defended his hobby; "there is a great potentiality of growth in this city. Here 's an estimate that John Pintard made the other day——"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"John Pintard! He 's another like *you!*" said Mr. Van Riper.

"Well, look at it for yourself," pleaded the believer in New York's future.

Mr. Van Riper took the neatly written paper, and simply snorted and gasped as he read this:

Statistical.

By the numeration of the inhabitants of this city recently published the progress of population for the last 5 years appears to be at the rate of 25 per cent. Should our city continue to increase in the same proportion during the present century, the aggregate number at its close will far exceed that of any other city in the Old World, Pekin not excepted, as will appear from the following table. Progress of population in the city of New York, computed at the rate of 25 per cent. every 5 years:

1805.....	75,770	1855.....	705,650
1810.....	95,715	1860.....	882,062
1815.....	110,390	1865.....	1,102,577
1820.....	147,987	1870.....	1,378,221
1825.....	184,923	1875.....	1,722,776
1830.....	231,228	1880.....	2,153,470
1835.....	289,035	1885.....	2,691,837
1840.....	361,293	1890.....	3,364,796
1845.....	451,616	1895.....	4,205,995
1850.....	564,520	1900.....	5,257,493

When he had read it through he was a-quivering, crimson with that rage of conservative indignation which is even more fervent than the flames of radical enthusiasm.

"Yes," he said; "there 's seventy-five thousand people in this town, and there 'll be seventy-five thousand bankrupts if this lunacy goes on. And there 's seventy-five thousand maggots in your brain, and seventy-five thousand in John Pintard's; and if you two live to see nineteen hundred, you 'll have twice five million two hundred and fifty-seven thousand four hundred and ninety-three—whatever that may be!" And he thrust the paper back at Jacob Dolph, and made for the Tontine and the society of sensible men.

. . . . . .

The house was built, in spite of Abram Van Riper's remonstrance. It had a stone front, almost flush with the road, and brick gable ends, in each one of which, high up near the roof, stood an arched window, to lift an eyebrow to the sun, morning and evening. But it was only a country-house, after all; and the Dolphs set up their carriage and drove out and in, from June to September.

There was a garden at the side, where Mrs. Dolph could have the flowers her heart had yearned after, ever since Jacob Dolph brought her from her home at Rondout, when she was seventeen.

. . . . . .

Strengthened by the country air—so they said—young Jacob grew clean out of his dame-school days and into and out of Columbia College, and was sent abroad, a sturdy youth, to have a year's holiday. It was to the new house that he came back the next summer, with a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

wonderful stock of fine clothes and of finer manners, and with a pair of moustachios that scandalized everybody but Madam Des Anges, who had seen the like in France when she visited her brother. And a very fine young buck was young Jacob, altogether, with his knowledge of French and his ignorance of Dutch, and a way he had with the women, and another way he had with the men, and his heirship to old Jacob Dolph's money and his two houses.

For they stayed in the old house until 1822.

. . . . . .

It was a close, hot night in the early summer; there was a thick, warm mist that turned now and then into a soft rain; yet every window in the Dolphs's house in State Street was closed.

It had been a hideous day for New York. From early morning until long after dark had set in, the streets had been filled with frightened, disordered crowds. The city was again stricken with the old, inevitable, ever-recurring scourge of yellow fever, and the people had lost their heads. In every house, in every office and shop, there was hasty packing, mad confusion, and wild flight. It was only a question of getting out of town as best one might. Wagons and carts creaked and rumbled and rattled through every street, piled high with household chattels, upheaped in blind haste. Women rode on the swaying loads, or walked beside with the smaller children in their arms. Men bore heavy burdens, and children helped according to their strength. There was only one idea, and that was flight—from a pestilence whose coming might have been prevented, and whose course could have been stayed. To most of these poor creatures the only haven seemed to be Greenwich Village; but some sought the scattered settlements above; some crossed to Hoboken; some to Bushwick; while others made a long journey to Staaten Island, across the bay. And when they reached their goals, it was to beg or buy lodgings anywhere and anyhow; to sleep in cellars and garrets, in barns and stables.

The panic was not only among the poor and ignorant. Merchants were moving their offices, and even the Post Office and the Custom House were to be transferred to Greenwich. There were some who remained faithful throughout all, and who labored for the stricken, and whose names are not even written in the memory of their fellow-men. But the city had been so often ravaged before, that at the first there was one mere animal impulse of flight that seized upon all alike.

At one o'clock, when some of the better streets had once more taken on their natural quiet, an ox-cart stood before the door of the Dolphs's old house. A little behind it stood the family carriage, its lamps unlit. The horses stirred uneasily; but the oxen waited in dull, indifferent patience. Presently the door opened, and two men came out and awkwardly bore a plain coffin to the cart. Then they mounted to the front of the cart, hiding between them a muffled lantern. They wore cloths over the lower part of their faces, and felt hats drawn low over their eyes. Something in their gait showed them to be seafaring men, or the like.

Then out of the open door came Jacob Dolph, moving with a feeble shuffle between his son and his old negro coachman—this man and his wife the only faithful of all the servants. The young man put his father in the carriage, and the negro went back and locked the doors and brought the keys to his young master. He mounted to the box, and through the darkness could be seen a white towel tied around his arm—the old badge of servitude's mourning.

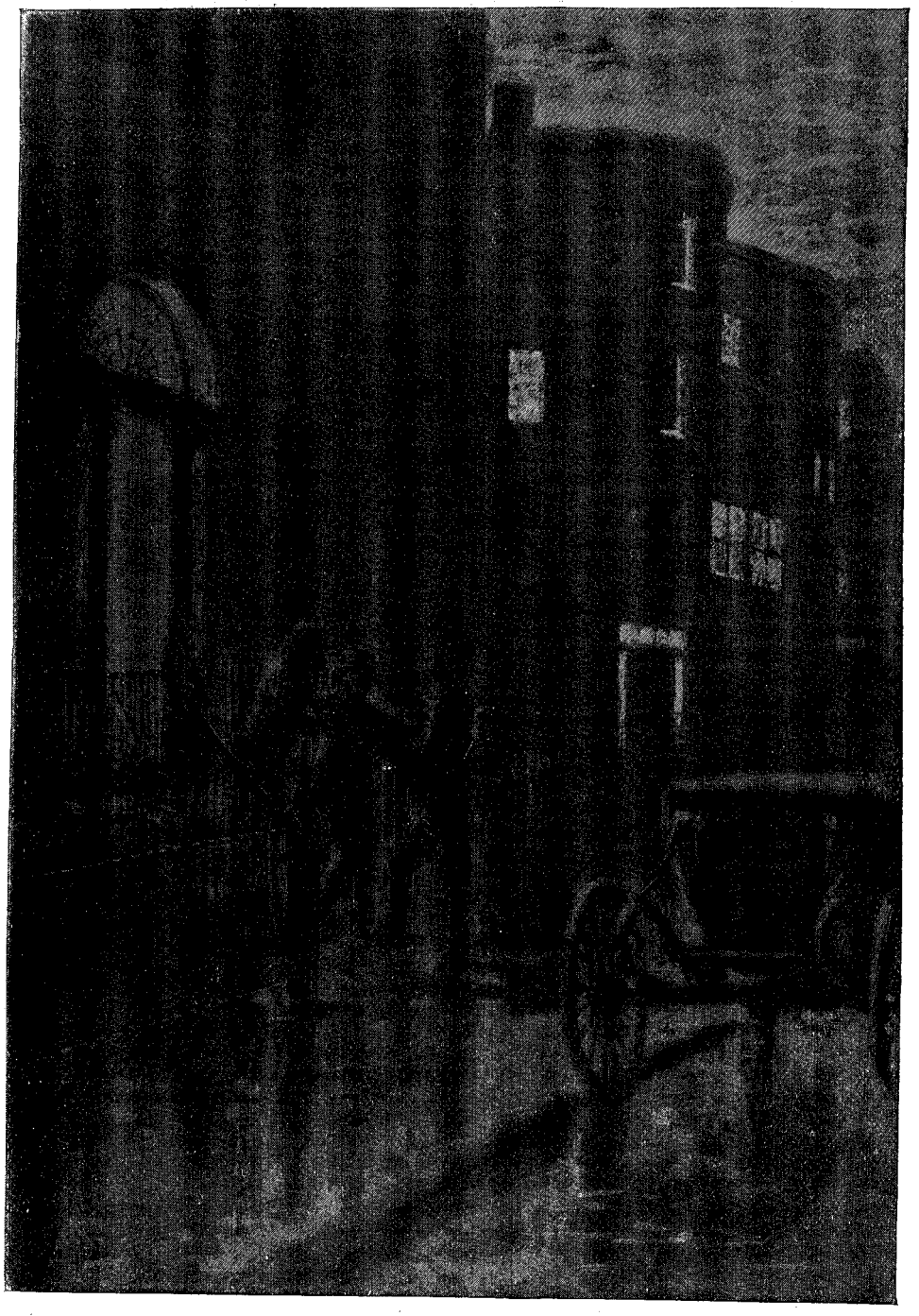
The oxen were started up, and the two vehicles moved up into Broadway. They travelled with painful slowness; the horses had to be held in to keep them behind the cart, for the oxen could be guided only with the whip, and not by word of mouth. The old man moaned a little at the pace, and quivered when he heard the distant sound of hammers.

"What is it?" he asked, nervously.

"They are boarding up some of the streets," said his son; "do not fear, father. Everything is prepared; and if we make no noise, we shall not be troubled."

"If we can only keep her out of the Potter's Field—the Potter's Field!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



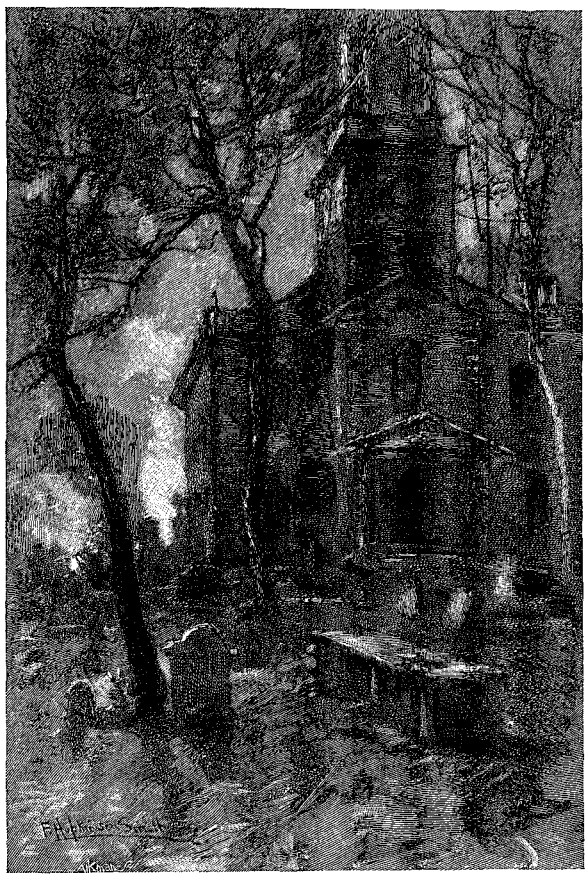
"Then out of the open door came Jacob Dolph."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cried the father; "I'll thank God—I'll ask no more—I'll ask no more!"

And then he broke down and cried a little, feebly, and got his son's hand in the darkness and put on his own shoulder.

It was nearly two when they came to St. Paul's and turned the corner to the gate. It was dark below, but some frenzied fools were burning tar-barrels far down Ann Street, and the light flickered on the top of the church spire. They crossed the church-yard to where a shallow grave had been dug, half way down the hill. The men lowered the body into it; the old negro gave them a little pomander-box to his face. He was not more foolish than his fellows; in that evil hour men took to charms and to saying of spells. Below the grave and apart, for the curse rested upon them, too, stood Jacob Dolph and his son, the old man leaning on the arm of the younger. Then the clergyman began to read the service for the burial of the dead, over the departed sister—and wife and mother. He spoke low; but his voice seemed to echo in the stillness. He came forward with a certain shrinking, and cast the handful of dust and ashes into the grave. When it was done, the sexton stepped forward and rapidly threw in the earth until he had filled the little hollow even with the ground. Then, with fearful precaution, he laid down the carefully cut sods, and smoothed them until there was no sign of what had been done. The clergyman turned to the two mourners, without moving nearer to them, and lifted up his hands. The old man tried to kneel; but his son held him up, for he was too feeble, and they bent their heads for a moment of silence. The clergyman went away as he had come; and Jacob Dolph and his son went back to the carriage. When his father was seated, young Jacob Dolph said to the coachman: "To the new house."



rouleau of coin, and they went hurriedly away into the night.

The clergyman came out by and by, with the sexton behind him. He stood high up above the grave, and drew his long cloak about him, and lifted an old

The heavy coach swung into Broadway, and climbed up the hill out into the open country. There were lights still burning in the farm-houses, bright gleams to east and west, but the silence of the damp summer night hung over the sparse suburbs, and the darkness seemed to grow more intense as they drove away from the city. The trees by the road-side were almost black in the gray mist; the raw, moist smell of the night, the damp air, chilly upon the high land, came in through the carriage windows. Young Jacob looked out and noted their prog-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ress by familiar landmarks on the road; but the old man sat with his head bent on his new black stock.

It was almost three, and the east was beginning to look dark, as though a storm were settling there in the grayness, when they turned down the straggling street and drew up before the great dark mass that was the new house. The carriage-wheels gritted against the loose stones at the edge of the road-way, and the great door of the house swung open. The light of one wavering candle-flame, held high above her head, fell on the black face of old Chloe, the coachman's wife. There were no candles burning on the high-pitched stairway; all was dark behind her in the empty house.

Young Jacob Dolph helped his father to the ground, and between the young man and the negro old Jacob Dolph wearily climbed the steps. Chloe lifted her apron to her face, and turned to lead them up the stair. Her husband went out to his horses, shutting the door softly after him, between Jacob Dolph's old life and the new life that was to begin in the new house.

SONNETS IN SHADOW.

By Arlo Bates.

I.

If it should be we are watched unaware
By those who have gone from us; if our sighs
Ring in their ears; if tears that scald our eyes
They see and long to stanch; if our despair

Fills them with anguish; we must learn to bear
In strength of silence. Though doubt still denies,
It cannot give assurance which defies
All peradventure; and, if anywhere

Our loved grieve with our grieving, cruel we
To cherish selfishness of woe. The chance
Should keep us steadfast. Tortured utterly,

This hope alone in all the world's expanse
We hold forlornly; how deep love can be,
Grief's silence proving more than utterance.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II.

When two souls have been truly blent in one,
    It could not chance that one should cease to be
    And one remain alive. 'Twere falsity
To all that has been to count union done

Because death blinds the sight. Such threads are spun
    By dear communion, even the dread Three
    Cannot or cut or disentangle. Sea
From shore the moon may draw; but two drops run

Together what can separate? What thought
    Touched but one brain? What pulse-beat, faint or high,
Did not both hearts share duly? There is naught

In all we do or dream, from lightest sigh
    To weightiest deed, by which we are not taught
We live together or together die.

III.

We must be nobler for our dead, be sure,
    Than for the quick. We might their living eyes
    Deceive with gloss of seeming, but all lies
Were vain to cheat a prescience spirit pure.

Our soul's true worth and aim, however poor,
    They see who watch us from some deathless skies
    With glance death-quickened. That no sad surprise
Sting them in seeing, be ours to secure.

Living, our loved ones make us what they dream;
    Dead, if they see, they know us as we are.
Henceforward we must be, not merely seem.

Bitterer woe than death it were by far
    To fail their hopes who love us to redeem.
Loss were thrice loss which thus their faith could mar!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OUR DEFENCELESS COASTS.

By F. V. Greene, Captain U. S. Engineers.

To the great majority of the American people the experience of Europe is of no value as a guide. It is nothing to us that other nations find it necessary or advisable to pursue certain policies. We believe that we are placed in exceptional circumstances; and we decide and act upon our own judgment of the matter in hand, regardless of the way in which other nations have acted upon a similar matter. Nor can it be denied that there is much to justify this self-confidence. Our political system was devised and adopted, not only without the aid of foreign experience, but in direct opposition and defiance of that experience. Yet it has been successful beyond the wildest dreams of its designers; it might fairly be called the most successful system of modern times, and no surer proof of this could be adduced than the fact that a large number of British statesmen believe that the only remedy for Irish misgovernment lies in grafting some of its most important features upon the venerable constitution of England.

As in politics, so in war. We have thrown aside all the traditions of European governments as to the necessity of maintaining a large army for purposes of defence; we maintain only the merest nucleus of a military organization—a force which, in proportion to the population, is now and always has been utterly insignificant. Yet we have never been beaten in war. In less than one century we prosecuted, with signal success, four wars, one of them being the mightiest conflict—the most far-reaching in its consequences to the human race—of which there is authentic record.

In nothing does this independence of thought, this disregard of precedents and foreign experience, this determination to decide our own questions on our own judgment, show itself more clearly than in the question of the necessity of properly defending our coasts. And we have now to consider whether, in deciding to do absolutely nothing—as we have done in the last ten years, while other nations are spending millions—we maintain a sturdy independence of thought, or whether we display an ignorant arrogance which, like pride, goes before a fall.

The question is not a new one. It was vigorously debated after the War of 1812; and in 1816 a competent board of engineers was appointed, who laid down the fundamental principles on which a system of coast defences suited to our needs should be constructed, and their plans were approved by the President and by Congress. The leading spirit of this board was Captain (afterward General) Joseph G. Totten, of the Corps of Engineers. This eminent officer, whose active service extended over a period of fifty-nine years, not only devised the entire system of defences for the Atlantic coast—and subsequently for the Pacific and the northern frontier—but lived to complete it, nearly thirty years ago, substantially as it is to-day. He served in his youth in the War of 1812, was in his prime the chief engineer of the army in Mexico, and in his old age he approved the plans for the defences of Washington at the outbreak of the great rebellion. He was also the first to make use of iron in fortifications; and his granite forts, with iron shutters for the gun embrasures, built between 1850 and 1860, were the finest models of military engineering of their day.

The question of the necessity of seacoast defences, or—granted the necessity—the principles on which they should be constructed, was periodically revived in Congress during the fifty years preceding the civil war, and at each period there were corresponding boards of engineers to make their reports to Congress. These were the boards of 1816, 1826, 1836, 1840, 1851, and 1861. The exhaustive reports of these various boards were all written by General Totten, and during his lifetime he spoke with the voice of authority and almost without a

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rival. His views and arguments carried conviction both with the executive and legislative branches of the Government. Only twice were they seriously called in question—once, in 1836, by Mr. Poinsett, the Secretary of War, who contended that the enormous size of Fort Monroe, at Hampton Roads, and Fort Adams, at Newport, with a view to their defence against a land siege, was unnecessary, as no nation would have the hardihood to venture to land an army on our coasts large enough to carry on a siege; and once by General Gaines, in 1840, who advocated the abandonment of forts and the substitution of a system of floating batteries combined with seven great lines of railroads, radiating from the "central States of Kentucky and Tennessee" to various points on the sea-board, by which troops could be concentrated at any point which might be threatened. General Gaines was a gallant officer of the War of 1812, but he was regarded as eccentric and visionary—in the slang of to-day, somewhat of a "crank." The Secretary of War curtly dismissed his project, by reporting to Congress that, "with every respect for the experience of the gallant author, he was constrained to differ from him;" the engineers reported that the proposed railways would cost $126,000,000, and no further attention was given to the scheme.

In General Totten's earlier reports he addressed himself not only to the question of location of works, their size, armament, and cost, but also to the broader question of the necessity of coast defences as a matter of public policy. His remarks on this subject are as apposite to-day as when they were written, two generations ago, being eternal principles as unanswerable as the laws of mechanics. Some of them will well bear quoting.

"The United States, separated from the rest of the world by an ocean on one hand, and a vast wilderness on the other, pursuing toward all nations a policy strikingly characterized by its pacific tendency, its impartiality, and justice; contracting no political alliances; confining her intercourse with the rest of the world rigidly to the letter of such temporary arrangements as are dictated by reciprocal commercial interests—might at first view be regarded as too remote physically, and as politically too insulated, to be endangered by the convulsions which, from time to time, disturb the nations of the earth."

Yet

"Neither our geographical position, nor our forbearance, nor the equity of our policy, can always avail under the relation in which it is our destiny to stand to the rest of the world. . . . We are admonished by history to bear in mind that war cannot at all times be avoided, however pacific and forbearing our policy; and that nothing will conduce more to an uninterrupted peace than that state of preparation which exposes no weak point to the hostility, and offers no gratification to the cupidity, of the other nations of the earth."

While these abstract principles are perfectly true and applicable to-day, yet the concrete problem of national defence is a thousand-fold simpler now than it was in the earlier days of our national life. The wants of commerce and private enterprise have developed a system of railroads twenty times more extensive than that projected by General Gaines, the cost of which prevented his project from having any consideration. No nation which has a great army has the mercantile marine for transporting it across the ocean. Before England could raise an army of respectable size, or before any of the continental powers could buy or build the ships to transport their armies, we could raise a force of our own amply sufficient to repel the invaders, and by means of our railroads we could concentrate it at any point on the coast, while the foreign army was being landed. In proof of this we have only to remember that in the Crimean War the maritime resources of England were taxed to the utmost in order to maintain an army abroad which never had an effective strength of 50,000 men; and in 1879, when England prepared to make war on Russia, it required four months to get 60,000 men ready for embarkation, and an additional force of 30,000 men, which were promised in two months more, exhausted her entire strength available for foreign service.

All idea, therefore, of any nation at-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tempting the conquest of this country may be rejected as purely chimerical. To attack us with 100,000 men would be but child's play, and to attempt to carry on a war across three thousand miles of ocean, with a nation which has maintained over one million of men under arms, would be the act of a madman. But the very elements of wealth and population which have made an invasion impossible have brought an increase of danger in another direction. They have built up on the shores of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and the northern lakes a series of great cities, containing an aggregate population of more than five million souls, and destructible property which is carried on the assessors' books with a valuation of $4,000,000,000 (and has probably an actual value of nearly twice as much), yielding annually a product in manufactured goods alone valued at over one thousand million dollars.*

Every man, woman, and child in this great population, every dollar in this vast aggregation of wealth, is to-day in danger of destruction by a hostile fleet; for it is certainly a fact that the shells of an enemy's vessels could, in a few weeks, or even days, after declaration of war, reach every portion of it—so utterly defenceless are our harbors against the ships and guns which have been developed in the last twenty years, during which we have done nothing. So that while the idea of invasion and conquest may now be dismissed as visionary, the problem of national defence has simplified itself to merely protecting life and property against a possible enemy in our sea-board and lake-board cities. It is, in brief, a problem of national insurance on life and property, to provide for just those cases of danger which are specially excepted from all ordinary policies—cases which lie beyond the grasp of private enterprise, and not only fall within the legitimate province of general government, but are expressly provided for in the Constitution, which gives power to Congress to provide for the common defence. The usual annual premium on policies of insurance on life or property, with good risks, is from one to one and a half per cent. One per cent. on the $4,000,000,000 of destructible property within reach of hostile shells is $40,000,000. Less than half that amount, viz., $20,000,000, expended annually for six years, would give us a complete system of insurance—*i.e.*, it would give us harbor defences stronger than any ships which could be brought against them. It is probable that so large a sum could not be judiciously expended in one year, and the expenditure would be less, and the number of years greater; but with $10,000,000 a year for six years, fully three-fourths of the lives and property on our coasts could be placed out of danger. This amount is about three per cent. of our annual appropriations for the support of the Government and its obligations. During the ten years from 1826 to 1836, with an average total expenditure of $17,000,000 per annum, the yearly expense for fortifications was about seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or four and a half per cent., so that it would be within precedent to spend three per cent. of our revenue for the same purpose now. And while the existence of an overflowing treasury affords no good grounds for lavish and unnecessary expenditure, with its attendant extravagance and demoralization, yet such a condition removes the only possible objection to proper expenditures for worthy objects. We have the ready cash to invest in insurance; and if we fail to make the investment, we incur a risk which no prudent man would

* The principal cities on the sea and lake coasts, with their population, valuation, and manufactured products, are as follows, the figures being taken from the Compendium to the Tenth Census, 1880:

	Population.	Assessed valuation of property.	Annual value of manufactured products.
Baltimore	332,313	244,044,181	78,417,304
Boston	362,839	658,220,621	130,531,993
Brooklyn	566,663	244,556,977	177,223,142
Buffalo	155,134	118,454,621	42,937,701
Chicago	503,185	148,982,393	249,022,948
Cleveland	160,146	88,353,139	48,604,050
Detroit	116,340	100,206,905	30,181,416
Jersey City	120,722	90,371,969	60,473,965
Milwaukee	115,587	53,774,035	43,473,812
New Orleans	216,090	91,794,350	18,803,696
New York	1,206,299	1,094,069,335	472,926,437
Philadelphia	847,170	581,729,759	324,342,935
Providence	104,857	178,448,469	42,597,512
San Francisco	233,959	244,626,760	77,824,299
Washington	159,871	99,401,787	11,882,316
Total	5,201,175	4,037,034,281	1,109,243,466

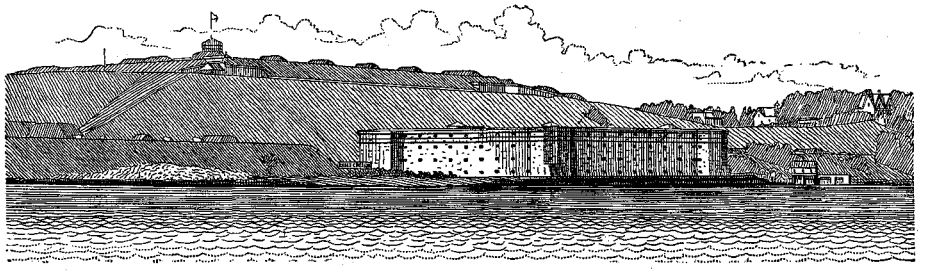
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for a moment permit in his private business.

It is now necessary to examine the causes which have brought about the present state of affairs, and see how it is that our coasts have come to be in a defenceless condition, what is necessary to put them in a state of defence, and what other nations have been doing while we have been idle.

when the war broke out. The actual expenditures for fortifications, arsenals, and armories have been, in round numbers, as follows :

1794–1812	$3,650,000
1813–1860	39,400,000
1861–1875	39,550,000
1876–1886	4,500,000
	$87,100,000



Fort Wadsworth, West Side of the Narrows, New York Harbor.

The earlier reports of General Totten, those of 1816 and 1826, contained a complete project for the defence of the Atlantic coast. His later reports contained the plans for the Pacific coast and the lake ports. His first estimates, for the Atlantic coast only, were for $16,500,000, a sum which, gauged by the annual expenditures then and now, is equivalent to over three hundred million dollars today. The amount was large, but the experience of the War of 1812 was fresh in people's minds, and Congress met the case by appropriating a little more than one million dollars (about seven per cent. of the total revenue) for 1816, and about six hundred thousand dollars per annum for several years afterward. From 1794 to 1820 all appropriations for fortifications were in a lump sum, to be expended at such points as the President might select, but after 1820 specific appropriations were made for each work. In his subsequent reports General Totten's estimates were increased, both on account of enlargement of the projected works, and of new localities to be fortified ; but in his report of 1840 he states the aggregate cost of works, completed and projected, to be about thirty-three million dollars, and this estimate was substantially correct, the works having been nearly completed for about that sum of which about sixteen million dollars have been expended for arsenals and armories, one-half of it at the great inland arsenal at Rock Island, Ill. The outbreak of the civil war caused a large increase of expenditure, not only for the fortifications of principal cities on the sea-coast, but also of Washington, and this expenditure was kept up after the war until the first Democratic Congress convened, in 1875. Then the money for building forts was stopped entirely, and during the last ten years the appropriations have been limited to from one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand dollars annually for the care of fortifications, and certain sums for the purchase of torpedo materials and experiments with large guns. At the last session of Congress the House proposed a bill of this character, which the Senate amended by carrying the amount to over six million dollars, and between the two no bill of any kind was passed ; so that the fort-keepers and watchmen have at last had to be discharged.

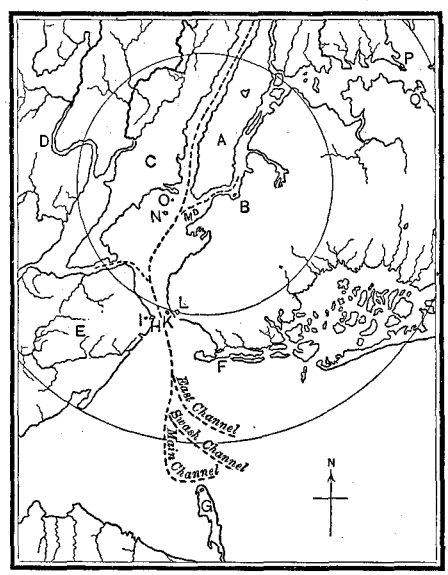
As an illustration of the history of our fortifications, it will be well to take the case of New York, and trace the development of its defensive works. Each of the entrances to New York Harbor contains a point which a moment's glance at the map shows to be specially suited

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for fortifications. In the ocean entrance it is the Narrows, and in the sound entrance it is at Throgg's Neck, which might well be called the Eastern Narrows. There are no other points in coming from the sound which are specially adapted for defence; but in the lower bay the main channel runs very close to Sandy Hook, giving an outer line of defence at that point, and there are islands and shoals near the junction of the Hudson and East Rivers, which, before the days of long-range guns, were thought to afford good points for an inner line of defence.

The first permanent work to be erected in New York Harbor was on this inner line of defence. This was Castle Williams, the reddish stone tower on Governor's Island, just opposite the Battery, which is a familiar object to everyone who has been on the bay. It was built in 1807–10. In 1812 a somewhat similar structure—Fort Lafayette—was erected on a shoal near the eastern shore of the Narrows. In 1824 the land was purchased on the adjacent shore of Long Island, at New Utrecht Point, and the construction of Fort Hamilton was commenced and rapidly pushed to completion. In 1826 the land was acquired at Throgg's Neck for Fort Schuyler. General Totten had urgently insisted in his earliest reports upon the necessity of fortifying this point, but his views were opposed on the grounds that it was too far distant from the city, and that the difficult navigation of Hell Gate was in itself a sufficient defence on the side of the sound. His views finally prevailed, however, and in 1833 the construction was commenced in earnest. Between 1831 and 1834 Fort Columbus was built—to the south of Castle Williams, on Governor's Island.

In 1841 the old work on Bedlow's Island, on the inner line of defence, was removed, and the existing fort—within which the Liberty Statue has just been erected—was built in the next few years. At the same time a small work was built on Ellis Island, between Bedlow's Island and the New Jersey shore. In 1846 the fine masonry work at the water's edge on the west side of the Narrows—Fort Wadsworth—was commenced; and in 1850 Battery Hudson, on the hills behind it. In 1857 steps were taken to build three large and expensive works, to cost between one million and two million dollars each. One of them was on the sound entrance, at Willet's Point, opposite Fort Schuyler; another was at Sandy Hook; and the third was the rebuilding on a larger scale of Fort Tompkins, on the Staten Island hills at the Narrows. But little progress was made on these three works until the outbreak of the civil war, when they were vigorously prosecuted, although the works at Willet's Point and Sandy Hook have never been fully completed. In the early reports of the Board of Engineers there was a project for building works on the Middle Ground and East Bank, between Sandy Hook and Coney Island, but owing to doubts as to the stability of these shoals the project has never been carried out. After the civil war



Sketch Map of New York Harbor.

A, New York.
B, Brooklyn.
C, Jersey City.
D, Newark.
E, Staten Island.
F, Coney Island.
G, Sandy Hook (Ft.).
H, Ft. Wadsworth.
I, Ft. Tomkins and Batt'y Hudson.
K, Ft. Lafayette.
L, Ft. Hamilton.
M, Castle Williams and Ft. Columbus
N, Ft. on Bedlow's Island.
O, Ft. on Ellis Island.
P, Ft. Schuyler.
Q, Ft., Willet's Point.

[The circles are drawn with radii of seven and fourteen miles respectively, and centres at City Hall.]

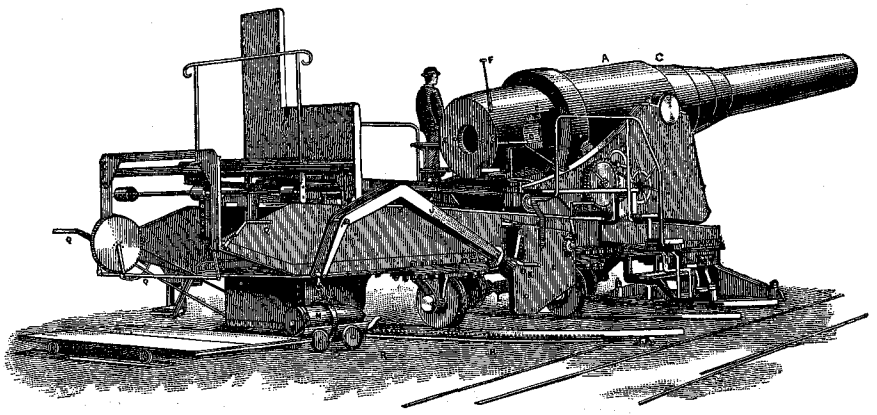
a large amount of work was done in building several lines of earthern batteries on both sides of the Narrows and at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Willet's Point. All work on fortifications, as previously stated, stopped in 1875. The total cost of the works hitherto constructed for the defence of New York is about nine million dollars.

The fortifications of New York illustrate very clearly the progressive changes in the system of defence. The problem has always been to place more, or larger, guns ashore than can be brought against them afloat, and to put them behind walls stronger than the sides of a ship. Prior to 1860 the forts answered these conditions fully. In 1812 navies were composed of wooden sailing-vessels, and the largest of them carried seventy-four small guns. Castle Williams and Fort Lafayette mounted seventy-eight guns each, of a much heavier calibre than those of the ships, and their walls were incomparably superior in strength to the sides of the wooden frigates. With the rapid development, between 1840 and 1860, of steam ships of war, propelled by screws, and carrying guns as large as 9-inch and 11-inch, it was evident that a corresponding increase must be made in the strength of fortifications. This was effected, in part, by earthen batteries, exterior to the fort, where the ground permitted their construction, and in part (where the site was restricted in size) by strong castellated structures of the best granite masonry, with walls eight feet thick, the embrasures (or gun-ports) protected by iron shutters, and the guns (10- and 12-inch smooth-bore) arranged in several tiers. Fort Wadsworth and the fort near the water at Willet's Point are types of the latter class, and the batteries near Fort Hamilton of the former.

The advent of the civil war brought into practical application two new principles. First, the application of iron armor to vessels, and, second, the use of torpedoes, or submarine explosive mines. Simultaneously with these came a great development in the size and power of guns. The germs of all the modern ideas of guns, armored ships, and torpedoes were found in the war of 1861–65. In guns we produced the 300-pounder rifled Parrotts, and the 15-inch (450-pounder) smooth-bore Rodman. In ships we had the turretted monitors and the broadside armored "New Ironsides." In torpedoes we had the spar torpedo from an open boat, with which Cushing blew up the Albemarle, and the iron powder-kegs, exploded by contact with electricity, with which the Confederates destroyed the monitor Tecumseh and other vessels. But at the close of the war our development (except in torpedoes) ceased, while the development of other nations went on with rapid strides. Every year new vessels were constructed with ever-increasing thickness of armor, and every year still larger guns were produced. In this costly series of experiments between guns, on the one hand, and armor, on the other, the United States took no

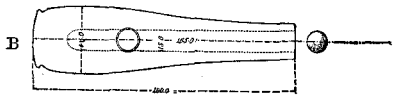


Krupp's 40 Centimetre (15¾ Inch) Rifle, Mounted on Sea Coast Carriage.

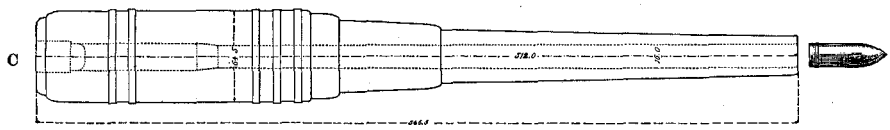
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

part. We calmly looked on, waiting for the time when it should be demonstrated whether the attacking or resisting forces should prove superior. The struggle virtually culminated, a few years ago, in the 100-ton guns of Krupp and Armstrong. These are colossal steel machines, worked entirely by hydraulic engines, 40 feet long, 6 feet in diameter at the base, carrying a projectile 4 feet long and 17 inches in diameter, weighing 2,200 pounds, and propelled by the explosion of over eight hundred pounds of powder. Its velocity is a mile in three seconds, and its range more than nine miles. At a distance of over half a mile it can penetrate thirty inches of iron, twenty-four feet of concrete masonry, or seventy-five feet of earth. The only form of defence which has successfully resisted it is the Gruson cast-iron dome.

A.—The 42-pounder of 1812. Length, 10 feet; weight, 4 tons; charge, 10 pounds; projectile, 42 pounds; muzzle energy, 800 foot tons.



B.—The 15-inch Rodman of 1862. Length, 16 feet; weight, 20 tons; charge, 130 pounds; projectile, 450 pounds; muzzle energy, 9,000 foot tons.



C.—The 16-inch Rifle of 1886. Length, 45 feet 6 inches; weight, 115 tons; charge, 800 pounds; projectile, 2,300 pounds; muzzle energy, 55,000 foot tons.

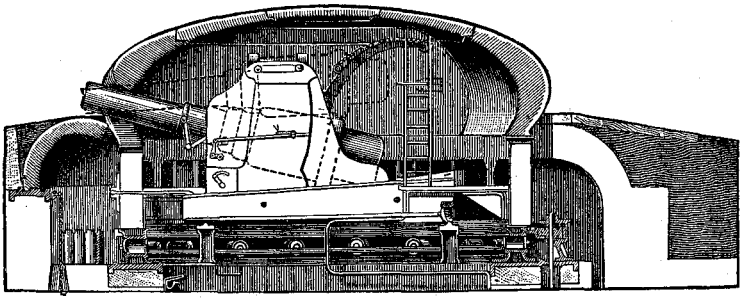
The Great Guns of Different Periods of the Nineteenth Century.

At the beginning of this development of modern great guns, just after the close of the war, our engineers made some experiments with heavy iron shields placed in and around the embrasures of our granite forts, with a view of seeing whether this adaptation would not serve to continue the usefulness of our masonry works. But while the iron shields resisted fairly well the guns of that period, the masonry adjacent to them was soon demolished, and it was evident that our masonry forts were already obsolete. The engineers, therefore, confined their attention to the development of a torpedo system, and pending the solution of the gun-and-armor problem they built, as a temporary expedient, earthen batteries, and enlarged the ramparts of some of the existing forts, intending to arm them with 12-inch rifled guns and large mortars. The guns, however, were not built, and in 1875 the whole work stopped. Our present stock of heavy ordnance consists of 1518 smooth-bore Rodmans, of various sizes, mostly 10-inch and 15-inch, and 210 8-inch rifles, converted from 10-inch smooth-bores by inserting a steel lining. None of these can properly be called heavy guns, as compared with the modern sea-coast guns of Europe.

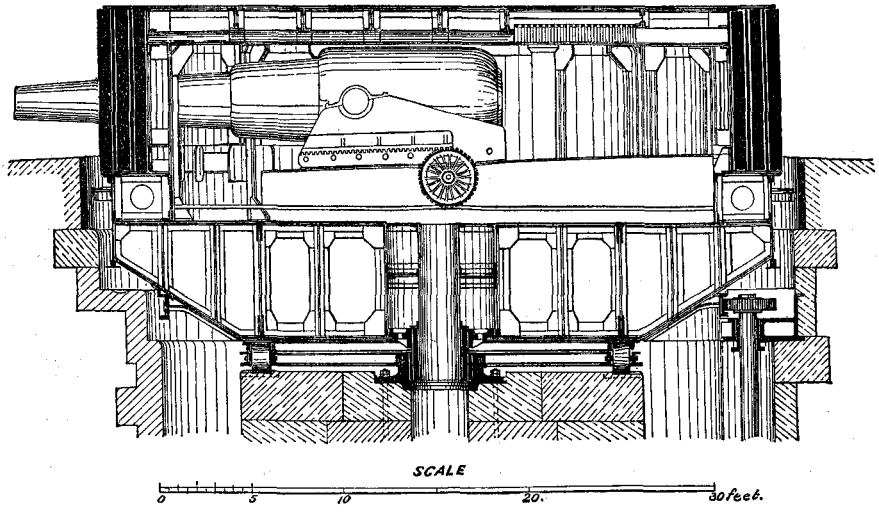
Thus we are to-day, in the matter of coast defence, just where we were during the civil war; we are a whole generation behind the other nations of the world, and a generation, too, in which more advance has been made in methods of coast attack than in the whole previous period of the world's history. And this in spite of the fact that we alone of all the nations of the world have a series of great cities on our ocean coasts. It is doubtful if all the nations of Europe combined have as many lives and as much property within reach of hostile ironclads as we have, since all their chief cities are inland. Yet we have absolutely no means of defence. There has been no such spectacle in the previous history of the world, as this of a rich and pre-eminently powerful people inviting attack upon life and property—or the payment of enormous ransoms as the price of their safety—by leaving its coasts wholly undefended against the implements of war of the period. Nor can any valid reason be given why we alone of all the world should expect immunity from such attacks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For nearly an entire generation—ever since 1859—the progress of fortification in Europe has been in the direction of the use of some form of iron armor. In this the United States has taken no part. Our forts were among the foremost during the masonry age and the earthen age, but during the iron age we have as yet done nothing. In England the necessity for using iron in fortifications was apparent just as soon as this material began to be used in ships, and in 1861 England entered upon the work of rebuilding her forts with iron. It was substantially completed in 1878, at a cost of $37,000,000, expended on nine harbors, the total population and property within reach of which is far less than at New York alone. The manner in which the iron was used varied at different localities—in some places there were circular forts, composed wholly of iron; in others the iron was in the form of a shield in front of the gun only, the spaces between guns being filled with masonry and earth. The iron was also used differently—sometimes in a single plate of great thickness, and at others in a series of thinner plates separated by layers of concrete; occasionally the iron formed an exterior facing to masonry. Finally, within the last few years have come the solid iron turrets, of enormous thickness, carrying two 80-ton guns each, which form part of the defences of Dover. While many of these forts, which were built while the contest between guns and armor was still in progress, can be pierced by the more recent guns, yet the number



Gruson Cupola (Cast Iron), Forming Part of the Defences of Antwerp, Belgium.



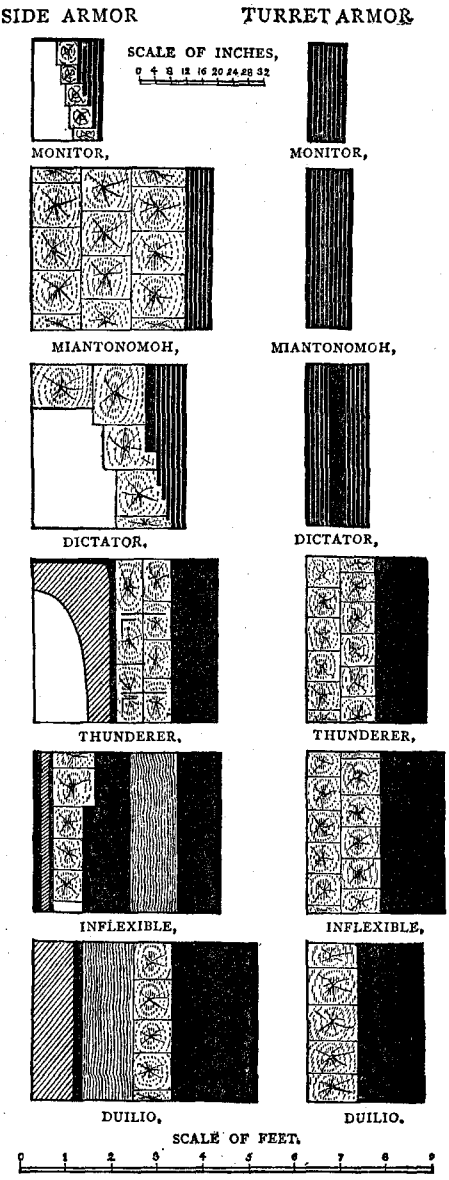
Wrought Iron Turret, Containing Two 80-ton Guns, Forming Part of the Defences of Dover, England.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of large guns which they mount is far superior to the number that could be brought against them afloat, and in connection with torpedoes and iron-clad ships they afford a secure defence.

On the Continent the problem was not taken up until guns had reached a greater development, and then it was solved generally in the direction of using iron alone, in the form of turrets or domes. Some of these were of wrought-iron, some of steel, and some of cast-iron. The latter were the Gruson cupolas, of which 28 have been constructed in various harbors of Germany, Austria, Belgium, and Holland. Recently the Italian Government gave an order for two of these cupolas, to mount two 120-ton Krupp guns each, for the defence of their naval station at Spezzia. The order was conditioned on a test shield, or segment of the cupola, resisting three shots of the Armstrong 100-ton gun—a test which it successfully withstood, although the same gun has pierced every other form of construction yet devised.

It is generally conceded that a complete system of defence must consist of three distinct elements—land forts, torpedoes, and ships or floating batteries. If an undoubted superiority in naval force can be maintained at every port against anything that can be brought against it, the forts and torpedoes could be dispensed with. But this is manifestly impossible. The small extent of coast-line in the British Islands, and the proximity of her harbors to each other, enable England to rely much more on her naval force than other nations; but for us, with 3,000 miles of coast on the Atlantic, 1,200 miles on the Pacific, and 2,200 miles on the lakes, the idea of having a great squadron at every port is out of the question. Our main reliance must be on forts and torpedoes. Forts, torpedoes, ships, and guns are thus the four great branches of defensive science, each of them involving a distinct branch of manufacturing industry, and each of them (except torpedoes) requiring large capital and payments for manufactured product commensurate with the millions of property which they are intended to defend. As before stated, since the war we have contented ourselves with watching other nations, and have done nothing ourselves except accumulate a certain amount of torpedo material. In forts, we built some earthworks from 1866 to 1875, when the money was withheld and all work stopped. In guns, we converted a few smooth-bores into small rifles of doubtful efficiency. In ships, we patched up or rebuilt, under the



The Development of Armor from 1860 to 1880.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

name of repairs, the wooden vessels of the ante-bellum period.

With the incoming of Garfield's administration, in 1881, however, the first signs of change began to be apparent, and since then, though the output as yet is small, we have been incessantly investigating the subject, until we are now possessed of the most complete information, in convenient printed form, concerning guns, armor, ships, and everything relating to the subject of coast defence, and it only remains to act on this information. It will be well to follow these steps in order, so that we may see what progress has been made in study, and what we may hope for in results.

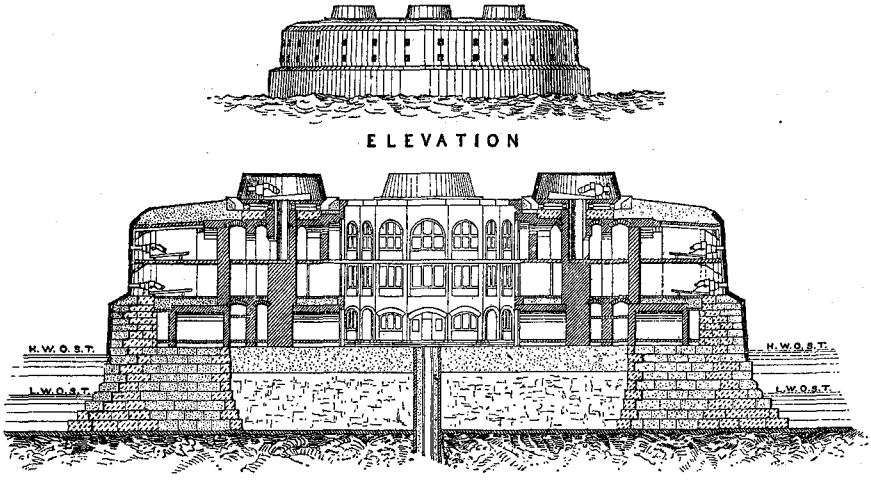
The first subject taken up was ships. In the summer of 1881 a naval advisory board was appointed to state the requirements of a new navy. They reported to the Secretary of the Navy that we needed, for the "present exigencies of the navy," 38 unarmored cruisers, estimated to cost $26,000,000, and 5 rams and 25 torpedo-boats, estimated to cost $4,000,000. They stated that heavy iron-clads were needed; but they gave no estimate in regard to them, as that subject was not included within their instructions. At its next session Congress authorized the construction of two cruisers; but no contracts had been made for them when, in the spring of 1883, it authorized the construction of four vessels, three of them to be steel cruisers—two of 3,000 tons and one of 4,500 tons—and one of them a despatch-boat. The armament was to be from eight to twelve rifle-guns for each ship, of calibre from six inches to eight inches. The contracts were signed in July, 1883, and the new navy was begun with the launching of the Dolphin. This vessel was completed in the summer of 1885. The Atlanta, one of the cruisers, was put in commission in the summer of 1886, and the other two are not yet finished, nearly three years after the passage of the act authorizing their construction. No appropriation for ships was made during the session of 1884, but during the sessions of 1885 and of 1886 authority was given for three more cruisers, two gun-boats, two large armored iron-clads, one torpedo-boat, and one pneumatic dynamite-gun ship, and for the completion of five large double-turretted monitors, whose construction was commenced, under the name of repairs, during Grant's administration. These 14 ships, added to the 4 authorized in 1883, make a total of 18 modern vessels for which authority has been granted. This is the outcome of more than five years' consideration of the subject, and the practical result to date is 2 ships in commission, 7 (including the 5 monitors) launched, but not finished; 5 designed, but not contracted for; and 4 not yet designed. The length of time thus consumed shows how large and complicated is the problem, and how many years must elapse between granting authority for ships and seeing them in commission.* As to the value of the ships thus far acquired, the only serious criticism made upon them is in regard to their speed. A cruiser which makes fifteen knots an hour, when the fast passenger steamers, that would be pressed into service in war, make eighteen to nineteen knots on every voyage, is of somewhat doubtful utility. The cruisers recently designed, however, are intended to have a speed of eighteen and nineteen knots. But, except in the matter of speed, all are agreed that the new vessels are well designed and well built, and that they make an excellent beginning for a naval force suited to the requirements of modern times.

In guns the progress has been of a somewhat similar character. In March, 1881, Congress ordered a board of engineer, ordnance, and artillery officers, to examine into the whole question of guns and projectiles. This was commonly known as the Getty Board, from the name of its senior officer. They examined several hundred designs, out of which they selected a small number as worthy of trial. They also made a thorough examination of the merits of cast-iron, wrought-iron, and steel, as material for guns, and decided in favor of steel—an opinion which is in accord with that of the majority of gun-builders

* The Collingwood, one of the most recent English iron-clads, was laid down in 1880, launched in 1882, and went into commission in 1886, six years after her construction was begun. She cost about three million five hundred thousand dollars.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

throughout the world, although this opinion is by no means unanimous. No immediate action was taken on this report; but at the next session of Congress a select committee was appointed by the Senate, of which Senator Logan was chairman, to examine into the subject of heavy ordnance and projectiles. This committee reported in the winter of 1883, and its report was embodied in legislation which appropriated $400,000 for heavy guns, and a beginning was thus made with modern ordnance. Under this appropriation contracts were



ELEVATION

SECTION

Fort Horse-Sand Forming Part of the Defences of Portsmouth, England.

made for the conversion of fifty 10-inch smooth-bores into 8-inch rifles, and for seven experimental rifled guns of calibres from eight to twelve inches. One of these was wholly of cast-iron, one of cast-iron with a steel tube, one of cast-iron wrapped with steel wire, two of cast-iron banded with steel hoops, and two entirely of steel. Nearly all of them required gun-steel in suitable masses and of the requisite quality, and the question at once arose whether this material could be obtained in this country. Inquiries addressed to the principal steel manufacturers developed the fact that they had not the requisite plant for making such metal, and could not afford to invest in it for such small orders as Congress had then authorized.

The steel had therefore to be imported. But the importance of relying on our own resources for material of this character was so vital that at the same session of Congress, in 1883, an act had been passed providing for another board, known as the Gun Foundry Board, to report whether we had any arsenals or navy-yards suitable for a gun foundry, or what other method, if any, should be adopted for the manufacture of heavy ordnance. This board met in the spring of 1883, visited all the principal steel factories of the United States and Europe, and made two exhaustive reports in 1884. Their conclusions were that the Government should establish on its own territory a plant for the fabrication of cannon, and should contract with private parties for the delivery of the forged and tempered material, the contracts being of sufficient magnitude to justify the investment of capital in the necessary plant; in other words, that the Government should not establish a gun foundry, but a gun factory, where it would fabricate its own guns, while buying the material from manufacturers. As sites for gun factories they recommended the Washington Navy Yard for the Navy, and the Watervliet Arsenal, at Troy, for the Army, and stated that $1,000,000 would be required to fit up each of them, and that $15,000,000 should be appropriated for the purchase of steel for guns. These recommendations, however, were not acted upon at once, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

another select committee of the Senate, with Senator Hawley as chairman, known as the Committee on Ordnance and War Ships, was appointed in the summer of 1884, for the purpose of examining the same subject. They made their report in the winter of 1886; it contained a large amount of information, and confirmed the views and conclusions of the Gun Foundry Board, but made no specific recommendations. Meantime, still another congressional committee had been appointed, composed of members of both Houses, with Mr. Randall as chairman, to investigate the same subject. This also submitted, in the spring of 1886, a report containing considerable information, but no positive plan of action.

While these committees were studying the problem the new cruisers were building, and it was necessary to provide guns for them. The necessary money had been appropriated in 1883, and the size of the guns was fixed at 6-inch and 8-inch rifles. The Navy Department began the construction of thirty of these guns, contracting for a small portion of their steel with the Midvale Steel Works, of Philadelphia, and for the bulk of it with Whitworth, of England. The finishing of the guns was to be done at the Washington Navy Yard. A few of these guns have been finished, and have proved in the highest degree satisfactory at the Annapolis proving-grounds, but none of them are yet on board of ships. It is expected to have the Atlanta's armament of two 8-inch and six 6-inch guns ready during the present winter.

A certain amount of progress had thus been made on the policy outlined by the Gun Foundry Board—viz., to buy steel forgings of private manufacturers, and to build the guns at Government shops—when the bill authorizing the additional cruisers and iron-clads was passed, last July. That bill appropriated $1,000,000 toward the armament of these vessels, and distinctly authorized the Secretary of the Navy to expend as much of this as he deemed necessary in fitting up one of the navy-yards as a gun factory, provided the gun-steel was purchased from private factories. Under this law the Washington Navy Yard is now being transformed into a gun shop exclusively, and advertisements have been issued calling on steel manufacturers to submit proposals for furnishing about thirteen hundred tons of gun-steel, in masses from three to twelve tons, suitable for making modern rifled guns from six to twelve inches in calibre and from five to thirty-five tons in weight.

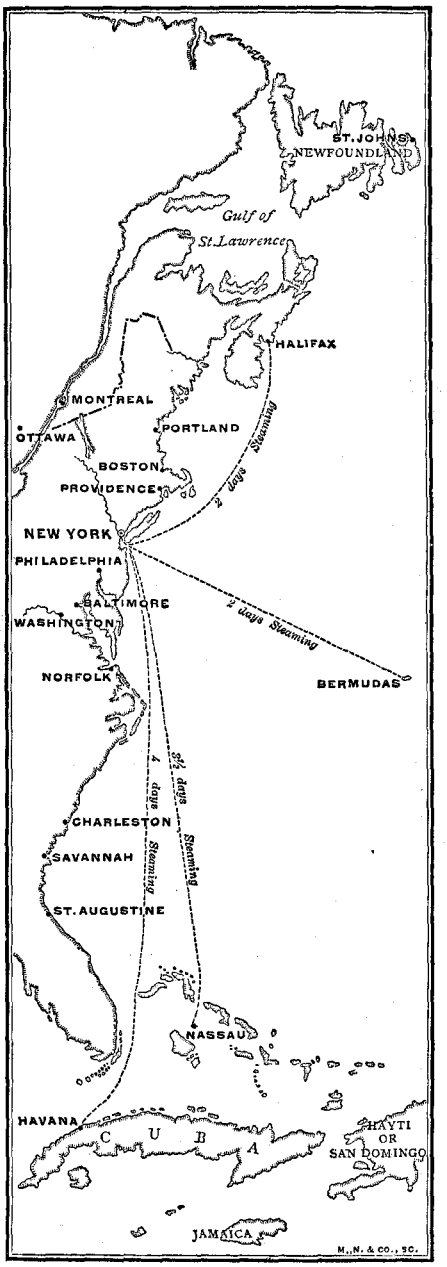
We are thus fairly started, after nearly five years of investigation and discussion, in the business of building modern guns for the Navy. For the Army little has yet been done. The 8-inch and 10-inch steel guns authorized in 1883 are not yet finished, and the experimental guns ordered at the same time are still in the experimental stage, with results not altogether satisfactory. When the fortification bill, appropriating a few hundred thousand dollars for the care of forts and further experiments with guns, reached the Senate, last summer, Senator Hawley offered an amendment appropriating $6,000,000 for the purchasing of 10,000 tons of gun-steel of domestic manufacture. The Senate adopted this, but the House refused to accept it, and the bill failed altogether—with the understanding that a new conference should be held, after the elections, in the first ten days of this winter's session. It remains to be seen whether the manufacturers will be willing to bid on the comparatively small amount of 1,300 tons authorized for the Navy. Even should they decline it is almost certain that a larger amount will be authorized at the present session, and then the work will begin. It will probably be four years, however, before we can have any guns as large as 10-inch and 12-inch. The bids for the Navy give the manufacturers two years and a half in which to deliver their forgings, and after that the guns are yet to be fabricated.

In the matter of forts, the Engineer Department has, year by year, represented in its annual reports, in the strongest possible language, that our forts are antiquated and our harbors at the mercy of an enemy's fleet. It has tried to dispel the popular fallacy that we can rely on torpedoes alone, by showing that forts and torpedoes are mutually dependent. With forts alone

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

an armored fleet can run by them, and with torpedoes alone a fleet can pick them up or explode them harmlessly. For the immediate protection of torpedo lines from derangement some of our present small guns and masonry forts or earthworks would still be very useful, provided there are forts and great guns that can keep the hostile iron-clads at a distance. But in our present condition the armored ships, with their 12-inch and 16-inch rifles, can demolish our forts completely, and then take up the torpedoes at their leisure. The lesson of the bombardment of Alexandria—the only instance of the attack of forts by ships since the development of the present types of iron-clads and guns—should not be lost upon us. These fortifications were somewhat inferior in construction, but in their general design and character they were quite similar to ours, and their armament was more powerful than any that we have. The English brought eight iron-clads against them, and in one day's bombardment rendered them useless and caused their evacuation. If our relations with England should become strained on account of the fisheries, the interoceanic canal, or any other question, the same, or a stronger, fleet would naturally rendezvous at Halifax or Bermuda, just as a similar fleet went to Constantinople in 1879, and to Alexandria in 1882. Forty-eight hours would suffice to bring them to New York, where a few days at the most would be necessary to destroy our existing fortifications, a few more to remove the torpedoes that we might meanwhile have placed, and then the city of New York would be at its mercy. Its destruction, or a ransom running into the hundreds of millions, would be the inevitable result, unless we yielded our diplomatic claims—which would not be probable.

All these risks have been set forth year by year in annual reports and messages, and in countless other publications, until the tale has become threadbare; yet, up to this time, the only result has been the well-worn expedient of another board of officers to consider and report. This board was authorized by the act approved March 3, 1885. The Secretary of War was its chairman, and its members comprised four officers of the Army and two of the Navy, who were well known as eminent authorities on this subject, and two civilians, equally well known as metal manufacturers.



Sketch Showing the Cities on the Atlantic Coast and the Proximity of Foreign Naval Stations.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Their report was submitted, with remarkable promptness, in January, 1886. It is probably the most exhaustive treatise on coast defence ever made. It not only gives a complete project for the defence of our ports, with estimates of coast, but in the various subreports attached to it are found elaborate descriptions and drawings of modern guns, gun-carriages, ships, torpedoes, and armor—all forming a complete *résumé* of the entire subject at the date of January, 1886 This information could not have been collated in so short a time but for the assistance of the Office of Naval Intelligence in the Navy Department. This office was established a few years ago, for the purpose of collecting, classifying, and indexing information of every kind relating to naval and military affairs. It fulfils the functions of the corresponding bureau in the General Staff Office, in Berlin, whose researches had so marked an influence on the war of 1870. The Washington office is in no way inferior to the one in Berlin, and if we have no guns, or forts, or armored ships, we at least know, in the minutest detail, just what every other nation has, and what can be brought against us.

The fortification board makes its estimate for 27 different ports, of which 11 are considered urgent. For these 11 the total of expense, $102,970,450, is itemized as follows:

For forts	$44,444,000
For guns and carriages	30,360,800
For floating batteries	18,875,000
For torpedoes (submarine mines)	2,450,650
For torpedo-boats	6,840,000

It repeats the recommendation of the Gun Foundry Board, that the Government buy its steel from private manufacturers and provide its own gun factory. It urges that $8,000,000 be appropriated for gun-metal, so as to induce the necessary investment of capital for its manufacture; that $1,000,000 be voted for the gun factory, and $12,500,000 for the beginning of forts, guns, carriages, floating batteries, torpedoes, and torpedo-boats. Starting thus with an appropriation for the first year of $21,500,000, it recommends future appropriations of about nine million dollars annually until the work is completed. This is certainly a comprehensive scheme, involving a large expenditure; but it is much more within our present means than was the scheme presented by General Totten in 1826, and adopted by Congress and carried out during the succeeding thirty years.

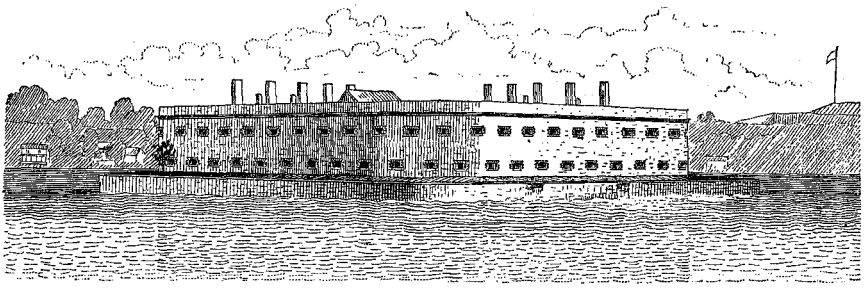
The plan of fortifications proposed by this board consists of forts of three kinds, viz., armored turrets, armored casemates, and barbette batteries of earth and concrete. These forts will carry guns of size proportionate to the importance of the harbor they defend. They range in size from 16-inch (115 tons) to 8-inch (13 tons), and the total number is 581. In addition to these are 724 mortars of 12-inch and 10-inch. Both guns and mortars are to be rifled, and the board emphatically recommends that they be built of steel. In addition to the forts the board recommends auxiliary defences in the shape of submarine mines, torpedo-boats, and floating batteries, according to the necessities of each particular harbor.

To illustrate their plan of defence, it is well to again take the case of New York Harbor. Of ships that can cross the bar at New York, and that carry guns capable of piercing more than 12 inches of armor, England has 74, carrying 352 guns; France 35, with 100 guns; Italy 9, with 28 guns; Russia 24, with 56 guns; and Germany 22, with 65 guns; yet of all these there are but 9 vessels, with 22 guns, that can pierce more than 20 inches of armor. To protect the harbor it is proposed to fortify three lines of defence—two for the southern entrance (one being from Sandy Hook to Coney Island, and the other at the Narrows), and one for the eastern entrance (from Throgg's Neck to Willet's Point). Each line would be protected by several groups of torpedoes, and by a fleet of 6 torpedo-boats. At the Narrows, Fort Lafayette would be demolished to give place for two turrets, with walls of steel three feet thick; opposite them, near Fort Wadsworth, would be two similar turrets, and two more at Sandy Hook. Each of these turrets would carry two 115-ton (16-inch) guns. In or near Fort Hamilton, on one side, and Fort Tompkins, on the other, would be built 10 armored casemates, each holding a

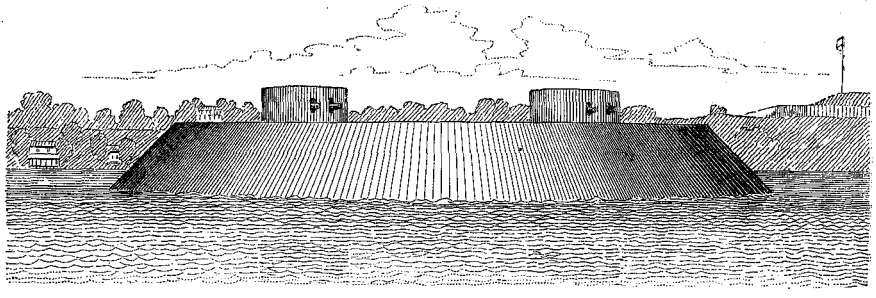
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

single gun, and 10 earth-and-concrete batteries, also each for a single gun, mounted on a carriage to lower or disappear behind the parapet after each shot. At Sandy Hook would be 17 similar casemates and batteries. These guns would be 12-inch (50 tons) and 10-inch (27 tons). On Coney Island and thence back along the shore to Fort Hamilton, and on the Staten Island side on the hills above Fort Wadsworth, would be a series of 12-inch rifled mortars, 96 in all. For the eastern entrance the same plan of torpedoes and torpedo-boats, steel turrets, armored casemates and barbette batteries, and mortars would be followed. For the entire defence there are 9 turrets, with 18 guns of 115 tons, casemates and batteries for 77 slightly smaller guns, 144 mortars, 18 torpedo-boats, and 690 torpedoes. The total cost is estimated at $8,000,000. (The total value of property protected is nearly two billion dollars, and the cost of protection less than half of one per cent.) In addition to these defences, as there is anchorage- and cruising-ground off Coney Island, which is but seven miles from a portion of Brooklyn, though the heavy guns will carry nine or ten miles, it is proposed to have armored floating batteries, carrying the largest guns, to aid in the defence.

This report, containing, as has been said, a complete plan of defence for all our harbors, was presented to Congress in January, 1886. No action was taken upon it. We have now exhausted our ingenuity in forming boards to collect information and report. Our information is complete, and it can be kept up to date from month to month by the Office of Naval Intelligence. We have obtained the best attainable expert advice and opinion, and we have a complete plan of defence, based on modern requirements, with full estimates of cost. The question now is, Shall forts be built? And the answer to that depends on two factors—one of which is public opinion, and the other is the necessities of partisan politics as interpreted by the leaders in Congress. Mr. Tilden wrote, last June, that he knew that public opinion was overwhelmingly in favor of fortifications, and he based his judgment on the views of over seven hundred newspapers. On the other



Fort Lafayette, East Side of the Narrows, New York Harbor.



Proposed Arrangement of Turrets on the Site of Fort Lafayette, New York Harbor.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hand, Mr. Randall thinks it not good politics for his party to spend large sums on forts—and he is a very shrewd judge of popular opinion.

As for the public at large, it is doubtful if it is as yet actively in favor of forts. The citizens of St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Louisville know very well that no foreign force can directly injure them, and they hardly realize the indirect injury which would result to their trade from a loss of property in New York or other seaports. The vast population of the interior States is much more anxious to see the public money spent for improving their rivers, from which, in spite of the abuses of the river and harbor bills, they see an immediate advantage, than to have it invested in insurance for sea-coast cities. Even on the lakes people do not realize their danger. They have seen comparatively small expenditures in making lake harbors and ports result in building up a commerce which rivals that of the entire sea-coast. They do not realize that while under existing treaties neither England nor the United States can maintain any naval force on the lakes, yet on the outbreak of war England can send through the Welland Canal 111 vessels, with over four hundred guns, while we are absolutely powerless. The Welland Canal can carry vessels of 13 feet draft, the Erie only 7 feet. So long as we leave the Erie Canal in its present condition we leave it in England's power, on the outbreak of war, to destroy Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, and a number of smaller cities; and, unless the English vessels could be stopped by torpedoes in the Detroit River, Chicago, and Milwaukee as well. The State of New York spent its money freely to build this canal, and thereby gain the commercial supremacy of the Western Continent. It remains for the General Government to enlarge the work, for the protection of the great States from whose lake-shores the commerce annually passes through it. But it is one thing to spend money for a purpose which yields a quick commercial return; it is another and far harder thing to sink money in insurance which yields no visible return, and against a contingency which millions of people insist on considering too remote to take cognizance of.

The question finally resolves itself to this: Our harbors on the ocean- and lake-shores are defenceless against existing navies. Is it wise to leave them so when we have the means to protect them? It never has been so considered until within the last few years. Who can name any reasons why such a risk is more justifiable now than it has been in the past? Does not the enormous increase in property values render the risk greater now than it ever has been before?

IN A COPY OF THE LYRICAL POEMS OF ROBERT HERRICK.

By Austin Dobson.

MANY suns have set and shone,
Many springs have come and gone,
Herrick, since thou sang'st of Wake,
Morris-dance, and Barley-break;
Many men have ceased from care,
Many maidens have been fair,
Since thou sang'st of *Julia's* eyes,
Julia's lawns and tiffanies;
Many things are past—but thou,
Golden-Mouth, art singing now,
Singing clearly as of old,
And thy numbers are of gold.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IN MEXICO.

By Thomas A. Janvier.

George Rand, of tough New England stock, was as brisk and as capable an engineer as ever held a transit. But with his cool, practical Yankee blood ran another strain. His grandfather, more fortunate than most young Americans of his day, had been sent over seas to make the grand tour, and had vexed sorely the Puritan prejudices of his family by bringing home a Papist wife. The land of her birth never was clearly known in the family, for the respectable New England folk to whom, thus unwarrantably, she had become akin, simply and decidedly refused to have anything to do with her. Therefore, she lived with her husband apart from the world, bore him a child or two, and then, possibly not unwillingly, yielded up the ghost. Her portrait, hanging in the Rand drawing-room—in the old-fashioned house up at the State House end of the Common, in a private way ceremoniously chained off once a year to the end that its privacy might be kept inviolate—was proof enough that she came from a southern land: a gentle, gracious face of clear olive brown; dark eyes, all fire and tenderness; lips soft and full, on which warm kisses seemed to wait.

As a little boy, Rand fell into the odd habit of worshipping this portrait: not metaphorically but literally. In the doubtful light of dying day, in the warm darksomeness of summer afternoons when close-bowed shutters barred the sunlight's entrance, he would steal softly into the room and kneel before the picture and make to it strange prayers of his own devising—until one day he was fairly caught in the midst of this irregular, not to say unholy, adoration by his mother. Mrs. Rand was a severely common-sensible young woman, born in Newtonville, who, being fair herself, and holding to sound Congregational doctrine, hated black-haired Papistical women as she hated the personal devil who was an important part of her rigid creed. Therefore, finding her offspring thus engaged, she was not a little horror-stricken: which feeling found characteristic expression upon the person of the offender in a sound spanking. Possibly this form of correction was not precisely suited to the offence that it corrected. But it seemed to have the desired effect. So far as outward and visible worship went, George Rand worshipped his grandmother's portrait no more.

With the years that followed at school and college in the keen New England atmosphere, with yet more years of sternly practical life passed in building railroads in the energetic West, whatever had been moody and whimsical in the boy disappeared. When he was seven- or eight-and-twenty, being then back in New England at work on a road that gave him, before it was finished, a couple of years of life in the East, he married: as genuine a love-match, he believed, as ever was made by man. Mrs. Rand the elder was well pleased with this marriage, for her daughter-in-law was a woman after her own heart: of good Salem stock, clever, wholesome, and, withal, fair to look upon, and having a loving heart. That her lovingness for her husband was deep and genuine there could not be a doubt, and very tender was her husband's love for her—and these loves were yet stronger and yet richer after the boy was born. The marriage was one of those ideal marriages in which respect and trustfulness and feeling of good comradeship unite to make an earnest, lasting love.

Before the baby was a year old, Rand went down to Mexico. It was tough work for him to go, but his going scarcely was a matter of choice. Such a chance as was offered to him was not likely to come twice in a lifetime—not often in an engineer's lifetime did such a chance come once. The tide was turning, and he could not afford to miss so fair an opportunity to take it at the turn. Like the brave woman that she was, his wife gave him brave words of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cheer and comforting; bearing her share, and more than her share, of the bitter trial of parting, that his share might be less. So, with great love for her, and cherishing in his heart the loving God-speed with which she had sent him forth, he journeyed downward into the South.

LATE DAY is a very perfect time in Mexico. As the sun sinks behind the mountains, and the glare and heat go after it, cool shadows come forth modestly from where they have been in hiding all day long; and a cool, delicious breeze sweeps down from the mountains comfortingly; and after the weariness of long hours of scorching sunlight there is coolness, and duskiness, and rest.

Then do the house-doors open slowly, one by one, and those who have sought shelter from the heat within their thick, clay walls, arouse themselves from sleep and come forth drowsily. Little groups form here and there before the open doors and talk about nothing—with the ease that only a life-long habit of talking about nothing can give. Women pass and repass to and from the spring, or the *acequia*, if the town is not lucky enough to own a spring—bearing upon one shoulder, gracefully, great water-jars; "oyas," as they call them in the softened Spanish, that is not of Spain. Thin lines of smoke curl upward from many little fires, and a smell of many *tortillas* cooking comes most cheeringly to the nostrils of a hungry man.

George Rand, standing in front of an *adobe* house, waiting for his supper to be got ready, dwelt upon this slow-going activity and found therein great solace for his soul. It was not new to him now. In one little town or another, where his headquarters for the time had been, he had known it and greatly relished it each night for the past half year. But custom could not stale for him the charm of this easy-going languorous life; that yet had underlying it lava seas of passionate energy—whence, at any moment, might burst forth storms of raging hatred, or not less raging storms of love.

In some strange way that he could feel, but could not understand, Rand's whole heart went out to these people, whose life and customs and modes of thought, though so unlike those of the people from among whom he came, in very truth seemed those to which he had been born. It was an absurd fancy, of course, but from the first day that he was in Mexico he had felt not like a stranger, but like one who, having been for long years in foreign lands, at last gladly and thankfully comes home. Each day this feeling had grown stronger, until now it well-nigh wholly possessed his being—frightening him when, as would happen now and then, he realized how utterly he was becoming estranged from his own land. At first he had given play to this queer fancy, taking a humorous pleasure in strengthening it by throwing himself as completely as possible into the life that surrounded him; by seeking to adopt not merely Mexican customs of living but Mexican views of life and modes of thought. And now, when he was beginning to realize how completely his whim, as he had regarded it, had become himself, the way backward was beset with difficulties hard to pass. Moreover, he knew that he was losing his old-time fighting power; that his moral strength was slipping away from him; that he was dropping each day more and more into the very Mexican habit of drifting with the stream.

The only strong ties which bound him to the sterner, higher civilization of which he had been a part, were his wife and child. These still were realities to him; but even these were beginning to grow unreal. Each week came loving letters from his wife, fresh breezes which, for a little space, cleared the warm, enervating atmosphere in which he lived. While the freshness lasted his answers were written. He found that if he suffered more than a day to pass after the letter came, the effort of writing was so great that he had not strength to overcome it. He believed that his love for his wife still was strong and true—yet would he be startled now and then when he found himself fancying what his life would have been had he not married this fair Saxon woman, but one of these Mexican women whom he now saw around him: whose dark

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beauty entreated him, and whose Latin-Indian blood was flame. These were not safe thoughts, still less safe were they when from generalities they descended to particulars; when he came to think how his life might have been shaped had he been born not in Massachusetts but in Chihuahua, had he won not the prettiest girl in Salem but the most beautiful woman in Santa Maria de la Cañada for his wife. Now the most beautiful woman in Santa Maria was Joséfa, daughter of the old Mexican in whose house he lived.

Possibly, then, Rand's enjoyment of the awakening life in the village that evening was less wholesome than keen. It was keen, most certainly. Santa Maria was a mere mite of a village, but it was perfect as a type. Low *adobe* houses straggled around three sides of the treeless plaza; on the fourth side was the church. Back of the houses lay corrals and gardens, and back of these again the cultivated fields, crossed and recrossed by *acequías*, through which the water came that made fruitful the land. And back of all, towering up grandly, in blue-black masses against the evening sky, the mountains. Rand had seen fifty villages like this since he came into Mexico; he had seen this very village under precisely these conditions more than fifty times—for he had been quartered there near two months—but his enjoyment of it all was as fresh and full as though that night it all were new to him. But with his enjoyment of it was blended now a deeper feeling than that which in the beginning he had known. When he came to it at first, he had loved this simple placid life with slumberous surroundings purely for itself, for its beauty, for its restfulness; and these, truly, were cause enough for love. But now, half consciously, half unconsciously, his love was less for the life at large than for the single figure that had come to be to him its centre and its type. Standing there before the doorway, in the waning light of day, it was of her, rather than of the village and the villagers before him, that he thought.

As he stood thus, dreamily, Joséfa came out from the house and stood beside him for a moment, while she told him that his supper was ready. He started as he heard her voice, and as he turned to enter their eyes met full; in his there was a look of longing, of sadness, of doubt; in hers there was a dangerous light, half of defiance, half of strong love confessed. He paused by the doorway that she might pass in before him. As she passed, the palm of her warm hand brushed lightly against his.

That Rand should take up his quarters in a Mexican house, instead of in camp, was the outcome of his whim for identifying himself with the Mexican people; with the further and more practical reason that it gave him opportunities for studying Spanish, which could be had in no other way. He had imagined that his desire in this direction would be easily gratified, but as he tried to gratify it in one village after another, as his work advanced and his camp moved forward, and failed always, his views concerning household life in Mexico underwent some modifications. Here was a people, he found, that would not sell the right of entrance into its homes. So he had pretty much abandoned his purpose when, coming to Santa Maria, he fell in with old Pepe, Joséfa's father.

Pepe, it must be confessed, was a sad old scamp. At all times a very perceptible odor of *mescal* hung about him, and frequently the effects of this potent liquor were visible in the tangled condition of his legs; though it is a notable fact that, save that it finally put him very sound asleep, *mescal* had no effect whatever upon his rascally old brain. Between his love of drunkenness and his love of gambling Pepe had a hard time of it, for the demands of these passions for ready money were so constant and so imperative that little was left on which himself and his daughter could live. Things had been somewhat better while Joséfa's mother was alive; but she had been dead for a half dozen years now, and in this time Pepe had been driving as rapidly as anybody can do anything in Mexico to the dogs. He had sold his cattle one by one, he had sold some of his ground and mortgaged the rest—and he had sold himself. It was this last sale that struck bitterness into Pepe's soul. The sale had not been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accomplished at a single stroke. It had come about little by little, ten dollars worth of him going at one time, five dollars worth at another—as gambling necessities, or the need for preparation for some especially grand *fiesta* required—until now he found himself bonded for near two hundred dollars; and he knew perfectly well that without the blessed saints worked a miracle in his behalf he would be a bondsman for all the rest of his days. He also knew, in a general sort of way, that he was not precisely one of those shining examples of virtue such as the blessed saints are in the habit of selecting to work miracles upon. Therefore his case seemed to be about hopeless.

When this respectable Mexican heard of Rand's quest, he thought with much satisfaction that the saints really were lending him a helping hand; for the fact that all *Americanos* possess inconceivably great wealth was well known to him, and he saw clearly an opportunity for making money to an extent that quite took his breath away. He could not, of course, hope to pay off his bond and be a free man again; but he certainly could get his hand on an amount of hard cash that would assure to him a grand time during the festival of the Corpus Christi, now only a month away. He might even—glorious thought!—go down to the great city of Chihuahua and lie drunk there for a whole week!

Therefore Pepe's heart was as lead within him when Rand, by no means prepossessed by his appearance and address, firmly declined his offer of the freedom of his home. But Rand at last yielded so far as to consent to see the house—and seeing that it was far more habitable than he had been led to suppose by the appearance of its proprietor, and moreover seeing Joséfa, he filled Pepe's heart with joy again by accepting his offer at once. Pepe, who was a shrewd old scoundrel, saw the involuntary look of admiration that Rand cast upon Joséfa, and in his mind he began to evolve a plan. Perhaps he might be a free man again, after all!

Joséfa had no knowledge of this plan, but had she been made acquainted with it, she could not have played more directly into her father's hands. For there was for her a rare attraction in this *Americano*, who was so unlike the men of her own race; in whom, her instinct told her, was a power for passionate love that equalled, if, indeed, it did not exceed, her own. But as time passed on, and the love that she knew—knew better than Rand himself—existed, was not declared, her pride was piqued, and her curiosity was aroused. What manner of man was this, she thought, who, with no lack of opportunity, failed to make plain the feeling that was stirring in his heart? Under the sun of Mexico never had such man been before. Therefore was she perplexed, and her own heart was troubled, and the more went out to him. And the whole strength of her being was bent upon gaining a return for her love.

Rand was not so dull, but that he saw all this; and because he saw it, and because he knew how weak he had become, he forced himself to fight against it and to be strong. He called to his aid the steadfast honesty and love of honor for honor's sake that belonged to him by right of his Saxon blood, and with these he fought the weakness that his Latin blood had brought him. But his weakness had many strong allies. The strangeness of his life, that was all the stranger because it seemed so familiar to him; the absence of the bracing moral atmosphere, out of which—even in the roughest of his frontier life in the States—he had never lived; a climate that filled him with a fuller, richer, sense of life than he had ever known; all these forces were allies to his weakness; all were united to arouse that portion of his nature which had slumbered ever since he was a boy.

And more than all else, Joséfa wrought upon him strangely and potently. Her dark eyes, alight with fire and tenderness; her clear, olive-brown skin, tinged ruddily with her Southern blood; her tall, supple, rounded form wherein were grace and strength, and a vigorous vitality—these characteristics made up a type that was new to him, yet that he felt to be as old as his own being, and a very part of himself. Half unconsciously, he would watch her come and go about the house; and misty memories would rise up in his mind, as though

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all that he now saw and felt he had seen and felt in some other existence in a time long past. It was like living out a dream, or dreaming vividly of that which he had lived.

For a man constituted as he was, a curious mixture of adverse elements, a dual being in whom were united, not combined, the instincts of two civilizations, which must remain irreconcilable to the end of time, the issue of such a conflict as had arisen within his breast was, to a great extent, a matter beyond his own control. His will power, played upon by antagonistic forces, which counterbalanced and neutralized each other, was reduced wellnigh to a negative quantity. A turn of chance would decide the result.

And the turn of chance came that night in Santa Maria with the touch of Joséfa's hand. Her touch thrilled him. A flush came upon his face. There was a ringing in his ears. There seemed to come a fever into his brain.

She turned as she passed him, and again their eyes met. From his, in the moment, the look of sadness, of doubt, had vanished; but the look of longing, grown passionate, remained. In hers there was a look of triumph in which also was fear and a great tenderness: for she knew that she had conquered at last.

Possibly Pepe had seen this encounter—he had keen eyes, this old villain. Presently he rolled a *cigarito* deftly, lighted it, and went forth upon the plaza, closing the door behind him as he passed. Night had fallen, and Joséfa had lighted the kerosene lamp. Rand leaned back in his seat, and slowly filled his pipe and began to smoke. The puffs came fast at first, then slowly and irregularly, then not at all. He was watching Joséfa as she moved about the room, with free, graceful steps, placing the house in order for the night. She did not look at him, for she knew that his eyes were fastened upon her. She grew a little pale, and her breath came quickly.

He looked at her thus for a long while. He could not think coherently. His mind was in such strange confusion that continuity of thought was impossible. His only clear perceptions were of Joséfa's presence and of his consciousness that with the touch of her hand she had confessed her love for him, and that his eyes had told her as plainly as in words, that her love was returned. He sat in a sort of trance, motionless, save that his eyes moved as they followed her about the room. There was a fascination upon him that his will, had he exerted it, was powerless to break. But he did not in the least degree exert his will: he was dully conscious of the desire to sit thus silently looking at her always—in a vague way he felt that ages before he had gazed at her thus; that he was living over again a life that was buried in the depths of the past.

Joséfa drew nearer to him, making a feint of placing straight a picture of the Madonna hanging against the wall, and paused by his side. He saw that she trembled. She did not look at him.

"The Señor is very sad and silent to-night," she said. Her voice was broken. The sound dispelled the charm that held him still. Their eyes met. In a moment he had clasped her in his arms.

"I love you, Joséfa!"

For answer she gave him her lips.

Then the door opened suddenly, and Pepe entered. Rand thrust Joséfa from him and quicker than thought covered Pepe with his revolver.

"Do not shoot, Señor," said Pepe, calmly. "Come out with me; I have some words to speak."

Still holding his revolver ready for prompt service, Rand followed Pepe out into the night.

"Put away your pistol, Señor. It is my right, but I shall not kill you. You are safe." Then for a little time Pepe was silent. In the dim starlight Rand regarded him doubtingly, wonderingly.

"I am a poor man," he went on, slowly. "I have lost all that I possessed. Worse yet, I am a bond-servant until the money that I owe be paid. Will you pay that money for me, Señor? I beg of you, I pray you to pay it. And I offer you a rich return. Pay it, and—Joséfa shall be yours."

Rand shuddered. He felt as men feel who are bargaining with the devil for their own souls. For a time he was silent. When at last he spoke, it was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as men speak who have come close enough to the devil to make bargaining possible.

"Yes, I will pay the debt," he said.

POVERTY is common enough, but squalor is rare in Mexico. Cleanliness and neatness are two strong Mexican virtues that, finding practical expression, make the meanest *jacals* pleasant to look upon. This rule is the more sharply emphasized by the fact that here and there through the land are found not merely single houses, but whole villages where utter squalor reigns; little communities which in some unaccountable way have lost every vestige of decent self-respect. Los Muertos—so called because there had been a bloody massacre there by Indians in the long-past time—was one of the exceptions; and so wretched, so forlorn was it, that no great stretch of the imagination was required to believe that it was hopelessly under the spell of its evil name.

Yet the site of the village was very beautiful. Here four cañons met and, merging, made a delectable little cup-like valley dotted here and there with low, rocky hills, between which grew great cottonwoods and pecans, and having broad sweeps of gently undulating land, yellow with fields of barley that rippled in the wind. Along the edges of the dry water-course—tapped at a higher level to supply the *acequias* which brought water to the fields of grain—were matted masses of cactus in rich red and yellow bloom, and wide coverts made up of little shrubs and tangles of mesquite; and standing sentinel above these lowly things were many palms. Rising solemnly around and over all were the grand mountains, grave and worshipful. And in the fall of day the sun—through the cañon leading westward—sent long glinting rays of golden light across the golden beauty of the barley-fields and into and under the waving branches of the trees. There are many places beautiful as this in the fair Mexican land.

Los Muertos was no more than a hamlet; a dozen little adobe houses clustered irregularly about an open space that was less a plaza than a bit of waste land—where foraging pigs and dogs maintained an armed neutrality, and where sad-hearted *burros* strayed. Standing a little apart was a ruinous chapel, wherein a priest held service at long intervals—yet often enough to satisfy the community's not excessive spiritual needs. Ordinarily, feast days and Sundays were celebrated in gambling and drinking booths, set up expressly for the observance of these rites, and by evening there usually was a fight or two, and now and then a man was killed. Not much excitement attended these incidental murders. In some odd corner a hole was dug for the dead man's burial, and then things went on as before. There were few men in Los Muertos whose death could be anything but a benefit to the survivors.

A dozen rods or so away from the village, on a bluff above the river-bed, stood what was left of the great house of which the smaller houses once had been the dependencies—for Los Muertos, in its better days, had been a thriving *hacienda*, and the village had been inhabited by the work-people of the estate. Now the land was cut up into small holdings, and the owner of the great house—if it had an owner—had suffered it to fall into decay. Only a room or two of all the building remained measurably weather-proof. Elsewhere the roof had fallen in, and over the fragments of the fallen roof the unprotected walls were crumbling down. The walls of the corral had fallen, also, in places, and in the gaps had been heaped piles of mesquite-brush and cactus. In some of the deserted, roofless rooms, and over the broken walls, cactus plants were growing rankly, their vigorous life marking, with greater emphasis, the wreck and desolation in the midst of which they grew.

Across the valley, from the cañon on the north toward the cañon on the south, curving around the bases of the little hills, ran the course of the railway; marked by the line of cuts and fills that every day was a little farther advanced. Upon the mountain side, that the rare luxury of a spring of sweet water might be to the full enjoyed, were the white tents of the contractor and engineers; and clustered around these the queer

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

abodes—wicker huts and shelters of palm thatch and sleeping-places under trees—of the Mexican workers on the grade. In the Mexican part of the camp bits of bright-colored clothing hung around the bushy shelters, women stood beside little fires cooking not unsavory messes in little earthen pots, or boiling clothes in old powder-cans; half-naked children ranged about in amicable companionship, with pigs and dogs, and hobbled *burros* went sadly and solemnly from place to place, with a motion fit to be likened only to that of automatic kangaroos—and the whole made a picture very good for eyes appreciative of the picturesque to dwell upon.

But Rand, who was in charge of the work, did not live in the camp. He had taken up his quarters in the ruinous *hacienda:* and with him was Joséfa. Those who had known him only before he came into Mexico, would not have known him now. In the year that had passed the whole expression and tone and manner of the man had changed. His briskness and erectness were gone, and in their stead he had acquired a slouching slowness. Grim taciturnity had taken the place of his habit of frank, cheery speech. His eyes, which had been wont to look straight into other men's eyes, were cast downward, or raised only in quick, furtive glances. And in his eyes, and over all his face and form, there was an unlifting weight of melancholy. Jim Post, axeman, expressed the sense of the corps in the premises tersely, and with precision: "Looks as if he felt hisself atween hell and high water all the time!"

And, in truth, the life that Rand had led in the half year since he had struck the bargain with Pepe in Santa Maria, had been the life that Jim Post's rough thrust of speech described. The very act of going over the precipice had aroused him—when it was too late—to a partial realization of what he had done; and as time passed on, the deadening of his soul that he had hoped for did not come. His two natures remained in open war, and the more that he sought to crush the one with the other the more steadily the fight went on. His wife's letters, loving, tender, came down to him—and were thorns in his flesh giving him keenest agony. She knew, she could not fail to know, that a change of some sort had come over him; but no suspicion of what the change really was could for a moment enter her faithful heart. She feared that his life was too severe, his labor too hard for him, and she begged him to cancel his engagement and come home. She told him of the joy it would be to her to have him with her once again; she told him of her quiet home life; she told him of their boy—and all this gentle lovingness and trustfulness brought infinite bitterness to his soul. Sometimes for days after her letters came he would suffer them to remain unopened, dreading the pain that reading them would give; sometimes he would open them the moment that they arrived, so that the pain might sooner come and go. His answering letters filled her with a strange dread and grief. At times he would write only a few cold words, telling dryly of his work; and then again he would write with despairing tenderness, as a condemned criminal might write on the eve of his execution; and yet again he would write, darkly, mysteriously, in bitter self-reproach of his own unworthiness of her pure love. The strangeness of his moods struck into her warm, true heart a deadly chill.

Joséfa's instinct told her that these letters which came to Rand were in sharp opposition to her love for him. Little by little, questioning him shrewdly, she learned the truth—and hated with a fierce intensity of jealous hate this "Mary" (for she caught the name and held it rankling in her heart) who stood between her and the fulness of love that should be hers. And when, after a fresh letter had come, he turned from her coldly, her jealous hate included him also. More than once she had stood over him as he slept with knife in hand and arm upraised to strike—and had not struck because before the knife could fall the hate in her heart had changed to love again. For, after all, she thought, the other woman might claim him, but she, Joséfa, possessed him: if this possession should be threatened, then, indeed, the time would come to act; even at her own cost!

Rand did not know that he was living almost in the shadow of death; but had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he known it, his desire would have been only that death might come quickly. For he knew despairingly that he had made his venture, and that he had lost. The ease of life that he had hoped for when he broke out from the civilization that he was born to, and entered the civilization upon which he had a claim by hereditary right, had not come. It had seemed so easy to him, back there in Santa Maria, to throw off the few remaining bonds that held him to the North and become of the South utterly; so easy that he half thought the bonds had fallen away of themselves, and would not need to be broken at all. But his attempt to break them had shown him how vain the effort was. What he thought was a snapping irrevocable had been but yielding, as a bow yields; and ever since, by a constant strain, as a bent bow draws against the string, he had been drawn backward toward the life that he had thought forever to leave behind. His very weakness held him from yielding to this strain. He longed to return, but lacked strength to break the bonds that he had bound himself with. Yet he knew that no great access of energy was needed to enable him to be free; and he hoped, as weak men are wont to hope, for the action of some force from without that would arouse him thoroughly, give him full command of his moral strength, and so help him to break away.

The shock that he hoped for, in his weakness, came. It was a telegram—three days old, for the end of the wire still was fifty miles away to the north—telling him that his boy was dead, and his wife so ill that he must come to her at once if he would see her again alive.

"I must leave you, Joséfa. I go from here into the North, to my home."

She looked at him tremblingly, doubtingly.

"You have loved me greatly, Joséfa, far more than I have deserved; now love me yet more by forgetting that you ever have loved me at all. You will go back to your father, in Santa Maria, and you will be the better because I am gone."

She did not seem to hear him. Her great black eyes opened wide. Presently a blaze of hate shot into them.

"You are going to—to that woman?" she demanded.

"I am going to my wife. She is dying—God help me! she may now be dead."

"Then I declare that you shall *not* go! You are mine, *mine*, I say. She shall not have you. I would sooner that you should die." And then breaking suddenly from hate to tenderness, she flung herself upon him and went on, while her whole body quivered with her sobbing. "For you are my heart, my life; you are everything to me; you are all that I have in all the world to love." Then, flinging from him, and glaring at him with rageful eyes: "I hate her, and I hate you for loving her. Dare to go a step toward her! Dare to leave me!—and I will kill you as I would a dog! She has no right to you now. You have come to me and you are mine. You cannot leave me. You shall not leave me. You shall die first—ah! my heart, tell me that you will not go away. Tell me again that you love me. Give me one little kiss. For I am all yours, and you are all to me."

Rand paled and trembled. The magnificent splendor of her beauty overwhelmed him as her noble figure towered exalted by her hate, or drooped with an entreating graciousness in her boundless love. That he did not yield to her should be accounted unto him a victory that went far toward atoning for the sin of his first defeat.

Slowly he turned away from her; slowly passed through the doorway to where his horse stood tethered; slowly mounted—then, beating his horse's flanks with his great spurs, dashed at a tremendous gallop across the valley toward the camp of the engineers.

Joséfa knew that his determination was fixed; that he had gone to make hasty preparations for his journey; that he would leave her never to return. For this her heart cast all love out of it, and was filled with a bitter, jealous hate. She sat down quietly that she might make her plans for killing him. Yet the more that her mind dwelt upon what had passed and what yet was to come, the more did she feel that mere killing would not satisfy her. Because of her hate of the woman who was tak-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing him from her she required a more exquisite, a more complete revenge. That Rand's wife had any rights in the premises never once occurred to Joséfa, any more than did the thought that she had done this wife a grievous wrong. For a Mexican woman of Joséfa's class thoroughly believes that great love is a broad and ample justification of all that it may cause. Therefore she hoped for, and presently saw her way clear to, a revenge that would strike both her lover and this other woman who had stolen from her his love.

From before the time of the Spanish conquest there has grown in Mexico a plant that in the ancient tongue was called *tlapatl* in the south, *toloatzin* in the north—names which the softening influence of the mellow Spanish speech has rounded into toloache. Through all these ages, even until this present day, this plant has been used by Mexican women, when faithlessness in love has bred jealousy, and jealousy, in turn, has bred a longing for revenge. From its flowers and leaves they make a decoction—a little bitter, yet not so bitter but that coffee will disguise it—and who drinks of this decoction surely goes mad. A terrible madness, beginning with failing sight and dizziness; with throbbing pains through all the brain; going on with delirium and strange perversions of sight; with visions which would be laughable but for the dread horror of their cause; with shooting, burning pains in throat and heart; with partial loss of power to breathe, and crushing sense of suffocation. And if the dose is so well gauged that death does not ensue, the pains at last pass away and the end is a violent, or a melancholy madness that lasts for months, for years, or through all the remainder of the victim's life. Well have the Spaniards named this hideous plant *la flor de muerto*—the Flower of Death.

It was the thought of toloache that the devil put into Joséfa's mind. She could not but shudder as the thought came to her. She remembered old Pedro, in Santa Maria, who wandered about the village more like a wild beast than a man. That her lover, this beautiful *Americano*, should become like that horrified her.

No, she mused, she could not do it. Better that she should die herself. But if she did die? Would it not be what he wanted? Would it not be what that other woman wanted? For her death would but smoothe the way for his return to her. With this thought jealous rage came into Joséfa's heart again. Ah! it would be a fine thing for this wife of his to long and long for him, and when at last he came—if ever he found his way to her—to have a madman in her arms! And he need not have been so cruel; surely he might have consented to stay in Mexico. That other woman could not possibly love him as she loved him. No one could love him as she loved him—and Joséfa rocked herself backward and forward as she sat upon the clay floor, and her body shook with the mighty beating of her heart.

"Since he will go, since she will have him, let them take what must come!" she said at last between her teeth. Then she rose from the floor, threw her shawl over her head, and passed out. With long, swinging steps, easy, graceful, the perfect motion of a perfect form, she walked past the village, and on toward the mountains beyond. Rain was beginning to fall, but Joséfa did not heed the rain. Presently she had entered the southern cañon.

This southern cañon was so narrow, and so high were the mountain walls which made its sides, that there was dusk in its depths save at the very peak of noon. A mile from its mouth it widened a little. Here, from the flanks of the Sierra, at right angles, came out a bastion of rock, its jagged crest dimly outlined through the rain against the gray sky. This rocky wall far overhung its base, and so was made a deep, dark nook into which the sunlight never came. No spring of running water showed itself, but the rock was damp, and so also was the earth at its base. A thick tangle of running vines spread over the wet earth and hung upon the rock above. In the darkest depth of this gloomy place was a great mass of coarse green growth—a repulsive, evil plant that sent forth a faint, offensive

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

odor, and that, as shown by its luxuriant growth, had concentrated in it a vast amount of vigorous loathsome life. From among its thick leaves sprang long trumpet-shaped flowers, pale-white and nearly beautiful, yet with their beauty wholly marred by their coarse strength and odor and sliminess of look. This was the *toloache* of which Joséfa had come in quest.

For a moment she paused, pressing her hand upon her heart; then, firmly, she pushed her way through the thicket of vines and gathered sufficient for her needs of leaves and flowers into a corner of her shawl. With her load well hidden, she walked rapidly through the gloom of the cañon—gloomier now, for with the gray shadows of the rain were joined the darker shadows of falling day—and so across the open fields and through the village to the old house.

As she entered the door, she noticed that the rain had opened in the ruinous walls yet another crack, into which had begun to settle one of the heavy rafters that upheld the thick clay roof. At any other time this sign, most ominous in an *adobe* house, would have alarmed her greatly. There is nothing that a Mexican dreads more than the fall of his roof. And with reason, for if death does not come at once, mercifully, from the crushing weight of the huge rafters, it comes more slowly and more terribly by burial alive beneath the mass of clay. But Joséfa, in her present mood, cared little whether the roof remained or fell. She lighted a fire under a shed in the corral and began the making of the coffee. Beside the coffee, in a like earthen vessel, was a more deadly drink. She was very quiet over it all: for she was resolved that when her revenge was worked, when no good could come to her rival from her death, she would die. This resolution comforted her. She felt that if she were willing to pay her life for what she did she had a right to do it. Yet in her inmost soul she knew that this was not true reasoning, since her life would have no more value to her when her love was gone.

After awhile she heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs coming up the stony road along the bluff, and then Rand brought his horse into the corral. He had left her, meaning not to come back again, but the need for putting his work in shape to be handled by his subordinate had forced his return. For a moment Joséfa looked up at him questioningly, as the hope leaped into her heart that he had come back to her in very truth. But his sad, cold, answering look showed her that her hope was vain. So she went on quietly with her preparations, while he lighted a lamp inside the house and settled himself at his work.

Already the decisive step that he had taken had told upon his moral tone. He was beginning to be a man again; and a feeling not only of horror, but of disgust was coming over him as he began to realize what his life for the past six months had been. This feeling was intensified as he looked about him at the dwelling in which, for a good part of the time, he had been content to live. It was a hole not fit, even, to be the abiding place of brutes. The room had been one of the storerooms of the old *hacienda*, and was windowless. The floor was sunk a couple of feet below the level of the ground outside, and once three steps of clay had led up to the doorway, but these steps now were worn to a broken slope. Shoved into a corner was a pile of refuse, the long-past sweepings of the clay floor; not recent sweepings, for the floor was foul beyond all words. Over everything—the dirty cots and bedding, the draggled table strewn with unwashed dishes, among which lay a musty brush and comb, the mildewed, greasy, camp-stools, the rusty Sibley stove—was an air of squalid foulness incomparably repulsive. In one corner lay a jumble of malodorous saddles and saddle-cloths, from amidst which, as Rand looked at them, a rat frisked out. One open doorway, doorless, led into an adjoining room, the roof of which already had fallen in, and lay a rubbish heap upon the floor. Another doorway, at the rear, led directly into the corral—so that chickens and pigs came in freely—and brought yet more uncleanness. Of a truth, Rand thought, as his eyes were opened and he perceived the loathsomeness of his surroundings, he had indeed come to feed upon husks and live among swine.

While he sat writing, Joséfa brought

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him food, and with it coffee. There was a strange look in her eyes that puzzled him; even as he had been puzzled by her silence since his return. Placing the coffee upon the table, but not within reach of his hand, she looked down upon him curiously. In her eyes shone a deep, glowing light, yet over them a shadow seemed to rest and veil their meaning. Slowly she asked:

"Then all is ready, and you go? And when?"

"Now, to-night."

"And you leave me for ever?"

"My poor Joséfa, yes."

"Ah, well, it is a long journey that you go upon. You need refreshment. Drink," and she placed the coffee by his side.

Her tone and manner amazed him. As he raised the cup he turned and looked at her.

"Drink," she said, again; while a faint smile hovered on her full, red lips; while a deeper shadow gathered in the strange duskiness of her eyes.

She stood before him in the glory of her perfect womanhood. There was a royal splendor in her form and pose. Her beauty was overpowering. For a moment he could not resist the feeling of intense admiration that swept into his heart. Involuntarily some sign of this feeling shone in his eyes. She saw it in an instant, and the shadow passed from her eyes and left them bright with the radiance of love. She struck the cup from his hand and fell upon her knees beside him, clasping him close in her soft, strong arms.

"It is all a lie. You will not go. You do love me. Ah, why have you been so cruel?" and with these quick sentences came a flow of the sweet love-names, in which Spanish is so rich and English is so poor.

Rand gently unclasped her arms. "No, it is not a lie, my poor little one," he said. "I must go. This is the very truth. Better for you, better for me, it would have been had I never come. But now is the end." There was a grave firmness in his tone that struck dead all hope.

"Yes, now is the end!" echoed Joséfa, slowly. "See," she added, "I give you another cup of coffee. Drink it and then go."

Joséfa's voice had not a tremor in it as she spoke, nor did her hand tremble as she gave him the cup. She stood rigid as a figure carved from stone until he had drained the last drop. Outside the rain was falling as it falls only among the mountains of Mexico. From the southern cañon came the sound of the roaring of a mighty wind.

"Yes," Joséfa repeated, "now is the end!"

She seated herself, as Mexican women are wont to sit, in a huddled bunch upon the floor, her back against the wall. She regarded Rand fixedly, with glittering eyes, while he went on with his writing. There was no sound save the rushing of the rain and the wind's moaning.

At the end of an hour Rand paused in his work, and pressed his hand upon his forehead. Joséfa leaned forward eagerly. He continued his writing, but uneasily—passing his hand across his eyes, resting his head upon his hand, pressing his hand upon his heart, stopping now and then to hold his body erect while he drew in a deep breath. He turned at last and said: "I thirst, Joséfa; give me water."

"I fear that I am falling into a fever," he said, as he gave her back the earthen cup empty. "I have a dizzy feeling in my head, and my hands are hot and dry, and there is pain about my heart."

Joséfa nodded. "I also have a pain about my heart," she said—but more to herself than to him.

He tried to write again, but presently pushed away the paper from before him. He rose from the table, staggered and nearly fell; then steadied himself by an arm outstretched against the wall.

"How oddly things dance about! It is very strange!" he murmured. He breathed deeply and laboriously. A spasm of pain distorted his face, and he pressed his hand upon his heart and then upon his throat. "Give me more water, my throat is burning," he said—but he spoke in English and Joséfa did not move. She was sitting erect, watching him—her muscles tense, her hands clenched, her teeth set fast, her eyes ablaze with a fierce light. Her revenge had come, and it had brought her a savage joy.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He staggered to the corner of the room where the *olla* rested in its forked stick, and drank a long draught of the cool water. "Ah! it hurts me so to swallow," he said piteously, but still in English, so that on Joséfa the pitifulness of his words was lost.

After drinking he stood, with the cup in his hand, leaning against the wall. In a few moments he began to move the cup slowly, and then more rapidly, from side to side, a vacant look upon his face. Presently this gave way to an expression of interest.

"It is like a juggler's trick. All six of the cups are in the air at once. See how cleverly I catch them! And now here are the rats come to look at the performance. But you must sit quite still, rats; and the short rats must have the front seats. It would be very unfair to give the long rats front seats when they can see perfectly well over the short rats' shoulders.—No! I will not hold the rod steady. If you can't get a sight when the rod is moving then you are not fit to run a level. Anyhow, I am not the rod-man, I am the engineer in charge of this corps; and if I choose to wiggle the rod I have a right to do it.—Why, you stupid Mexican, I am pumping. Of course you don't know what pumping is, for you haven't a pump in your whole country. But this is the way it's done, you see. And oh! how fresh and sweet the water is! Give me more of it, more, there is fire in my throat—and oh! the pain! the pain!" and he broke into a moan.

Of all this Joséfa did not understand a word. But Rand's tone and gestures made clear to her how surely the toloache was doing its work—and horror was beginning to possess her as she saw what she had done: for the very hate that was in her was love in its most powerful form. This man was everything in the world to her—and she had brought upon him what was worse than death. And the pain that he suffered: she had not counted upon that. His moaning, drawn from him by his agony, was like a knife in her heart. When the spasm had passed he spoke again, but now in Spanish:

"Joséfa, my little one, where art thou?" Joséfa's heart bounded, and she sprang to her feet and moved toward him—and stopped, chilled and woe-struck, as she saw him moving his hands as one searching in the dark; saw that his eyes, in which the love-light that she knew so well had come again, were turned on empty space.

"Come to me, my Pepita," he went on. "Come to me, my little heart. Yes, thou art very beautiful—and thy beauty is that of which I have dreamed all my life long. Let me kiss thee on thy eyelids, so. Dost thou know, Pepa, that the moment I saw thee—that day when thy father led me to his house—thy eyes seemed to look down into and stir the depths of my heart? I think that it was because of thy eyes that I came to love thee so deeply. For I do love thee; love thee as I never thought that I could love. Give me a kiss, my Pepa, my Chepita, a little kiss, and say that thou also hast love for me. Ah! nestle close to me in my arms, and give thy love for mine. For I love thee—help! help! Joséfa! I am in torture; my heart is wrenching me to pieces; my throat is on fire; I cannot breathe. Help me. I am dying." And so exquisite was the pain that Rand's whole body writhed convulsively, and foam gathered upon his lips.

With a cry of anguish not less keen than his, Joséfa caught him in her arms. Had she possessed ten thousand lives she would have given them all then that her devil's work might have been undone. But nothing could undo that work now.

As the pain ebbed again a great weakness came upon him. But for her supporting arms he would have fallen. Half leading him, half carrying him, she placed him upon one of the cots, and knelt upon the floor by his side.

The wind moaned hollowly, and the rain fell upon the clay roof with a muffled, thunderous sound; but Joséfa heard only Rand's wearily drawn breath and sobs, and the wild beating of her own heart.

Resting upon the cot in some measure eased his pain. For a long while he spoke no more. From time to time his legs and arms twitched spasmodically, and his body trembled with the irregular throbbing of his heart. The

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pupils of his eyes were horribly dilated. There was a convulsive motion of the muscles of his throat.

Joséfa had ceased to think. A numbness had fallen upon her mind that mercifully shut out thought. For more than an hour she remained thus, bending over him, in a sort of stupor. She was aroused by a pattering upon the floor, and, turning, saw a tiny stream of water trickling down from the roof. Her eyes followed along the beam by the side of which the water fell. It was the same beam that she had noticed that evening as she entered the house. In the interval the crack in the wall had widened, and the beam had settled yet more deeply. As she looked she saw the water visibly eating away the clay; she fancied that she could see the beam slowly sinking, and she knew that she was in the awful presence of death.

But death had nothing in it of fear for Joséfa now; and the torturing sorrow that had entered her heart had driven out her longing for revenge. Her scheme, begot of jealous hate, for sending her lover back to his wife a madman, had lost its charm for her as she had seen the racking pain that its execution had brought upon his dear body —his body, that had been her life, her god. Rather than that he should live on now, though his sharp pain should pass away, better death—and she thought of old Pedro at Santa Maria, and shuddered. For herself, death could not come too soon.

"Mary, I have come at last; come back to you and the boy."

Joséfa started at the sound of Rand's voice, still more at the sound of this hated name. She knew that even in his madness his love no longer was hers. She looked at the beam. The water was melting away the clay beneath it still more rapidly. This time it was not fancy that made her believe that she saw it move. Yet she gazed at it, as it slowly sank beneath the crushing weight of the clay above, calmly, sternly. For her there was no more of hope, of sweetness, in life; only in death could she have rest. Death already had laid his hand upon her heart.

"Will you forgive me, Mary? God knows, I do not deserve your forgiveness nor your love. But yet be merciful and take me to your heart again."

A gush of water burst in, and the crack in the wall became a wide gap into which the beam dropped. The wall tottered. There was a sound of grinding, rending wood, as the light canes above the rafters, on which the clay rested, were wrenched and broken. Masses of clay fell upon the floor. Joséfa's body remained motionless, rigid; her eyes were fixed steadfastly upon the wreck, and in them was a look of lonely longing, of harsh despair. Half unconsciously, in her bitter searching for some faint sign of sympathy in her desolate strait, she clasped Rand's hand in hers. As he felt the touch his face brightened.

"Ah! you do forgive me, Mary! I swear to you that for the sin which I have wrought against you, and before God, the atonement shall go on through all the coming years. In all my life to come, only for you——"

With a dull thud the wall fell outward. With a crash the roof came down.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By William Hayes Ward.

THE earliest printing-press was a seal, and the cylinder-seal may be said to have been an archaic rotary press. Although the rolling seal is much less simple than the flat seal, it appears to have been quite as antique, and to have had even more currency. The cylinder-seal had its origin in Babylonia, where, so far as we can learn, the arts of civilization had an independent origin at as early a period as in Egypt. The physical conditions of Egypt and Babylonia are the same—a sedimentary soil of exhaustless fertility, deposited from a mighty river, on whose waters, in the absence of rain, the cultivator must depend for his crop. Such conditions favor a dense and permanent population, with all the varied arts which they must produce.

In the opening civilization of such a country it would become necessary to indicate the ownership of property or the authenticity of a document by a seal. For that purpose nothing would be simpler, in a land where there was no stone, and where the one abundant material used for building purposes, and for nearly everything else, was the reed, than to take a short section of a reed and cut on it one's own private mark. This reed probably gave shape and design to the permanent stone cylinder-seal, pierced, like the reed, through its axis of length.

If papyrus was ever used as a writing material in Babylonia but the slightest traces of evidence exist to prove it. The indigenous writing material of the Babylonians was their clay, and admirably adapted it was for the purpose. Kneaded and shaped into little cakes of the size and form employed for toilet soap (the Arabs who dig for them call them *pillows*), it was adhesive enough not to crumble, unbaked as well as baked, and hundreds of both sorts, covered over with writing, have been exhumed. At the present day every visitor to the shrine of Ali at Kerbela carries home with him, as a memento, an octagonal or semicircular cake of this clay, shaped as sharply, and impressed as delicately with Persian traceries and writing, as if it were wrought on the finest stone with a graver's tool; and seemingly about as permanent as stone itself. On such clay the old Babylonian scribes wrote, not with a pointed stylus of metal or ivory, but with a wooden stick, cut square at one end, and at the other flattened, to use as an eraser. The solid angle of the square end made the wedge-shaped characters; and after the writing was finished, the seal, if it were a document requiring it, was rolled over on the edge of the tablet, so as to impress a portion of its device, especially the name if the seal bore a name (Fig. 1). Beautiful specimens of these tablets are in the British Museum, containing records of sales of land, wills, and other legal documents, and authenticated with the seal of the official scribe who drew them up.

If we can trust the date given by Nabonidus, on a fine, barrel-shaped record of his, lately found at Abu-habba, King Sargon first reigned in Agade, on the Euphrates River, thirty-eight hundred years before Christ. That date is generally accepted, and is not unreasonable, although it may be some centuries too early. The cylinder-seal was in use

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

before his time, for a magnificent one has been found bearing his name (Fig. 2). Such seals continued in use, though their use had probably become chiefly magical, nearly or quite to the date of our own era; at least some are found with Sassanian legends, although the inscription may be later than the seal.

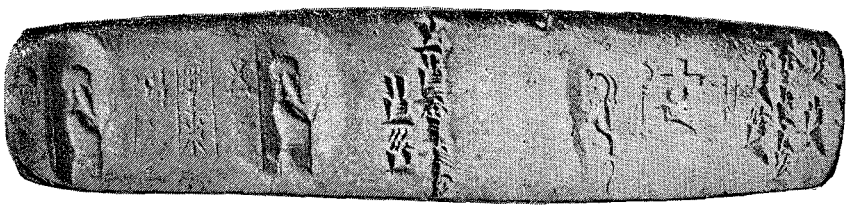


Fig. 1.—Edge of Clay Tablet with Seal Impressions. After Pinches.

While all Assyriologists have paid more or less attention to these cylinders, and especially Lenormant in his "Fragments de Berose," and George Smith in his "Chaldean Genesis," the only one who has published any full study of them is Menant. His "Recherches sur la Glyptique Orientale" is an important work, in two octavo volumes, on the cylinders of Chaldea, Assyria, and the adjacent countries. Soldi and Pinches have written valuable short papers. For the study of these seals it is essential to be able to consult the engravings published, especially in the three collections of Cullimore, Lajard, and De Clercq. Cullimore accompanied the one hundred and seventy-four cylinders figured in his volume with no text whatever. Lajard's magnificent folio volume, with its two hundred and eighty-four cylinders (besides its cone-seals), was followed by a volume of text of absolutely no value. De Clercq's even finer folio volume of photo-lithographs of over four hundred seals in his own private collection is not yet completed. As De Clercq's collection is the best in existence, except that in the British Museum, it is a great boon to students to have it published. Many of the best cylinders in the British Museum, and in the Louvre and the Bibliothèque Nationale have been published in the volumes of Cullimore and Lajard, but it is much to be desired that they might be edited as is that of De Clercq. Next after the collections of the British Museum and of M. De Clercq comes that of the Metropolitan Collection, augmented as it has lately been by my own of two hundred and sixty-five specimens, so that it now numbers over four hundred. The collections of the Louvre and of the Bibliothèque Nationale have each over two hundred, while those of a number of other museums and of private gentlemen have from fifty to a hundred each.

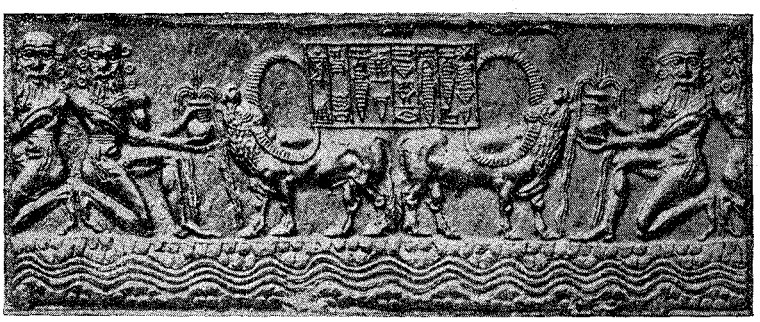


Fig. 2.—Seal of Sargon I. 3800 B.C. After De Clercq.

The shape and general appearance of these cylinders can be seen in the en-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

graved headpiece to this article. They vary in size from an inch and a half long by an inch and a quarter in diameter down to half an inch long by a quarter of an inch through. The oldest ones were often cut so as to be reduced in the middle, as in one of those in the headpiece, and the very late ones may be somewhat barrel-shaped, but the vast majority are plain cylinders. Out of the four hundred cylinders in the Metropolitan Museum, only about a dozen are concave along the line of their length (generally important ones), while but two (of little interest) are convex.

The material varies from the choicest and hardest stones that could be found to the abundant and soft marble, serpentine, and alabaster. The brilliant color of lapis lazuli made it a favorite material almost from the earliest times. It is quite hard and cuts admirably, except for the specks of iron pyrites which often occur in it. A number of royal cylinders are in lapis lazuli. A bright-green though impure jasper is another very favorite stone of the earliest fashion. The various forms of quartz are frequent. The most common is a chalcedony with a milky or yellowish tint, used for very rude Babylonian and very fine Assyrian work. Sapphirine is an exquisite chalcedony of a clear but light-blue color. It is only used, so far as I know, in very late seals; perhaps not going back of the time of the Persian occupation of Babylon. Quartz-crystal and amethyst are occasionally found in these seals, although the grain of crystalline quartz does not lend itself to engraving like the chalcedonic varieties. Fine specimens of carnelian are more common in the Assyrian or Persian work, while the banded agates and jaspers, as also sienitic stones speckled with quartz and hornblende, are occasionally seen. The older Babylonians, and also the older Assyrians, affected much a hard variety of serpentine, nearly black, and the black dolerite is very common in old and large seals from Babylonia. But the commonest of all materials, not in Assyria, but in Babylonia to the south, and in Syria, and in the region occupied by the Hittites to the west, was hematite. The common small Babylonian seal was of hematite. The grain is excellent for sharp, deep cutting, and the hardness is considerable, the color good, and the engraving shows better against the polished surface than on almost any other material. The very oldest seals are not in this material, but hematite seals are often of the highest mythological value and admirably cut. This material made, however, the seals of the common people, and not of the kings.

Both Soldi and Pinches, two of the authorities who have most carefully considered the subject, agree that the engravers of these cylinders must have used the diamond for the very earliest work, supposed to date three or four thousand years before Christ. But this implies that there was then commerce with India, something very difficult to believe, especially when in the time of Theophrastus the diamond was not yet known to the Greeks. It is the admirable free-hand engraving of the earliest cylinders that suggests the use of the diamond; but there is no reason why chalcedonies and quartz-crystal (and these are the hardest materials used) could not be cut with flakes of emery or corundum. Emery was abundantly found in Ethiopia, and, according to Sir G. Wilkinson, was the medium used for cutting and polishing the gigantic works in granite made in Egypt. A corundum of the first quality came from Armenia, and was preferred by the Greeks to that of Naxos, which gave the name of naxium to emery.

The earliest specimens of Chaldean art that have come down to us are marked by a rudeness and yet a freedom and unconventionality of type which was soon lost. Specimens are to be seen in M. de Sarzec's fine volume of plates illustrating his explorations in Tello. Belonging to this primitive period is the brown-jasper cylinder (Fig. 2) belonging to the collection of M. De Sarzec, of Paris, which I do not hesitate to call the finest as it is one of the very oldest cylinders yet discovered. The lower register is occupied by waving lines, which represent a river or the sea. Beside or above the water are the two symmetrical groups—Gisdubar, on one knee, holding a vase, out of which water flows as from a fountain, while in front

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the hero stands a bull-buffalo, with his head lifted and drinking from the stream. This animal is not of our domestic breed of cattle, but is an admirable drawing of the black, almost hairless buffalo, wild in those days in the swamps and jungles of Southern Chaldea, and which is remarkable for its great size and its huge

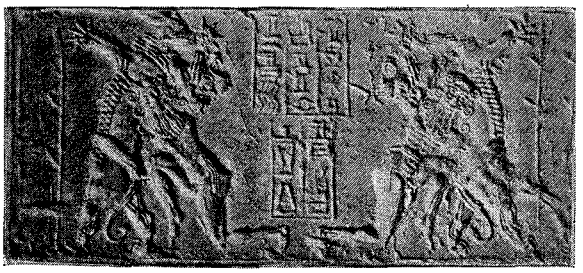


Fig. 3.—Gisdubar Conquering a Lion. About 3800 B.C. After Pinches.

corrugated horns resting back on the head. Gisdubar is the ancient hero of Chaldea, whose epic in twelve books was discovered by George Smith, and who was identified by him with the biblical Nimrod. The space between the horns, and over the backs of the two buffaloes is occupied by an inscription in eight lines of very archaic characters, which is translated by Mr. Pinches, of the British Museum, "Sargon, the King; King of Agade. Ibni-sarru, the scribe, his servant." From this we learn that this seal was carried by the scribe of Sargon I., King of Agade, and it was, doubtless, with this seal that the royal documents were authenticated. Sargon of Agade is a name well known. The ancient astronomical and magical and grammatical literature of Assyria and Babylonia is referred back by the old scribes to the time of Sargon. His birth and life were invested with mysterious incidents, and he lived at the time when the mythological period passes into the historical. He was one of the last kings of Agade, or Sippara, five of whom lived before the Flood. This was a thousand years before Hammurabi, the first Chaldean king set his throne in Babylon and united all the minor kingdoms of the lower Euphrates under his sway. Sargon's date, as I have said, on the authority of King Nabonidus, the father of Belshazzar, was about 3800 B.C. His capital, Agade, or the Sippara of Anunit, was, perhaps, the first city of importance, after Babylon, in all Southern Mesopotamia, and the discovery of its site—on the ruins now called Tel Anbar, on the Euphrates—is one of the important fruits of the American Wolfe Expedition.

This cylinder of Sargon—and Menant's doubt as to its ascription to him would only make it still older—is of first class importance in a great many ways. It gives us a type of art, and a type of inscription from which we can settle the period, if not the local school, of a considerable number of other cylinders. The characters in the inscriptions are not yet wedge-shaped, but are in plain lines, only one remove from the original hieroglyphics. The drawing of the design shows original artistic feeling not yet subdued by con-

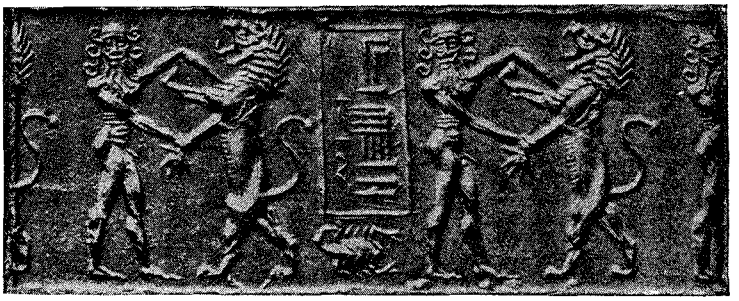


Fig. 4.—Gisdubar and the Lion. About 3500 B.C. After De Clercq.

ventionalism. The cutting is all done with the corundum point—the drill not yet being invented—and in a free and masterly manner never equalled in later times.

A favorite subject is some one of the exploits of Gisdubar. A very fine red-and-white banded jasper cylinder in the British Museum (Fig. 3) illustrates another variety of this type. Here Gisdubar again appears in duplicate representa-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion, lifting a lion upon his shoulder. Both the hero and the lion are engraved with great energy and artistic power. A more common type is that in Fig. 4, where Gisdubar, in his most characteristic style, clad, as in Figs. 4 and 5, only with a girdle, fights a standing lion. The repetition of the figure is very common on the seals, and seems to indicate a certain poverty of invention. In the later seals Gisdubar, in accordance with that modesty which was characteristic of the Babylonians as well as of the Persians, becomes decently clothed; and colossal statues of him, of the time of the last Sargon king of Assyria, represent him as dressed and curled in the finest style of a Ninevite dandy, with a lion comfortably tucked under one arm, and a snake held by the neck in the other hand.

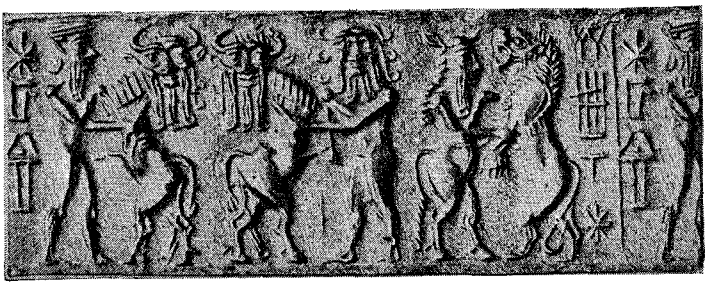


Fig. 5.—Gisdubar Killing the Bull of Anu. About 3000 B.C. After De Clercq.

Another frequently recurring scene in the story of Gisdubar is that which represents him in contest with the human-headed bull (Fig. 5). It is very probable that the explanation of this scene is found in the Gisdubar epic, according to which the goddess Ishtar became a suitor for the love of the hero, and was rejected by him. In revenge for the slight she appealed to her father Anu to punish him. Anu created an immense bull, but Gisdubar overcame and slew the monster. The story of the courtship of Ishtar, her promises to Gisdubar of wealth, and servants, and pleasure, his scornful rejection of her offer, telling her how her lovers had perished, and her angry complaint and appeal to her father against the man who had despised the beauty and the love of the goddess, form one of the most dramatic portions of this epic—the most ancient epic by a thousand years, at least, that exists. The glorious victory of Gisdubar over this monstrous bull, and his mutilation of its mighty carcass are probably commemorated not in this poem alone and in the seals which picture the contest, but in the constellation Taurus, which has a Babylonian origin.

At the right of Gisdubar, in Fig. 6, we have the representation of his friend Heabani fighting a lion. With great difficulty, the epic tells us, and only after he was persuaded by two fair damsels, Heabani was persuaded by Gisdubar to leave his home in the rocks of the desert, and join him in his victories. Heabani was a superior figure to the Greek satyr, having the body of a bull but the head and arms of a man, and nothing of the satyr's vicious and unsavory character. He was a worthy friend of the great hero, and was deeply lamented when accidentally killed. The dirge over his death is, with the possible exception of the account of the descent of Ishtar into Hades, the finest passage in the old Babylonian poetry. The two friends often appear together on the older cylinders, those from 2000 to 3800 B.C., fighting generally one a lion and the other a bull. A good specimen is in Fig. 6, from a cylinder in the collection of M. de Clercq.

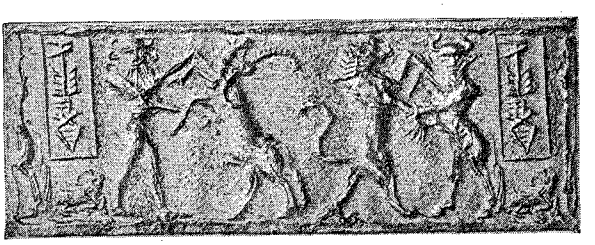


Fig. 6.—Gisdubar and Heabani. About 3500 B.C. After De Clercq.

Probably belonging to a period of very nearly the same antiquity, if we may judge from the character of the engraving and the stones used as material,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as well as from the known date of some which bear the inscription of a King of Ur of the Chaldees, are those which carry a procession of people advancing to a seated divinity. An extraordinarily good specimen is found in Fig. 7, although the engraving from which the figures are copied gives an unwarranted Greek look to the faces. The seated deity is on the right, and in front of him

Fig. 7.—Seal of Lik-bagas, King of Ur. About 2600 B.C.

is the crescent, which would seem to indicate that this is the Moon god, whose name was Sin. He is bearded, and fully clothed in a long tunic of cloth. The fact of clothing would seem to indicate a somewhat later date than that of the finer Gisdubar cylinders. There advances to

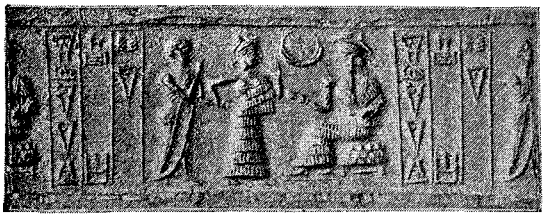


Fig. 8.—Private Seal. About 2000 B.C. After De Clercq.

meet the god a figure with one hand raised in an attitude of respect, while with his right hand he leads a second figure. Behind the two is a third figure. The unoccupied hands of all the three figures are raised as if in worship.

What does this group represent? It is perhaps the most abundant type found, and has some definite meaning. The seated figure is, of course, the chief character. The others are showing him all possible honor. Is he a god or a man? Lajard, who first studied these representations, was sure this represented a scene in the initiation into some Oriental mysteries. The seated figure was the initiating priest, and the figure led in represented the candidate for initiation. Menant's explanation is substantially the same, as he calls it simply a religious ceremony. As I have indicated, I think it much more likely that the seated figure is a god, perhaps the god Sin, or possibly Hea. It is to be noticed that the figure led in is bare-headed, not having the high tiara, and in dress as well as in attitude is inferior to the figures between whom he stands. Very often, on small seals, Fig. 8, the third figure is omitted, but always the led figure is without the honorable head-dress of his conductor. Before settling what this scene represents we must observe that the led figure is sometimes — and in the older seals—not wholly human, but has, with the head, shoulders, and arms of a man, the body, tail, and legs of a bird, perhaps a cock. A cylinder in my collection, Fig. 9, of green jasper and with the concave face of the older period, represents this figure half-man and half-bird being led to the god by the figure in front of him, and pushed in by the figure behind. The rear, and fourth standing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

figure, instead of lifting his empty arms, carries a victim for sacrifice. The god is distinguished by streams flowing from his abdomen, while near them are several fishes to indicate that it is water which is delineated. The god would seem to be Hea, deity of the waters of the lower world. There is no crescent to indicate the Moon-god. The reader will imagine the seated god repeated at left of figure.

In the case of these cylinders in which the led figure is half-bird, it cannot be a scene in an initiation into religious mysteries. The figure is being brought in unwillingly by two attendants or apparitors, as if for judgment and punishment. It would seem as if for some offence the culprit was being changed to a bird; and this suggests what is the probable character of the more common scene. The god is on the throne of judgment. The soul of the dead is brought before him for decision. It is a scene in some such a cycle of mythological thought as is familiar in the "Egyptian Book of the Dead." The leading figure performs the duty of a Mercury or psychopomp, in presenting the dead before the tribunal in Hades; and being himself a minor deity, he very properly wears on many seals the same kind of tiara as does the superior god, or ties his hair in the same kind of a queue. This long queue, by the way, sometimes tied up and sometimes hanging down, is one of the remarkable indications, some of them in the forms of the writing, which seem to connect the early Accadian or Sumerian population of Chaldea with the Chinese, as has been plausibly argued by M. Delacouperie.

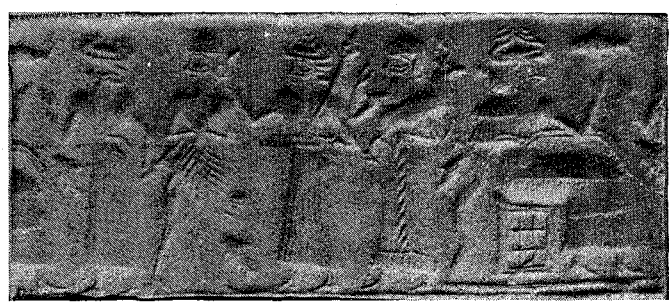


Fig. 9.—From Collection of W. H. Ward. About 2000 B.C.

The chief evidence looking to the conclusion of Menant and others, that these three figures approaching the seated god, one leading the second, and the third generally in flounced goat-skin dress and with uplifted hands, represent a religious ceremony of men worshipping before an image of the god, is to be found in the remarkable tablet of the Sun-god found by Mr. Rassam in Abu-habba. The discovery of that tablet will long be reported to travellers as a memorable event. Word was sent to Mr. Rassam that the workmen had found a picture of Noah with his three sons. Mr. Rassam came and saw it, and gave the workmen a holiday, and an ox for their feast. The Sun-god sits on his throne, within a shrine. Near his head are the emblems of the Moon, Sun, and Venus, or, to designate them mythologically, Sin, Shamash, and Ishtar. In front of the shrine is a table, or altar, on which stand what looks like the capital of an Ionic column; and on its volutes an immense disk, figured to represent the Sun, and held upright by cords let down from above and held by two divine beings. In front of the altar, as if approaching it, is our familiar group of three personages, one leading the second, and the third with hands lifted. These, being represented as much smaller than the seated figure, were taken by the Arabs for Shem, Ham, and Japheth. This tablet was made by King Nabubaladan, perhaps 1200 B.C., and belongs to a period when this design had been in use for at least a thousand years.

This representation of the seated god —for god it must be, and not a priest— before whom came these two figures, whom we may call the psychopomp and the deceased soul, or, if we follow the French scholars, the initiator, or mystagogue, and the initiant—with, in the better examples, a third or even a fourth additional figure, in worship, or carrying a victim—is the most common in the whole cycle of mythological figures on seals, and was in use from the time of Lik-bagas, 2500 B.C., or earlier, perhaps,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down to the rise of the Assyrian Empire; or it may be even down to Nebuchadnezzar's time, 625 B.C. In the old cylinders it appears on seals of the harder stones, as lapis lazuli, and in the later ones, on smaller seals of hematite, such as belonged to the poorer classes. The date of these numerous

Fig. 10.—Seal of Dungi, King of Ur. About 2500 B.C. After Pinches.

hematite cylinders it is not easy to guess. The style of art and of the writing, however, agrees very exactly with those of seals in the finer materials which bear the names of Kings Lik-bagas and Dungi, who reigned as early as 2500 B.C.

None of the groups on the cylinders are more interesting than those which

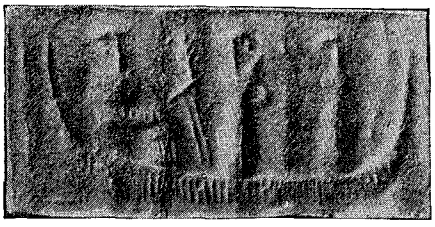


Fig. 11.—After De Clercq. About 2000 B.C.

seem to represent scenes familiar to us in the Bible. There is no sufficient reason for believing that the Book of Genesis was written by Moses. While the latter portion of it shows an intimate acquaintance with Egypt, the earlier chapters have their relation almost entirely to Babylonia. The Genesis stories of the creation, of the fall of man, and of the flood, have their counterpart, not in the traditions of the Nile, but of the Euphrates. While the mythological fragments recovered from the tablets are yet very incomplete, we have obtained so much from them, in the story of the creation and the flood, which tallies with the biblical story, that we can almost certainly conclude that the parallelism was general. There have several cylinders been found which represent, apparently, a man and a woman in a boat, and which it is very easy to believe may be meant for the Chaldean Noah and his wife (Fig. 11). The indications, however, are by no means very clear. One figure is generally rowing, and we cannot help raising the question whether it be not here the soul of the dead which is being carried on its journey from earth to the after-world.

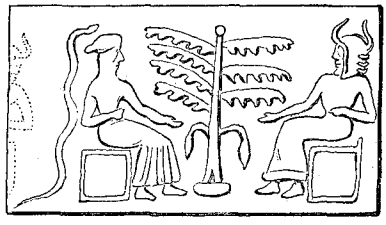


Fig. 12.—The Temptation. About 2000 B.C.

Much more interesting is a cylinder which has been the object of much discussion, having been generally supposed to represent the temptation of Adam and Eve (Fig. 12). The two stand before a tree, whose fruit they are plucking, while behind the woman, or rather between the backs of the two, and with its head turned toward the woman, is an upright serpent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Smith entertained no doubt that this represents the scene of the temptation, and Friedrich Delitzsch, in his brother's translation of Smith's "Chaldæan Genesis," accepted the same explanation. But Menant, in several publications, has brought forward serious arguments to show that there is here no reference to the fall. He supposes the figures to be both of men, and he adduces the well-known fact that there are a number of other cylinders known in which two figures are plucking fruit, and in which the two appear to be of the same sex, and in which there is no serpent. But just these points of difference with the cylinder in question point to their representing different scenes from this.

Fig. 13.—After De Clercq. About 2000 B.C.

We think that there can be little doubt that in the cylinder under consideration one of the figures is meant for a man and the other for a woman. It is true that the serpent occurs on other seals, occupying a *rôle* not easy to understand; but here a very reasonable explanation is easy of his presence and of the whole composition, on the basis of a legend which it is extremely probable was familiar to the early Chaldeans. It is no religious prejudice which makes us still regard the reference of this cylinder to Adam and Eve as most probable.

Connected with this same cycle of legends must be that which represents the conflict between Bel and the dragon. Bel takes the place of the creative force of Genesis, that force which out of an original chaos produces the order of succession of nature and life; for it is probable that Genesis knows as little of creation out of nothing as does the Babylonian cosmogonic story. Bel Merodach, the creative demiurge, was brought into conflict with the dragon Tiamat, or Tiâmtu (Hebrew *Tehôm*, the chaotic abyss), and slew her. She is generally represented as a scaly monster, with four legs, a lion's head, and an eagle's claws. In the cylinders and other pictorial art of Babylonia she appears comparatively seldom; but in the later Assyrian art the conflict between her and Bel is the most frequent of all representations. But on two Babylonian cylinders Tiamat appears under the form, not of a dragon, but of a serpent, precisely as in Genesis, and is fleeing away, pursued by the god, who is, perhaps, avenging her successful temptation of man. It is impossible that this punishment of the serpent by the deity should not connect itself with the biblical attribution to the serpent of baleful influence, and this increases the likelihood that the serpent in Fig. 12 is really meant to represent the tempter of our first parents.

George Smith's notion that some of these cylinders give a scene from the building of the Tower of Babel is certainly erroneous. What he regarded as a tower is nothing more than a gate. On some seals the projecting ends of the beam which rest in the sockets above and below are distinctly drawn. The ancient door did not swing on

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hinges, as can be seen from the stone doors of Palmyra. Like the great doors of courts now in the same region, they swung on a heavy pivot in a deep socket of stone at the bottom, and might be held at the top in the same way. Many of these stone sockets are still to be found in the ruins of the old cities, where the wooden gates have perished, leaving only, as in the magnificent gates of Shalmaneser, the remains of

Fig. 14.—Collection of W. H. Ward.

which were found at Balawat, the richly engraved bronze plates with which they were ornamented. On the cylinders of which we speak a god is represented as opening such a door. It is premature to decide certainly what this scene represents, but one of these cylinders gives us an indication (Fig. 13). A superior being holds a gate open. Through it seem to have passed two figures. One of them, whom we have called the psychopomp, leads a figure humbly dressed, which we again call the soul of the dead, into the presence of the deity who always appears in connection with this gate. He is surrounded with rays which rise from his shoulders, and he sometimes stands between two prominences, or appears to be mounting a high hill. I can hardly fail to see in this group another scene in the passage of the dead to his final rest. The poem of the descent of Ishtar into Hades tells us nearly all we know of the Babylonian idea of the under world, and there we are told that the goddess had to pass through seven gates, at each of which she was compelled by the porter to remove one of her garments or ornaments, until at last she came naked into the presence of the implacable deity who rules the world of the dead.

It is an error to imagine that we must find a meaning for every event that is pictured in these Babylonian cylinders. On not a few the only art to be discovered is that which is exhausted in filling the space with the familiar types of deities and emblems, without much pains to select them. When the inscription on a cylinder tells us that the owner is a worshipper of the Sun-god or Moon-god, we might expect to find a picture of the god worshipped on the cylinder. But this is by no means the real fact. The inscription bears very little relation to the figures. Each deity has its persistent type, and very likely several of them are crowded together without order on the seal, which was an amulet as well as seal, as if its owner wanted all the protection which all the gods figured could give him. Every vacant space is often filled with smaller emblems, the crescent of Sin, the solar disk of Shamash, the star of Ishtar, the seven points, which probably represent the seven stars of the Pleiades, the rod with a circle at the middle, which may be the emblem of justice, the crab, the serpent, the monkey, and various others difficult to make out (Fig. 14). Here is a field for very promising study, giving us a better insight into the mythology of Chaldea. At present there are only a very few of

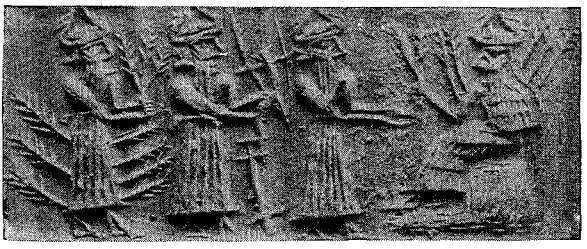


Fig. 15.—God of Agriculture. Collection of W. H. Ward. About 2000 B.C.

the figured gods whose identity is beyond question.

It would be more tedious than interesting to attempt to follow Menant in his classification of these Babylonian cylinders by their "schools," as those of Agade, of Ur, and of Erech. All we know is that one dated at Agade represents the conflict of Gisdubar and the lion; two at Erech have quite different styles of figures; and half a dozen, whose inscriptions show that they belonged to scribes of Ur, at a date more ancient than that of Abraham, are of one general

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

style of art, though they represent several different scenes, with a preference to that which gives us the seated god perhaps Sin, perhaps Hea, before whom a superior being leads a human figure by the hand. That we have here a veritable school of Ur seems hardly to be doubted.

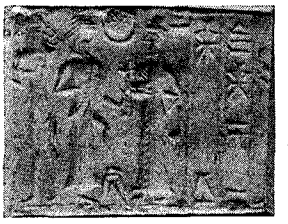


Fig. 16.—Collection of W. H. Ward. About 1000 B.C.

Little space can be taken to describe the styles of cylinders, which grew out of those of Babylonia. First came those of the northern empire of Assyria, whose period intervenes between those of the first and second Babylonian empires. The material of these seals is very frequently serpentine, although the finer ones are of a milky (not often brown or yellow) chalcedony, or of carnelian. The green jasper or feldspar, the sienites, the shell and ivory, the lapis lazuli, and the rock crystal, which were frequent among early Babylonian seals, are very rare or are not found at all. None of them are reduced in size in the middle, and they are generally a little longer for their width. There is no difficulty in distinguishing them, as the dress of the figures is quite different, and consists of a short shirt over which a long open garment reaches to the feet. There are two favorite representations. One is that of the conflict of Bel and the Dragon (Fig. 17), of which I have before spoken, and which has its peculiar variations. The curved weapon carried by the god has become a veritable round sickle, instead of being but slightly curved, as in all the old figures, or it is replaced by a bow; and the two combatants are much more minutely figured, and their wings, dress, and accessories are more defined. Perhaps the seals on which the winged god is represented as fighting an animal, or holding two animals, may belong to the same general thought.

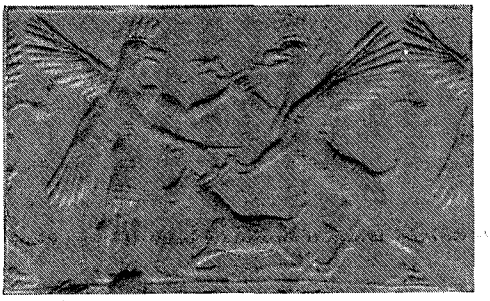


Fig. 18.—Assyrian Seal. About 700 B.C. Collection of W. H. Ward.

The other very frequent type, and one which is especially found in the fine and large chalcedony seals, represents the sacred tree, with winged figures in worship, standing one on each side, the two figures being introduced for symmetry (Fig. 19.). Above the tree is generally to be seen the winged disk, emblem of the supreme deity Assur. Occasionally the figure on either side of the sacred tree is not winged, and may be even kneeling; and, when it thus represents a man, what seems to be a stream, or cord, typifying divine influence or protection in answer to prayer, comes down from the deity and is grasped by the hand of the wor-

Fig. 17.—Bel Merodach Fighting the Dragon. About 700 B.C. Collection of W. H. Ward

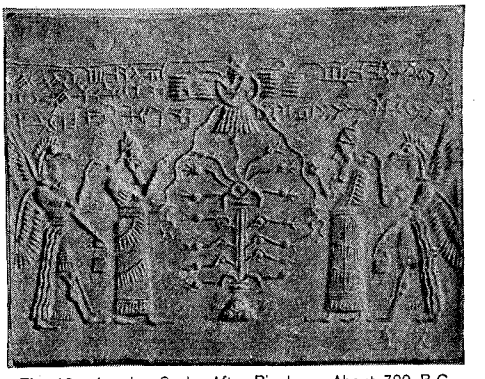


Fig. 19.—Assyrian Seal. After Pinches. About 700 B.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shipper. Generally, however, the winged figure holds in one hand a "cone," as it is called, and in the other a basket or pail.

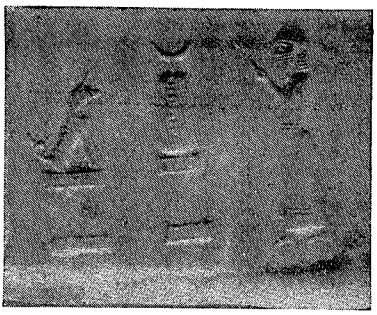


Fig. 20.—Babylonian Seal. About 500 B.C. Collection of W. H. Ward.

The origin of the myth of the sacred tree is very obscure. It is probably connected with the tree of life of Genesis.

Fig. 21.— Seal of Darius. After Pinches.

It is not unlikely that this sacred tree of life has relations with the production of early intoxicating liquors—used to produce an inspired prophetic state. Sometimes this sacred tree, which is generally most conventionally represented, appears to resemble a palm, or, in a few cases—so Lenormant thinks — an asclepias. The palm was in constant use for obtaining a fermented liquor. But the sacred drink of the Hindu Vedas, the soma, came from an asclepias whose juice was expressed. It is possible that the object held in the hand is not a cone, but the similarly imbricated seed-vessel (with the outside skin removed) of an asclepias. This sacred tree is hardly found on the earlier Babylonian seals, unless it be on such cylinders as that in which two figures are seen plucking fruit from a low palm-tree, as in that supposed to represent Adam and Eve. Equally the winged disk, so common in Egypt, is Assyrian and not Babylonian.

After the Assyrian Empire fell Babylon rose to a higher power than ever before, and an entirely new type of cylinders came into use, in shape patterned after the Assyrian, which continued well down into the period of the Persian domination. The materials have somewhat changed. There are many very rude chalcedonies, and the finer ones are of lapis lazuli or of the exquisitely beautiful pearl-blue chalcedony called sapphirine. So characteristic is this sapphirine of this period that I am inclined to attribute an error to Menant, who makes one of the very ancient cylinders from Ur to be in this material. I see, however, that De Clercq says it is in white agate. The more common representation in these cylinders, which seldom show any great sense of art, is of a priest before one or two low square altars, on which are emblematic figures, such as a dog, a composite animal with the head of a goat and the body of a fish, and a crescent or a star surmounting an irregularly oval object not easy to identify (Fig. 20). These emblematic figures are such as are generally found on what are called "boundary stones," and which seem to be meant to designate various

Fig. 22.—Persian Seal with Phenician Inscription.

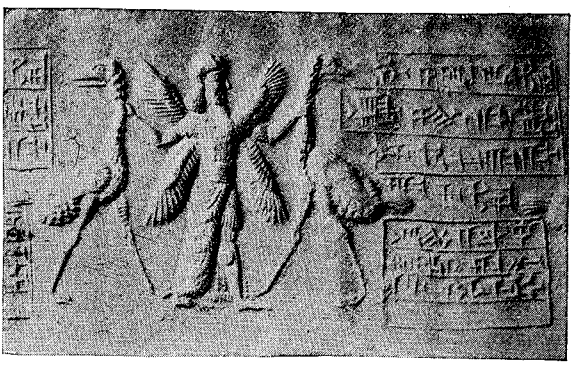


Fig. 23.—Armenian Seal. About 700 B.C. After Menant.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

forms of protecting and avenging powers.

Contemporary with the later of these Babylonian seals are the Persian. They are easily distinguishable by their agreement with the figures of the times of the Achæmenian kings Darius and Xerxes, found on the monuments of Persepolis and other ancient Persian cities. By far the most common representation is that of the deity killing a lion or other animal, with a short sword, or with a bow. The hero now appears in the turreted square cap of Persia, and with the tunic plaited down in front so as to give the appearance of loose trousers. These two signs, or either of them alone, will generally distinguish Persian work. A fine seal, Fig. 21, represents the king hunting a lion under the protection of the supreme god, and the inscription says: "I am Darius the great king." Fig. 22 is a beautiful carnelian cylinder, from my collection, marked as Persian by the trousers worn by two of the men, and remarka-

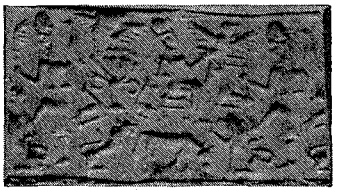


Fig. 24.—Hittite Seal. Collection of W. H. Ward.

ble for the head-dresses of the soldiers, which look something like Greek helmets. The inscription, however, is Phenician.

From the region between the Upper Euphrates and Phenicia there comes a series of cylinders of a peculiar character, and which may represent a number of various nations. A fine one, Fig. 23, we know to be Armenian, because it bears, in the old cuneiform character, an inscription which declares that it belonged to an Armenian king who was contemporary with the Assyrian Empire. It represents a hero holding an ostrich by the neck with each hand. There seems to be good reason to believe that many of these cylinders were made by that ancient and long forgotten people, the Hittites, who fought both Egypt and Assyria on equal terms, until crushed between the two. Their seals are generally small and rudely cut with the drill, and not with the corundum point (Fig. 24). Animals' heads, as that of the goat, are often found on them, as in the Hittite writing which has lately been discovered.

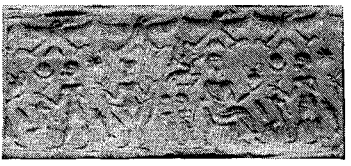


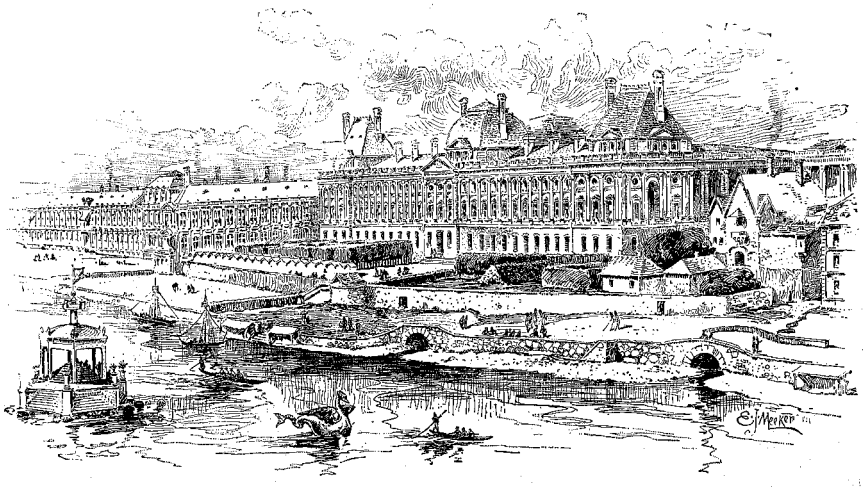
Fig. 25.—Phenician Seal. Collection of W. H. Ward.

Fishes, stars, crabs, dogs, the seven dots, a hand, and men with round hats are frequent designs.

More interesting, and among the most exquisitely engraved of all the seals, are the Phenician, though they never show the artistic strength of the earliest Chaldean. With these are connected those from Cyprus, of which the Metropolitan Museum has a good collection. The Phenician cylinders are often very much crowded with design, as if it were an object to fill up every available space. It is well known that the Phenician art was a composite of the Egyptian and Assyrian. Of these seals some are filled with animal-headed figures, taken from Egypt, while others seem to be chiefly of Assyrian style, as in Fig. 25, although the vulture is of Egyptian origin.

In the time of the Assyrian Empire another, and much more convenient, form of seal began to come into use, known as the cone. It was of chalcedony or carnelian, and was pierced near the top for the string, or wire, while the base generally carried the figure of a worshipper before two or three columns, known as *asheras*. In the time of the Sassanian dynasty these, in turn, gave way to another form, much like a heavy ring, and the old cylinder seal ceased to be used. It took four thousand years for reform to overcome the persistent conservatism which clung to the shape of the clumsy bit of reed with which men first emerging into civilization marked their belongings on a pat of clay.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Louvre in 1789. From an Old Print.

GLIMPSES AT
THE DIARIES OF GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

SOCIAL LIFE AND CHARACTER IN THE PARIS OF THE REVOLUTION.

By Annie Cary Morris.

FIRST PAPER.

THAT Gouverneur Morris, the Minister of the United States to France during the French Revolution, was one of the most voluminous and entertaining correspondents of his time has long been known to students of the lives of our early statesmen.

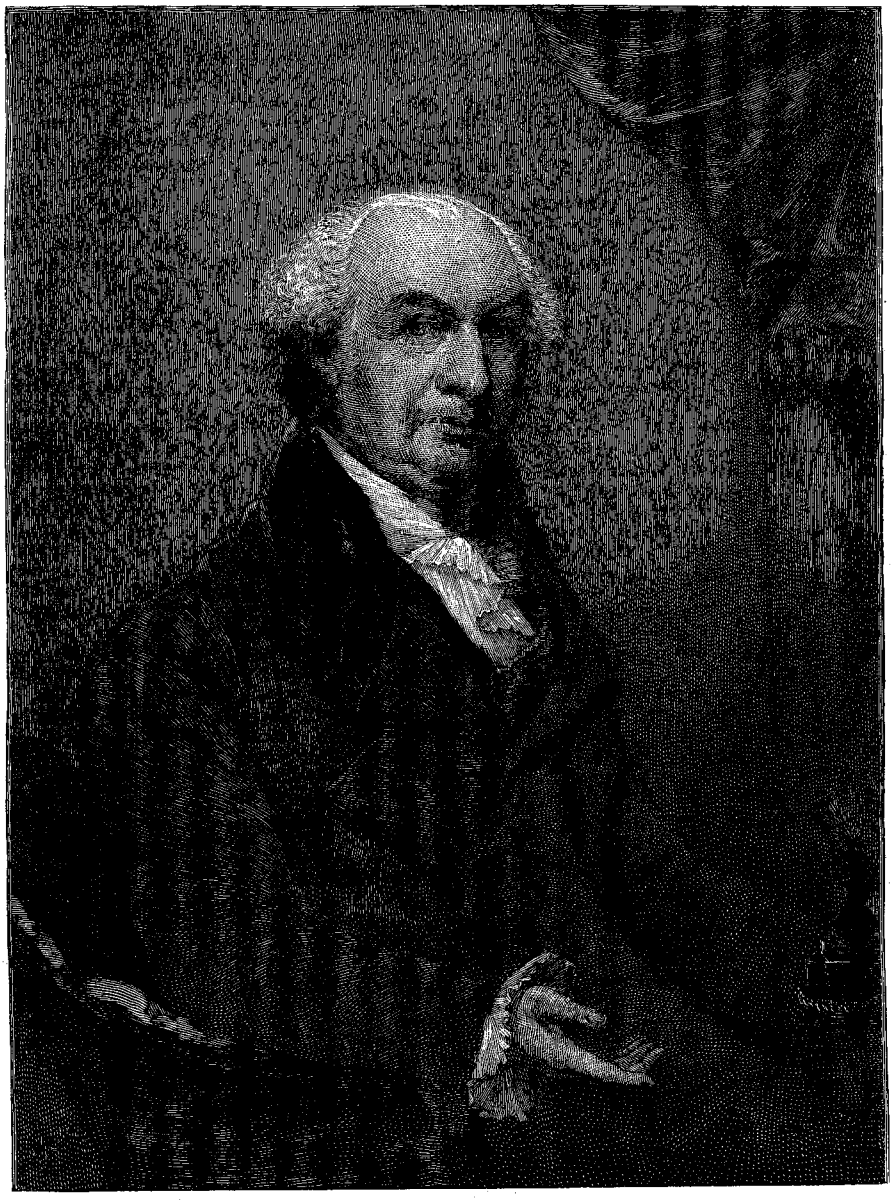
To those of his descendants whose pleasure it has been to read the careful notes he kept of his own remarkable experience, it has seemed that some day his countrymen should share the privilege, and see through his eyes the old world of which he wrote so appreciatively and with so much of personal interest.

Some fifty years ago Mr. Jared Sparks had possession of some of these papers, and while he undoubtedly extracted from them much that was important on political matters, especially connected with the American correspondence—which he incorporated into a "Life" made on the model of his other biographies of the fathers of the Republic, and now chiefly relegated to the top shelves of libraries—yet he managed, with masterly ingenuity, so to leave out the *human* element in what he used, and saw so short a distance into the great collection, that he gave hardly a glimpse of what it really is.

What has already been published of this interesting material has often induced those who have mentioned Mr. Morris to express the wish that a fuller knowledge of it might be accorded. And although many applications have been made to allow its examination, nothing has ever appeared to give a true idea of its nature.

Who would think, from the few quotations Mr. Sparks made from a diary, that there is a great journal extending over years of the most eventful period in history, recording events in which Mr. Morris personally acted; minutely putting before us the daily life of men and women whom he knew, and whose actions and thoughts he has vividly pictured, making them so wonderfully

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ENGRAVED BY G. KRUELL FROM THE PAINTING AT OLD MORRISANIA.

Gouverneur Morris

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alive that, to those who have read it, it makes the men and women of those years real, eager participants in what all other reading had left merely in a far-off historical world? The present paper can give little more than glimpses of this narrative; but a fuller account of it and its unpublished portions has been for some time in preparation.

Mr. Morris had nearly reached middle life before his journey to Europe was made; and felt and said that he was "weary with public work." He had indeed accomplished a full life's task during the Revolutionary struggle, when he was forced into the front rank among men of twice his years—taking part in the most stirring events, and winning honors for himself at the earliest possible age.

He speaks of having "led the most laborious life which can be imagined" while a member of Congress and chairman of the standing committees, at the same time being obliged occasionally to labor in the law—his profession—to augment an insufficient salary; and although not in active military life, he shared Washington's privations at Valley Forge, during a bitter cold winter, when, in co-operation with him, he was intrusted with the responsible task of feeding and clothing the army, then in need of almost every comfort.

His labors with the makers of the Constitution, and in the many responsible positions in which he was placed, are matters of history. They were but poorly rewarded by attacks, untrue, but none the less cruel; statements that he was aiding the enemy through letters to his mother, then inside the British lines. As a matter of fact, for seven years he never saw his mother or his home, and during that time held little communication with her.

When quite a boy he had ardently desired to go to Europe—"To rub off," as he said, "in the gay circles of foreign life, a few of those many barbarisms which characterize a provincial education." But becoming deeply absorbed in affairs of so much importance at home, the wish was dismissed for the present, and the plan indefinitely postponed.

The circumstances which finally brought it about, were in the beginning purely personal. Complications arose, toward the end of 1788, in the commercial schemes of his friend Robert Morris, which made it necessary for him to go to France; and, accordingly, in the ship Henrietta he made a stormy crossing of the Atlantic, and reached Paris in February, "at the moment," he writes to a friend, "when the most important scene acted for many years on the European theatre was about to be displayed."

"Horace tells us," he says, in a letter to De Moustier, French Ambassador at New York, "that in crossing the seas we change our climate, not our souls. But I can say what he could not, that I find on this side of the Atlantic a strong resemblance to what I left on the other—a nation which exists in hopes, prospects, and expectations."

At once deeply interested in the struggle commencing in France, and seeing with a peculiarly clear sight the dangers into which the nation was drifting, he soon became rather an oracle in the society in which he moved. "Vous dites toujours les choses extraordinaires, qui se réalisent," said the Marquis de la Luzerne to him, with a slight tone of exasperation in his voice, restive under the many prophecies Morris had made which had been realized.

It was the strangest possible employment Mr. Morris found, as it were, already arranged for him, a republican, as he says, "but just emerged from that assembly which had formed one of the most republican of all republican constitutions, to preach incessantly respect for the *prince*, attention to the rights of the *nobles*, and, above all, moderation."

Writing to a friend of this, he says: "You will say this is none of my business; but I consider France the natural ally of my country, and I love her, and believe the king to be an honest and a good man, and that he earnestly desires the felicity of his people."

He was considered too much of an aristocrat in the republican salon of Madame la Comtesse de Tessé, "where republicans of the first feather met" and aired their extreme ideas; and it amused him to learn that his views were too moderate for that company, and that

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Madame de Lafayette openly expressed her disapproval of his sentiments. Commenting on the beliefs of the comtesse, he says: "She is a very sensible woman, but has formed her ideas of government in a manner not suited, I think, either to the situation, the circumstances, or the disposition of France."

Though not at all agreeing with Madame de Tessé, he was very much her friend, and could not but sympathize with the vivid, absorbing interest she took in the trials of her country. With a feeble strength and weak nerves to struggle against, but with a soul illuminated by hope, she worked, *on dit*, for twenty years over a constitution for France, and would willingly have given the last drop of her blood could she have seen it successful. Full of hope that all would be well when the representatives should meet, she opened her doors to the members of the Assemblée Nationale and made many compliments to Bailly.

After the convulsions of July, and the mad doings of August, it is almost pathetic to find her forced to moderate her views, to lose faith in her cause. "I find Madame de Tessé is become a convert to my principles. We have a gay conversation of some minutes on their affairs, in which I mingle sound maxims of government with that piquant *légèreté* which this nation delights in. She insists that I dine with her at Versailles the next time I am there. We are vastly gracious, and all at once, in a serious tone, 'Mais attendez, madame, est-ce que je suis trop aristocrat?' To which she answers, with a smile of gentle humility, 'Oh! mon dieu, non!'"

It was not long after his arrival in Paris before invitations for dinners, suppers, breakfasts, and drives flowed in upon Mr. Morris, and he became a welcome guest in many salons. Nor were these seductive court ladies slow to flatter, and initiate him into the mysteries of the coquetry they so well knew how to practise.

"Madame de Ségur tells me," he says, "that she was afraid I might not arrive before she left the room—following her words with the look, manner, and tone of voice perfectly in unison with the sentiment." While admitting "that a pleasing error might not be preferable to a disagreeable truth," he was a little wary of their blandishments, though thoroughly enjoying their *esprit*.

The first decided chill he experienced was upon his introduction into ministerial circles at Versailles; and an interview with the Count de Caluzem, "who receives me," he says, "with a degree of *hauteur* I never before experienced," led him to say that he felt convinced he was "not formed to succeed at court." The count, however, finding that he brought letters from his brother, the marquis, "softened his features and manner into affability," and Mr. Morris kindly attributed "to the gout in one foot the blame of the precedent looks."

Mindful of the frigidity of the ministerial atmosphere, and uncertain of the reception he might receive from royalty, he was on his guard when, in Madame de Chastellux's salon, he met the Duchess of Orleans, and being presented to her, was informed by his hostess "that her royal highness had the goodness to permit of my reception." Somewhat inclined to be satirical, he adds, "in the course of the visit her royal highness has the condescension to speak to one who is only a human being."

After he learned to know the duchess well, he found how truly kind she was; and no one of his many friends in Paris was more sincere than she proved herself to be. Perhaps, not unnaturally, he was uncertain at first how to understand her overtures, and exceedingly skeptical as to what she might mean by the repeated messages, gracious and kind, which she constantly left for him with Madame de Chastellux, her friend and lady in waiting. It must rather have astonished him to be told that "the duchess had observed, on not seeing me in Madame de Chastellux's drawing-room for some time, that she should visit me *chez madame la marquise* this evening." And not knowing to what to attribute this graciousness, he "put it all down to a badinage—which I begin to comprehend—and there is nothing in it to flatter my vanity. Tant mieux." He assured the marchioness of his veneration for her royal highness—"In which," he tells her, "there is much more of sincerity than a person of her

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rank has a right to expect;" but wished to know what would be a proper conduct should he meet her highness anywhere else.

"My present opinion is," he says, "that it would be proper not to know her. That although in my interior I have a great indifference for the advantages of birth, and only respect in her royal highness the virtues she possesses, yet I find myself bound to comply exteriorly with the feelings and prejudices of those among whom I find myself."

"Madame de Chastellux assures me," he says, "that the princess would recognize me anywhere that I met her."

Meeting her constantly, he soon learned to trust her and sympathize with her in her trials with the duke; and discovered that she was weary at heart and not happy—that she had the "besoin d'être aimée." He says of her: "She is handsome and charming enough to punish the duke for his irregularities, and it is very hard that a heart so good should be doomed to suffer so much."

Her affection for the duke seemed still to be alive; for when he was sent on a mission to England—more particularly for the purpose of freeing the country of his revolutionary presence—Mr. Morris, going to make tea for her royal highness, an occupation he very frequently indulged in, found her much affected by the news that her husband had been stopped at Boulogne. "She is so very solicitous," he says, "to know the truth, that I go to Monsieur de Lafayette to inquire it. Returning to tell her the news, the poor duchess was penetrated with gratitude for this slight attempt to serve her, and when I take my leave she follows me out to express again her thankfulness—poor lady!"

The Duchess was particularly anxious that Mr. Morris should be interested in her son, Monsieur de Beaujolais, and brought him to Madame de Chastellux, "on purpose to see me," he says. "I find him an interesting boy—'enjoué et empressé.' I kiss him several times, which he returns with eagerness. He will make a pleasant fellow, some ten or twelve years hence, for the *petites maîtresses* of that day." Making an apology for the duke, he begged the duchess to "breed Monsieur de Beaujolais to business; because that later, having enjoyed all which rank and fortune can give him, he will be unhappy from not knowing what to do with himself."

Monsieur de Beaujolais, as the Chevalier d'Orléans, exiled, alone in America, forced to support himself by teaching, may have wished that his mother had followed this advice. After the days of the terror, Mr. Morris was able very substantially to help the duchess and her son, who was destined to become Louis Philippe, the Citizen King of France. And that this intimacy, formed rather reluctantly, lasted through many vicissitudes, until the inevitable severer of all friendships came to each and all, is proved, most gratefully to Mr. Morris's descendants who are interested in the recognition of his kind deeds to the unfortunate exiles of the French Revolution, by a letter written to him by the Chevalier d'Orléans on his return to France after his weary exile in this country. "I have," he writes, "very grateful remembrances of your kindnesses to me; they will live always in my heart, notwithstanding the distance between us and the likelihood that we shall never see one another again. Mademoiselle de Pineux and Madame de Foucault are staying with Monsieur Le Ray, at Chaumont. We derive in speaking of you a pleasure only diminished by the thought of this absolute separation. Monsieur Le Ray dispenses the hospitalities of his *château* with the same grace that you display in dispensing yours at Morrisania, and that is to say in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. I shall feel always, my dear friend, very great satisfaction at hearing news from you, and to know that you are happy and contented. You can, with health, wait with patience your end. As for me, I know no end to my attachment for you.—D'Orléans."

It would be difficult to get a better glimpse into the daily life of those *grandes dames* and gentlemen of the court of Louis XVI. than from a description Mr. Morris gives of a day spent at Raincy with the Duchess of Orleans and her friends. After the *déjeuner à la fourchette* had been disposed of, the guests adjourned to mass in the chapel—in no

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very fitting spirit for their devotions, it may be remarked. Possibly it was not their intention to say their prayers, for they took their position in the tribune, and from there watched the devotions of villagers and domestics on their knees below. This devotion by proxy failing in attraction, these grand folk, Mr. Morris says, began "amusing themselves by a number of little tricks played off by Monsieur de Ségur and Monsieur de Cubières, with a candle, which is put into the pockets of different gentlemen—the bishop, who is here, among the rest—and while the others are engaged, to the great amusement of the spectators. Immoderate laughter is the consequence. The duchess preserves as much gravity as she can, but how extremely edifying for Madame de Chastellux, saying her prayers below, and what an example for the villagers and domestics! A long walk followed these religious exercises, and then we get into a *bateau*, and the gentlemen row the ladies, and the heat being great, this is by no means a cool operation." "I am inflamed," says Mr. Morris, "even to fever heat, by the walk and exercise."

At dinner, which was served at five o'clock, the conversation was frivolous, if nothing worse. "Madame de St. Simon is the subject of an epitaph by the Vicomte de Ségur," the purport of which is very much against her character. "This is *très fortement prononcé*, she defends herself, and attacks him on the folly of his pursuits. While we are dining a number of persons surround the windows; doubtless from a high idea of the company, to whom they are obliged to look up at an awful distance. O, did they but know how trivial the conversation, how very trivial the characters, their respect would soon be changed to an emotion extremely different!"

The vicomte's epitaph is not recorded, being "not too delicate;" but Mr. Morris jots down his, on the vicomte, and apologizes for it as "wretched doggerel, having the single merit of having been written in the moment, as a *petit vengeance* for Madame de St. Simon."

"Here lies a merry, wicked wight,
Who spent in mischief all his life;
And lest the world should do him right,
Determined not to take a wife."

Great applause greeted the lines—all the company rejoicing that this tyrant, this "Lovelace" of his day, was "galled." Madame de Warsi, "who," he says, "is a very beautiful and accomplished woman," entreats to be allowed to see the verse, "because she understands English only by the eye, having learned to read, not speak it. I am assailed in Madame d'Espanchalle's salon, at Paris, for the copy of the lines, and solicited by Madame de Boursac to repeat them." Madame de Warsi, who is of the party, tells him that she remembers them, and, "to convince me, sets about writing them from memory, and convinces both herself and me that she cannot. I take the pencil, and, by way of putting an end to the clamor for the wretched lines, I write for her."

"To one like you, divinely fair,
Of nothing but yourself I'll write,
Nor will I own another care,
Than what may give to you delight;
If that delight I might convey,
At every gentle, kind caress,
I'd own the force of beauty's sway,
And you, what blessing 'tis to bless."

It was not long before Mr. Morris entered fully into the spirit of and thoroughly enjoyed his intercourse with this gay, unceremonious society. What a really true hospitality there was when friends suggested themselves as guests at dinner, or dropping in by chance always found a chair ready at the ample table, or sometimes even brought an addition to the dinner from the nearest restaurant!

Particularly agreeable must have been the quaint fashion among the ladies of receiving their friends into the privacy of *boudoir* and bedroom, no matter what might be their occupation at the moment. Often the question, "Monsieur Morris, me permettra de faire ma toilette?" was asked, in the gentlest tones, and with all the easy grace of manner alone belonging to a Frenchwoman. And the different processes of this important work, Mr. Morris says, "were carried on with an entire and astonishing regard to modesty."

The charm of this easy society in Paris he brought strongly into contrast when he found himself on one of his journeys to England in a London drawing-room,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"where," he says, "the arrangement of the company is stiff and formal—the ladies all ranged in *battalia* on one side of the room." And he moralizes over the difficulty, at the first aspect at least, there appeared to be in ever bringing people together. "Though, I suppose," he says, "there must be a way in this as in other countries;" and he observed to the Honorable Mrs. Damer, "the statuary," apropos of this want of ease in the English society, "that the French, having no liberty in their government, have compensated to themselves that misfortune by bestowing a great deal upon society. But that I fear in England it is all confined to the House of Commons."

Through his many projects, financial and otherwise, Mr. Morris was brought into contact with the heads of some of the oldest banking-houses in France, and through them he got an insight into different ranks of society. With the Messieurs Lecouteulx he had many dealings. Theirs was an exceedingly old and respectable firm; and their ancestors, with a certain pride in the name and fortune they had made for themselves, refused a title from Louis XIV., preferring the honor of their position, as it was, to that of possessing a recent patent of nobility.

Rather a different picture from that of the doings of the great world at Raincy does Mr. Morris give of a visit to the home of Monsieur Lecouteulx at Leuinnes.

"The house, a fine old *château,*" he says, "had formerly belonged to a prince of Conti;" was "built in the old style, but tolerably convenient," and "the situation delicious." "We drive to the aqueduct of Marly and ascend to the top. The view is exquisite—the Seine winding along through a valley highly cultivated; innumerable villages. At a distance, the domes of Paris on one side; the Palace of St. Germain, very near, on the other. A vast forest behind, and the Palace of Marly in the front of it, embowered in a deep shade. The bells from a thousand steeples, at different distances, murmuring through the trees. How delicious! I stand this moment on a vast monument of human pride, and behold every gradation, from wretchedness to magnificence, in the scale of human existence." Breakfast was served between ten and eleven, and then came a drive to the château of Marly. "The garden is truly royal," he says, "and yet pleasing; the house tolerable; the furniture indifferent. We are told by the Swiss that they are preparing for his majesty's reception."

It seems to bring the times of Louis Quinze, with the dissolute surroundings of his court, strangely near, to be confronted by "the Du Barry"—"long passed the day of beauty," to be sure, but there in the flesh. "Returning from the pavilion of Madame du Barry, an exquisite temple, consecrated to the immortality of Louis XV., we see her," Mr. Morris says, "accompanied by an old coxcomb, the prévôt des Marchands. They bend their course toward the pavilion, perhaps to worship on those altars which the monarch raised."

What scenes the mention of this woman's name suggests: of the miserable old king led by the low creature, perched on the arm of his chair at a council of state, playing monkey tricks, or making him chase her around the table after a packet of sealed letters, and then at last leaving the poor plague-stricken king to his fate!

The dinner-table talk was not as spicy as that at Raincy, "politics forming the principal topic." Mr. Morris says he had a long talk with the representatives of Normandy—their ideas and his coinciding, "we finally agree in our opinions."

The constant discussion of politics, now become the chief drawing-room topic, was excessively wearisome at times, and produced, he says, "dissentions in private circles." "Republicanism is absolutely a moral influenza, from which neither titles, places, nor even the diadem can guard the possessor." He often speaks of being bored with the subject. "Tedious arguments made dull evenings," he says, and "vexed the ladies, because often the orators were so vehement that their gentle voices could not be heard." "They will have more of this," he prophesies, "if the states general should really fix a constitution. Such an event would be particularly distressing to the *women* of this country, for they would be thereby deprived of their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

share in the government; and hitherto they have exercised an authority almost unlimited, with no small pleasure to themselves, though not perhaps with the greatest advantage to the community."

When all eyes and hopes turned toward Versailles, on the day when the great procession of the *tiers état* was to take place, at six in the morning Mr. Morris joined the multitude hurrying there to take part in the ceremonial of that gala day. From the balcony of Madame de Flahaut's house he saw the procession, which, he says, "is very magnificent, through a double row of tapestry, though neither the king nor queen appear too well pleased."

"Seeing only the woman in her majesty," it seemed to him "unmanly to treat a woman with unkindness," and he keenly felt for the queen in her mortification at the silent reception she met with, and in the repeated applause that greeted the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. "How cruelly hurt she was is shown," Mr. Morris says, "in a lively conversation with the Duchess of Orleans, her lady in waiting, and a friend to whom she was sincerely attached." Poor queen! her wound was deep and her temper not a little ruffled, when she could speak so sharply to the gentle duchess: "Madame, il y a une demi-heure que je vous attends chez moi."

"Madame, en vous attendant ici (at the church of Notre Dame) j'ai obéi à l'ordre qu'on m'a envoyé de la part du Roi."

"Eh bien, madame, je n'ai point de place pour vous, comme vous n'êtes pas venue."

"C'est juste, madame, aussi j'ai des voitures à moi qui m'attendent."

From his "cramped situation in the hall," where the king met and welcomed the states general with all pomp and splendor, Mr. Morris heard the king read his speech "with all the *fierté* which can be expected from the blood of the Bourbons. Tears start to my eyes in spite of myself at the acclamations so warm, and of such lively affection." He *saw* Marie Antoinette weep, unrecognized by the crowd, and "no voice raised to wish her well. I would certainly raise mine if I were a Frenchman," he says, all the chivalry of his nature aroused by the sight of her distress, and the prolonged, ominous silence. "But I have no right to express a sentiment, and in vain solicit those who are near me to do it." It was with a feeling of heartfelt satisfaction that he heard the first shout of "Vive la Reine!" which, once begun, was three times repeated, growing louder as a lower courtesy increased the excitement.

One of the pleasantest salons of which Mr. Morris became an *habitué* was that of Madame de Flahaut, the friend of the Bishop of Autun, better known as Talleyrand, and of Montesquieu—a writer of romances, a very clever woman, "who," he says, "shows a precision and justness of thought very uncommon in either sex." That she spoke English may have been one of the first attractions.

"She is a pleasing woman; and if I might judge from appearances, not a sworn enemy to intrigue," was his comment, when he first met her at Versailles. And he was not mistaken; her talent for intrigue made her an exceedingly interesting woman to watch. Very *liée* with the court and government through her friend, the Bishop of Autun, and her brother-in-law, D'Angiviliers, director-general of the navy, she was kept informed of all the doings at Versailles. Mr. Morris found in her an appreciative, willing listener, and a ready helper in his schemes, which he generally submitted to her judgment. In return she let him into many state secrets, so that he was posted in what was going on in government circles before the public knew their intentions.

"Through Madame de Flahaut came a request," he says, "that I should go to Versailles and consult with the committee who are to report on a constitution; she is charged by one of them to ask the favor." So madame and he set about "making a translation of some thoughts respecting a constitution for this country which I threw together yesterday." "Madame has been intrusted with a secret," he says, later, "which will give great consolation to the king, and may make him easy, as it is of the last importance to France. I am commissioned by her to see Lafayette, and beg

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

him to take measures to set the king at ease on the strength of this secret."

He found madame at her toilette one morning, with her dentist in attendance, and submitted to her a project respecting the debt. She, in return, confided to him the Bishop of Autun's plan on the same subject, and expressed the wish that he and the bishop should have an interview with Montesquieu, who she had reason to "think would be made minister of the marine." This interview she will "endeavor to arrange." "Continuing on that," Mr. Morris says, "we arrange a ministry, and dispose of several persons—Mirabeau to go to Constantinople, Biron to London. I tell her that this last is wrong, as he does not possess the needful talents; but she says he must be sent away, because without talents he can influence, in some degree, the proposed chief, and a good secretary will supply the want in London." "After discussing many points, 'Enfin,' she says, 'mon ami, vous et moi nous gouvernerons la France.' It is an odd combination, but the kingdom is actually in much worse hands. She tells me," he continues, "that she has conveyed to Montesquieu an expression of mine, which, by the manner of relating, is turned into an elegant compliment; and if he is brought into the ministry, she says I may boldly visit him, with the certainty of a good reception. That he may do valuable business, in which, as in other objects where she may be useful, she is to participate."

Monsieur de Flahaut having gone to Spain, madame found much consolation in giving "excellent dinners, where the conversation was always extremely gay." Numerous were the schemes started and discussed over this well-appointed table and in her salon. Often it was a *partie carrée*, consisting of Talleyrand, Montesquieu, Morris, and the fair hostess, perhaps the most infatuated schemer of them all, bent on getting her friends into the ministry, and on increasing her income by their help. "Madame tells the bishop and me," Mr. Morris says, "that if he is made minister we must make a million for her."

Long evenings were absorbed in discussing with Talleyrand the important question of the finances. "I find," says Morris, "that he has many just ideas on the subject, but I tell him that he must get men about him who understand and love work. He appreciates the fact that there are very few of the kind of men needed, but is not willing to acknowledge that he does not love work himself."

The bishop, having prepared his speech on the finances, arranged to meet Mr. Morris at Madame de Flahaut's, "to consider the discourse, and he asks my advice as to whether he had better speak at all." "I advise him," Mr. Morris says, "to speak. Urge him to treat the *caisse d'escompte* with great tenderness. To blame the administrators, as such, for their imprudence in lending the government more than their capital; but excuse them, at the same time, as citizens, for their patriotism. I beg him to criticise Monsieur Neckers' plan very lightly, if it is likely to fall, but if he thinks it will be adopted, very severely; and to deal much in predictions as to the fatal effects of paper money, the stock-jobbing which must ensue, and the prostration of morals arising from that cause."

All this sound advice was wasted. When it was too late, the bishop told Mr. Morris that he saw the mistake he had made in not following his advice. "For he is blamed," says Morris, "particularly for those things which I had advised him to alter." "The bishop has something of the orator about him," Mr. Morris goes on to say, "but the attachment to our literary productions is by no means suitable to a minister—to sacrifice great objects for the sake of small ones is an inverse ratio of moral proportion."

The constant appeal to his opinion and desire for his advice, in most important affairs, shows with what confidence he had inspired these men, striving, as they were, for some way out of their difficulties. His advice and assistance were always freely and helpfully given, and his time was very much occupied with public affairs. As matters grew worse in Paris, no one of the lookers-on took a more living interest—and from a sincere love for France, which he often expressed. Willing to work for her, he labored over estimates for Necker and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lafayette for the purchase of food, when provisioning the army, and indeed Paris itself, became a problem. He realized so strongly "that the evils they were suffering arose from their own folly," and that a strong hand was needed to help them out of their troubles, that he said to Clermont-Tonnerre, meeting him one day in Madame de Staël's salon, "Although I have abandoned public life, I hope forever, if anything could prompt a wish for a return, it would be the pleasure of restoring order to this country."

His interest was well known among his friends, and his clear common-sense view of affairs gave them a certain courage; and often, he says, he was able to "animate their conversation with a gayety they sadly needed." It was less in jest than earnest that Madame de Chastellux told him that she would make her *don patriotique*, by "presenting me to the king for one of his ministers. I laugh at the jest, and the more so as it accords with an observation made by Cantellux to the same effect, which I considered as bordering on *persiflage* at least, and answered accordingly."

He gave free scope to his ideas, on occasions when he hoped they might be of use, and spared no pains, even at the risk of losing his friendship, to put plainly before Lafayette the dangers into which he and his army were drifting—the one from the "besoin de briller," the other from want of discipline. He urged upon him the necessity to "immediately discipline his troops and make himself obeyed. This nation is used to be governed, and must be governed; and I tell him that if he expects to lead them by their affections, he will be the dupe."

Estimating Lafayette, however, at his true worth, he expected little from him. "I have known my friend Lafayette," he says, "now for many years, and can estimate at the just value both his words and actions. He means ill to no one, but he is very much below the business he has undertaken; and if the sea runs high, he will be unable to hold the helm."

All the latest news from Versailles, the last bit of town or court gossip, quickly found its way to Madame de Flahaut's boudoir, or bedroom, where were generally one or more of her *intimes*, ready for any excitement—an agreeable scandal, news of a disastrous riot in the Faubourg St. Antoine, or the latest rumor as to who the next set of ministers might be.

It was here that Mr. Morris heard the latest particulars of the terrible October night, when royalty, as by a miracle, escaped, with just life enough to be brought to Paris in procession, sad and almost desperate, to be put into the desolate chambers of the Tuileries; heard that the queen, seeing into the future, "had said that she would never leave Paris"—"a sad presage," he says, "of what is too likely."

It seems quite possible, even at this distance of time, to feel the intense excitement of the moment, as one realizes that Mr. Morris saw the heads of the *gardes du corps* brought into Paris, and learned from persons who had been at Versailles during that miserable night of how the "queen was obliged to fly from her bed in her shift and petticoat, with her stockings in her hand, to the king's chamber for protection, being pursued by the *Poissardes*." So vivid is his description of the "tumult" and excitement, that it is not difficult to share his feelings of fatigue and disgust of such atrocities. "Being heartily tired of myself," he says, "and of everything about me, I go home with one consolation, that being very sleepy, I shall in that oblivion lose a thousand disagreeable thoughts." His short entry of the condition of the weather, "which," he says, "has been all day raining, and I believe (at sea) a high gale, if not a storm," makes the picture all the more vivid; and he finishes with the comparison, that man turbulent, like the elements, disorders the moral world, but it is action which supports life.

It is shocking enough to read what history tells of the tragedy of October 5th. What must it have been to have lived so near to it? to have seen Lafayette weak when he should have been strong—"marched," Mr. Morris says, "by compulsion, guarded by his own troops? Dreadful situation—obliged to do what he abhors, or suffer an ignominious death, with the certainty

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that the sacrifice of his life will not prevent the mischief." "And what an unfortunate prince! the victim of his own weakness, and in the hands of those who are not to be relied on even for pity. What a dreadful lesson it is for man that an absolute prince cannot with safety be indulgent! The troubles of this country are begun, but as to the end it is not easy to foresee it."

Movement was everywhere; hundreds in terrible alarm, fleeing for their lives; homes broken up, family ties severed; no one safe; disorder in every place. No wonder Mr. Morris expressed himself as "weary and disgusted with everything in France."

Madame de Flahaut and the inhabitants of the Louvre were in great distress. "The national assembly is to come to Paris," she tells Mr. Morris, "and it is supposed the families in the Louvre will be *dénichées*." Madame, in fear and confusion, declares she will go off on Monday. "At supper this night," he says, "the company is reduced almost to a *tête-à-tête;* the guests all decline from the public confusion." Mr. Morris was horrified to learn that in the district of St. Roch the despatches to the ministers were opened, and read to the blackguards, to see if they contained anything against the nation.

His feeling of "being heartily out of humor with everything in France" was not lessened by finding Lafayette at this crisis in conference with Clermont-Tonnerre, whom he knew to be a "man of moderate abilities," and a "man of duplicity besides," and Madame de Lafayette with Monsieur de Staël and Monsieur de Simiane, his friend, in committee in the salon. "This is all *petit*," is his comment. With a very good knowledge of the men of affairs at this important moment, he might have been of much service to Lafayette in the arrangement of a new ministry, which, he told him, should be "composed of men of talent and firmness. And for the rest it is no matter," had not the ambition to be in all places at once so strongly possessed Lafayette. "I tell him plainly," Mr. Morris says, "that he *cannot* act both as minister and soldier; still less as minister of every department."

Having some confidence in Talleyrand's knowledge of finance, Mr. Morris proposed him to Lafayette for that position, and controverted his objections to him as a "bad man, and false." "I assure him," he says, "that in taking the bishop [Talleyrand] he gets Mirabeau, and as my information is the best, he is thrown into the style of a man greatly deceived. I tell him further the idea of the bishop's, that the king should immediately have given *him* a blue ribbon."

Knowing so well how to touch Lafayette's vanity, he must have enjoyed seeing this suggestion work. The effect was what he expected it to be, for he says: "This goes farther toward convincing him that he is an honest man than many good actions. I tell him that the coalition I propose will drive Necker away by the very populace which now support him; Necker is already frightened, and sick of the business he is engaged in."

Mr. Morris strongly opposed Lafayette's wish to bring Mirabeau into the ministry, on the ground that "a man so profligate would disgrace any administration, and that one who has so little principle ought not to be trusted." He warned Lafayette against Mirabeau, and considered that he had made a great blunder when he opened his plans to him, for he says: "If he employs him it will be disgraceful, and if he neglects him it will be dangerous." Mirabeau's strength, Mr. Morris said, lay in "opposition, where he would always be powerful," he thought; "but that he would never be great in administration."

Commenting on Mirabeau's motion on finance, he says: "Mirabeau shows very truly, in his motion, the dreadful situation of credit in this country; but he is not so successful in applying a remedy as in disclosing the disease." He always expressed the belief that Mirabeau's "understanding was impaired by the perversion of his heart, and that a sound mind cannot exist where the morals are unsound." Reviewing Mirabeau's character, after his death, Mr. Morris says: "Vices, both degrading and detestable, marked this extraordinary being. I have seen this man, in the short space of two years, hissed, honored, hated, and mourned. Enthu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

siasm has just now presented him gigantic; time and reflection will shrink that stature." Mr. Morris was restive under Lafayette's conceit and the general smallness of his motives. "I am vexed," he says, "to find that by littleness the little are to be placed where greatness alone can fill the seat. Lafayette keeps Necker, whose talents he despises, because Necker is honest and he can trust him; as if it were possible to trust a timid man in arduous circumstances."

As a pleasant offset to mornings of labor among innumerable projects of his own, and many calls on time, patience, and brain from people wanting aid in all kinds of schemes, there was generally an agreeable afternoon and evening to look forward to—perhaps at the Louvre, where Madame de Flahaut might entertain him with the last bit of town gossip, or, being in a less cheerful mood, would tell him of how "the king's dentist fell dead at his feet this morning, the poor king exclaiming that he was devoted to experience every kind of misfortune;" of his thought for the queen, sending her physician, Vicq-d'azir, to break the news to her, lest she, being ill, might suffer from the shock; or, perhaps, he was to make tea for the charming duchess, or to dine with her, and have "a pleasant, light conversation with her royal highness, and discuss the merits of her picture, just painted for the Salon."

Always ready with a pretty speech, "I tell her royal highness," he says, "Madame, ce portrait-là n'a qu'un défaut à mes yeux." "Et quel est donc ce défaut?" "C'est qu'il ne m'appartient pas, madame."

What a boon the light-heartedness they were born with must have been to these people, living in the midst of moral earthquakes and terrible explosions! They were frivolous; very much occupied falling in love with each other's wives and husbands, but who does not admire their courage?

Strangely inconsistent they were, but no one of the many women of this society seems more strikingly so than Madame de Staël—capable of the greatest things, she stooped to the smallest.

Taken by the Maréchal de Castries to dine with the Neckers, soon after his arrival at Paris, Mr. Morris saw Madame de Staël for the first time, in her father's salon; but he only mentions her as being there, and "that she seems to be a woman of sense, and somewhat masculine in her character, but has very much the appearance of a chambermaid."

His first conversation with her was after the great question of the condition of the finances had been discussed in the assembly, when Necker brought to their view the dreadful condition of affairs, and made his proposition to raise a second loan—an exciting seance, of which Mr. Morris gives a full account. "Mirabeau rose to speak," he says, "and in a tone of fine irony objected to the assembly considering the project; urged them to adopt it at once, and without examination, on the ground of the blind confidence which the assembly have in Necker, and from that unbounded popularity which he enjoys."

"If he succeeds," continued Mirabeau, "let him, as he ought, enjoy the glory of it; if he fails, which heaven forefend, we will then exercise our talents in trying to discover if yet there remains any means to save our country."

"To my great surprise," Mr. Morris says, "the representatives of this nation, who pride themselves on being the great Athenians, are ready to swallow this proclamation by acclaim."

He left the seance much fatigued and not a little disgusted, but still cherishing the "belief that Mirabeau's motion cannot possibly be adopted," and went to Madame de Tessé's to dinner, where, presently after, came Madame de Staël, full of excitement, from the assembly. "I had nearly told her," he says, "before I recognized her, my opinion of her father's plan, which I consider wretched." She brought the latest news: "The assembly are voting. Mirabeau has urged, they say, a decision, with the eloquence of Demosthenes."

While they were dining, the Count de Tessé and some members arrived. "They bring news," Mr. Morris says, "that the adoption is carried *hollow*, at which Necker's friends are delighted and Madame de Staël is in raptures. She is pleased with the conduct of Mirabeau,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which, she says, was perhaps the only way of bringing such a wrong-headed body to act rightly; that the only thing they could do was to comply with her father's wish, and that there can be no doubt of the success of her father's plans. Bravo!"

"I think that in my life I never saw such exuberant vanity as that of Madame de Staël upon the subject of her father." Everyone's plans had to bear comparison with her father's work; and unless the resemblance was striking, the work was condemned by madame. The conversation at dinner turned on the opinion of the Bishop of Autun on the subject of the church property. "She pronounced the paper admirable, excellent—in short," she says, "there are two pages in it which are worthy of her father." "Wisdom," she says, "is a very rare quality. She knows of no one who possesses it in a superlative degree except her father."

The dinner must have been of a most spicy nature. Madame de Staël and her hostess "earnestly discussed," Mr. Morris says, "the approbation the ambassadress gave to Mirabeau, which Madame de Tessé condemned in a conversation which becomes animated to the utmost bounds of politeness."

"Presented to Madame de Staël as 'un homme d'esprit,'" Mr. Morris says, "she singles me out and makes a talk." "She was pleased to be most complimentary, and asks me how I lost my leg." "Monsieur," she continued, "vous avez l'air très imposant." "She tells me that she believes I have written a book on the American Constitution. That Monsieur de Chastellux had often spoken of me to her."

"Non, madame, j'ai fait mon devoir en assistant à la formation de cette constitution."

"Mais, monsieur, votre conversation doit être très interessante, car je vous entends cité de toute part."

"Oh, madame, je ne suis pas digne de cet eloge."

This extremely gracious talk, "suddenly interrupted by the arrival of letters from her lover, De Narbonne, brings her," continues Mr. Morris, "to a little recollection, which a little time will, I think, again banish, and a few interviews would stimulate her to try the experiment of her fascinations on the native of a new world, who has left one of his legs behind him."

Very solicitous about the provisioning of Paris, and making plans to bring wheat and flour into France; which could be sold at a low rate, and at the same time endeavoring to arrange with Necker for the payment of the debt of the United States to France, hoping that in some way he could aid both countries, he saw a good deal of the life of the Neckers and De Staëls. Monsieur Necker he often found "sombre and triste," overwhelmed with care and anxiety, too much engrossed with pressing affairs to talk. He was never very easy to work with, and "not too delicate," Mr. Morris says, in his accusations.

Discussing, one evening, in his salon, the affairs of the debt, Necker grew vexed with Morris for hesitating to ask security for a bargain not made, and declared "he could not listen to propositions that gave him no solid security," adding, "that if I once get his promise I shall make use of it to negotiate upon," and will go about knocking at the "doors of different people." "I reply," Mr. Morris says, with not a little pride, "that I shall knock at no doors but such as are already open to me. Our conversation is loud; he makes it so purposely; and at this point Madame de Staël, with the good-natured intention of avoiding ill-humor, desires me to send her father to sit next to her."

"I tell her, smilingly, that it is a dangerous task to send away Monsieur Necker, and those who tried it once had sufficient cause to repent it. This little observation brings back good-humor, and he seems inclined to talk further with me; but I take no further notice of him, and, after chatting a little with different people, I take my leave."

Madame de Staël was equally complaisant in her invitations to Mr. Morris to come to her on Tuesday evenings, when she gathered her familiar friends round her, and, throwing off all ceremony, admitted them in morning toilette; and in offering him every opportunity for a flirtation, informed him, he says, "with a refreshing *naïveté*, calculated to demolish all ceremonious barriers,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

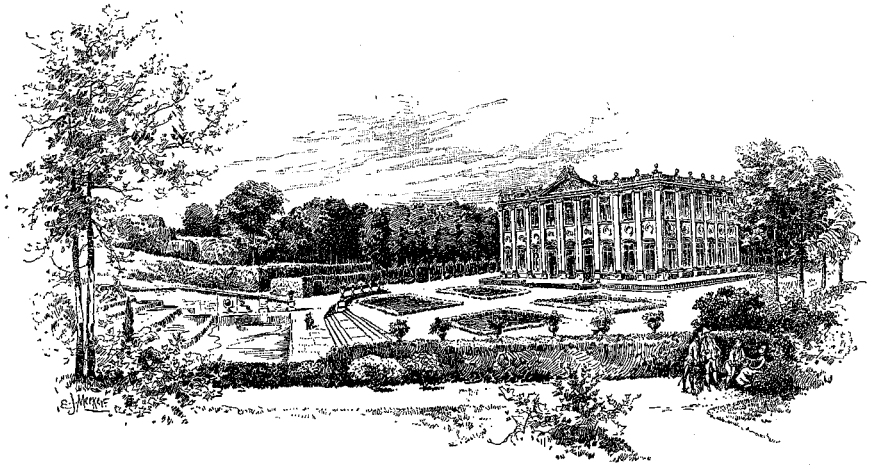
that she rather invites than repels those who incline to be attentive." Giving this remark time to take effect, she followed it with the suggestion, "that perhaps I may become an admirer." "I tell her that it is not impossible; but as a previous condition, she must agree not to repel me, which she promises."

What an ideal feast a dinner party must have been, where the opportunity to choose a companion was accorded to a guest! A dinner of herbs would be attractive under such circumstances, with the contentment that must come from the easy interchange of sentiments with a kindred spirit selected to suit the mood of the moment. A dinner companion of a rare kind must Madame de Staël have been; and taking advantage of his privilege, Mr. Morris put himself beside her at dinner, with the certainty of being thoroughly entertained.

"We become engaged in an animated conversation at table," he says, "and she desires me to speak English, which her husband does not understand. In looking round the room I observe in him very much emotion, and I tell her that he loves her distractedly, which she says she knows, and that it renders her miserable." "I condole with her a little on her widowhood, the Chevalier de Narbonne being absent in Franche Comté."

"She asks me if I continue to think she has a preference for Monsieur de Tonnerre. I reply only by observing that they have each of them wit enough for one couple, and therefore I think they had better separate and take each a partner who is *un peu bête*."

"After dinner I seek a conversation with the husband, which relieves him. He inveighs bitterly against the manners of the country, and the cruelty of alienating a wife's affection. I regret with him, on general grounds, that prostitution of morals which unfits them for good government, and convince him, I think, I shall not contribute toward making him any more uncomfortable than he already is."



The Gardens of Marli, 1789. From an Old Print.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOCIALISM.

By Francis A. Walker.

THREE words have, of recent years, become very familiar, and yet not of less and less, but of more and more, formidable sound to the good and quiet citizens of America and of Western Europe.

These words are: Nihilism, Communism, Socialism.

Nihilism, so far as one can find out, expresses rather a method, or a means, than an end. It is difficult to say just what Nihilism does imply. So much appears reasonably certain—that the primary object of the Nihilists is destruction; that the abolition of the existing order, not the construction of a new order, is in their view; that, whatever their ulterior designs, or whether or no they have any ultimate purpose in which they are all or generally agreed, the one object which now draws and holds them together, in spite of all the terrors of arbitrary power, is the abolition, not only of all existing governments, but of all political estates, all institutions, all privileges, all forms of authority; and that to this is postponed whatever plans, purposes, or wishes the confederation, or its members individually, may cherish concerning the reorganization of society.*

Confining ourselves, then, to the contemplation of Socialism and Communism, let us inquire what are the distinctive features of each.

Were one disposed to be hypercritical and harsh in dealing with the efforts of well-meaning men to express views and feelings which, in their nature, must be very vague, he might make this chapter as brief as that famous chapter devoted to the snakes of Ireland—"There are no snakes in Ireland." So one might, with no more of unfairness than often enters into political, sociological, or economic controversy, say that there are no features proper to Communism as sought to be distinguished from Socialism; no features proper to Socialism as sought to be distinguished from Communism.

If, however, one will examine the literature of the subject, not for the purpose of obtaining an advantage in controversy, or of finding phrases with which malice or contempt may point its weapons, but in the interest of truth, and with the spirit of candor, he will not fail to apprehend that Communism and Socialism are different things, although at points one overlays the other in such a way as to introduce more or less of confusion into any statement regarding either.

May we not say?

1st. That Communism confines itself mainly, if not exclusively, to the one subject matter—wealth. On the other hand, Socialism, conspicuously, in all its manifestations, in all lands where it has appeared, asserts its claim to control every interest of human society, to enlist for its purposes every form of energy.

2d. That so far as wealth becomes the subject matter of both Communism, on the one hand, and of Socialism, on the other, we note a difference of treatment. Communism, in general, regards wealth as produced, and confines itself to effecting an equal, or what it esteems an equitable, distribution.

Socialism, on the other hand, gives its first and chief attention to the production of wealth; and, passing lightly over the question of distribution, with or without assent to the doctrine of an equal distribution among producers, it asserts the right to inquire into and control the consumption of wealth for the general good, whether through sumptuary laws and regulations or through taxation for public expenditures.

3d. That Communism is essentially negative, confined to the prohibition that one shall not have more than another. Socialism is positive and aggressive, declaring that each man shall have enough.

It purposes to introduce new forces into society and industry; to put a stop

*M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, in an essay on Nihilism, says: "Under its standard we find revolutionists of all kinds—authoritarians, federalists, mutualists, and communists—who agree only in postponing till, after their triumph shall be secured all discussion of a future organization of the world."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to the idleness, the waste of resources, the misdirection of force, inseparable, in some large proportion of instances, from individual initiative; and to drive the whole mass forward in the direction determined by the intelligence of its better half.

4th. While Communism might conceivably be established upon the largest scale, and has, in a hundred experiments, been upon a small scale established, by voluntary consent, Socialism begins with the use of the powers of the State, and proceeds and operates through them alone. It is by the force of law that the Socialist purposes to whip up the laggards and the delinquents in the social and industrial order. It is by the public treasurer, armed with powers of assessment and sale, that he plans to gather the means for carrying on enterprises to which individual resources would be inadequate. It is through penalties that he would check wasteful or mischievous expenditures.

If what has been said above would be found true were one studying Communism and Socialism as a philosophical critic, much more important will be the distinction between them to the eye of the politician or the statesman. Communism is, if not moribund, at the best everywhere at a standstill, generally on the wane; nor does it show any sign of returning vitality. On the other hand, Socialism was never more full of lusty vigor, more rich in the promise of things to come, than now.

Let us, then, confine ourselves to Socialism as our theme, the purpose being not so much to discuss as to define, characterize, and illustrate it.

A definition of Socialism presents peculiar difficulties.* The question, Socialism or non-Socialism? regarding any measure; Socialist or non-Socialist? regarding any man, is a question of degree rather than of kind. Let us, then, undertake to distinguish that quality which, when found above a certain degree, justifies and requires the application of these epithets—Socialism and Socialist.

I should apply the term socialistic to all efforts, under popular impulse, to enlarge the functions of government, to the diminution of individual initiative and enterprise, for a supposed public good. It will be observed that by this definition it is made of the essence of socialistic efforts that they should arise from popular impulse, and should seek a public good. This, it will be seen, makes the motive and the objective alike part of the character of the act—say a legislative measure—equally with the positive provisions thereof.

"To enlarge the functions of government." It may be asked, to enlarge them beyond what starting-point or line? in excess of what initial dimensions? Herein lies the main difficulty of the subject; hence arises the chief danger of misunderstanding between the writer and his reader; and it is probably to the lack of a standard measure adopted for the purpose of this discussion that we are to attribute, more than to any other cause, the vague and unsatisfactory character of the critical literature of Socialism. As you change your starting-point in this matter of the nature and extent of government function, the same act may, in turn, come to appear socialistic, conservative, or reactionary.

A person considering the direction and force of socialistic tendencies may take, to start from, any one of an indefinite number of successive lines; of which, however, the three following are alone worth indicating:

1st. He may take a certain maximum of government functions, to be fixed by the general consent of fairly conservative, not reactionary, publicists and statesmen, adopting, perhaps, the largest *quantum* which any two or three writers, reputed sound, would agree to concede as consistent with wholesome administration, with the full play and due encouragement of individual enterprise and self-reliance, and with the reasonable exercise of personal choices as to modes of life and modes of labor; and may identify any act or measure, proposed or accomplished, as socialistic if, under popular impulse, for a supposed public good, it transcends that line.

2d. He may take a certain minimum of government functions, which we may call the police powers.

* "I have never met with a clear definition, or even a precise description, of the term."—The Socialism of our Day, *Émile de Laveleye*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3d. He may draw his pen along the boundary of the powers of government as now existing and exercised, perhaps in his own country, perhaps in that foreign country which he regards as the proper subject of admiration and imitation in the respect under consideration.

There is a certain advantage, as some people would esteem it, in adopting the first or the third method of determining the initial line for the purposes of such a discussion. That advantage is found in the fact that the conservative writer, placing himself on the actual or on the theoretical maximum of government functions, can treat as a public enemy every person who proposes that this line shall be overpassed; and can employ the term socialistic, as one of rebuke, reproach, or contempt, according to his own temper. The line thus taken becomes the dividing line between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, making it easy to mark and to punish the slightest deviation.

On the other hand, he who takes as his initial line the minimum of government functions, which may, in severe strictness, be called the police powers, and regards all acts and measures enlarging the functions of government beyond this line as more or less socialistic, according as they transcend it by a longer or a shorter distance, under a stronger or a weaker impulse, cannot use that term as one of contumely or contempt, inasmuch as in every civilized country the functions of government have been pushed beyond the mere police powers.

For one, I prefer to take the line of the strict police powers of government as that from which to measure the force and direction of the socialistic movement, even if it is thereby rendered necessary to forego the great controversial advantage and the keen personal pleasure of hurling the word Socialist, in an opprobrious sense, at the head of anyone who would go farther in the extension of government functions than my own judgment would approve; nay, even if I shall thereby be put to the trouble of examining any proposed act or measure on the ground of its own merits, in view of the reasons adduced in its favor, and under the light of experience.

In this sense the advocacy of a socialistic act or measure will not necessarily characterize a Socialist. Socialism will mean, not one, but many things socialistic. Thus, for example, protection is socialistic. Yet the protectionist is not, as such, a Socialist. Most protectionists are not Socialists. Many protectionists are, in their general views, as antisocialistic as men can well be.

The Socialist, under this definition, would be the man who, in general, distrusts the effects of individual initiative and individual enterprise; who is easily convinced of the utility of an assumption, by the State, of functions which have hitherto been left to personal choices and personal aims; and who, in fact, supports and advocates many and large schemes of this character.

A man of whom all this could be said might, in strict justice, be termed a Socialist. The extreme Socialist is he who would make the State all in all, individual initiative and enterprise disappearing in that engrossing democracy of labor to which he aspires. In his view, the powers and rights of the State represent the sum of all the powers and all the rights of the individuals who compose it; and government becomes the organ of society in respect to all its interests and all its acts. So much for the Socialist.

Socialism, under our definition, would be a term properly to be applied (1) to the aggregate of many and large schemes of this nature, actually urged for present or early adoption; or (2) to a programme contemplated, at whatever distance, for the gradual replacement of private by public activity; or (3) to an observed movement or tendency, of a highly marked character, in the direction indicated.

Such would be the significance properly to be attributed to the terms Socialist and Socialism, consistently with the definition proposed to be given to the word socialistic—viz., that which causes goverment functions to transcend the line of the strictly police powers.

Even this line is not to be drawn with exactitude and assurance, though it is much more plain to view than either of the other two lines which, we said, might be taken for the purposes of the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

present discussion. The police powers embrace, of course, all that is necessary to keep people from picking each other's pockets and cutting each other's throats, including, alike, punitive and preventive measures. They embrace, also, the adjudication and collection of debts, inasmuch as, otherwise, men must be suffered to claim and seize their own, which would lead to incessant breaches of the peace. They embrace, also, the punishment of slander and libel, since, otherwise, individuals must be left to vindicate themselves by assault or homicide. Whether we will or no, we must also admit the war power among those necessarily inherent in government.

Is this all which is included in the police powers? There are several other functions, for the assumption of which by the State the preservation of life and liberty, the protection of property, and the prevention of crime are either cause or excuse.

Foremost among these is the care and maintenance of religious worship. It is not meant that, in all or most countries, the justification for the exercise of ghostly functions by the State is found in the utility of religious observances and services in repressing violence and crime. But in the countries farthest advanced politically, the notion that the ruler has any divine commission to direct or sustain religious services and observances is practically obsolete; and, so far as this function is still performed, it is covered by the plea which has been expressed. Eminently is this true of France, England, and the United States. Few publicists, in these countries, would presume to defend the foundation of a State religion, *de novo*, as in the interest of religion itself. So far as the maintenance of existing establishments is defended, it is upon the ground that violence, disorder, and crime are thereby diminished.

Take the United States, for instance, where the only survival of a State religion is found in the exemption of ecclesiastical property from taxation, equivalent to a subsidy of many millions annually. Here we find this policy defended on the ground that this constitutes one of the most effective means at the command of the State as conservator of the peace. It is claimed that the services of this agent are worth to government more than the taxes which the treasury might otherwise collect from the smaller number of churches and missions which would survive the assessment of the ordinary taxes; and that the remaining taxpayers really pay less, by reason of the reduction in violence and crime hereby effected.

Now, in so far as this plea is a genuine one, it removes the exemption of Church property from the class of socialistic measures. The prevention of violence and crime is the proper function of the State, according to the lowest view that can be taken of it; and if a certain amount of encouragement and assistance is extended to religious bodies and establishments, genuinely in this interest, no invasion of individual initiative and enterprise can properly be complained of.

Another and apparently a closely related instance of the extension of State functions is found in the promotion of popular education, either through the requirement of the attendance of pupils, or through provisions for the public support of schools, or through both these means.

Now, here we reach an instance of an impulse almost purely socialistic for the enlargement of the functions of the State. It is true that the plea of a service to government in the way of reducing violence and crime through the influence of the public schools, is often urged on this behalf; but I, for one, do not believe that this was the real consideration and motive which, in any instance, ever actually led to the establishment of the system of instruction under public authority, or which, in any land, supports public instruction now. Indeed, the immediate effects of popular instruction in reducing crime are even in dispute.

In all its stages this movement has been purely socialistic in character, springing out of a conviction that the State would be stronger, and the individual members of the State would be richer and happier and better, if power and discretion in this matter of the education of children were taken away from the family and lodged with the government.

Of course, it needs not to be said that this is a socialistic movement which de-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

serves the heartiest approval. Not the less is it essentially of that nature, differing from a hundred other proposed acts and measures, which we should all reject with more or less of fear or horror, solely by reason of its individual merits as a scheme for accomplishing good, through State action, in a field properly pertaining to individual initiative and enterprise.

There is another important extension of State functions, very marked in recent times, for which a non-socialistic excuse might be trumped up, but for which the real reason was purely and simply socialistic. This is the construction and maintenance of bridges and roads at the public expense for public uses. One might, if disposed to argue uncandidly, adduce the military services rendered by the great Roman roads; and, thereupon, might pretend to believe that a corresponding motive has led to the assumption of this function by the State in modern times. The fact is, that until within seventy, fifty, or thirty years the bridges and roads of England and America remained, to an enormous extent, within the domain of individual initiative and enterprise. Even when the State assumed the responsibility, it was a recognized principle that the cost of construction and repair should be repaid by the members of the community in the proportions in which they severally took advantage of this provision. The man who travelled much, paid much; the man who travelled little, paid little; the man who stayed at home, paid nothing.

The movement, beginning about seventy years ago, which has resulted in making free nearly all roads and bridges in the most progressive countries, was purely socialistic. It did not even seek to cover itself by claims that it would serve the police powers of the State. It was boldly and frankly admitted that the change from private to public management and maintenance was to be at the general expense for the general good.

Is there any other function arrogated by the State which may be claimed to be covered by the strict police powers? I think that the repression of obtrusive immorality—that is, immorality of a gross nature which obtrudes itself upon the unwilling—may reasonably be classed as coming within the minimum of government function. Sights and sounds may constitute an assault as well as blows; and it falls fairly within the right and duty of the State to protect the citizens from offences of this nature.

Have we now exhausted the catalogue of things which may be claimed to be covered by the police powers of the State? I answer, No. One of the most important remains; yet one of the last—indeed, the very latest—to be recognized as possibly belonging to the State under any theory of government. I refer to what is embraced under the term sanitary inspection and regulation.

That it was not earlier recognized as the duty of the State to protect the common air and the common water from pollution and poisoning was due, not to any logical difficulty or to any troublesome theory regarding governmental action, but solely to the fact that the chemistry of common life and the causation of zymotic diseases were of such late discovery. We now know that there is a far heavier assault than can be made with a bludgeon; and that men may, in the broad daylight, deal each other typhus, diphtheria, or small-pox more murderously than ever a bravo dealt blows with a dagger under cover of darkness. Yet, so much more are men moved by tradition than by reason that we find intelligent citizens who have swallowed the exemption of five hundred millions of Church property from taxation, on the ground that a certain *quantum* of preaching will prevent a certain *quantum* of crime, have very serious doubts about the propriety of inspecting premises which can be smelled for half a mile, and whence death may be flowing four ways, as Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates parted from Eden and "became into four heads."

I do not mean to say that I should hesitate to approve of sanitary inspection and regulation, carried to their extremes, if they were as socialistic as anything ever dreamed of by Marx or Lasalle. For such good as I see coming from this source, in the reduction of vicious instincts and appe-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tites, in the purification of the blood of the race, in the elimination of disease, I would, were it needful, join one of Fourier's "phalanxes," go to the barricades with Louis Blanc, or be sworn into a nihilistic circle. But in correct theory it is not necessary for the strictest adherent of the doctrine of limited powers to desert his principles in this matter. The protection of the common air and the common water comes within the police powers of the States by no forced construction, by no doubtful analogy.

Is there any important function remaining which may properly be classed among the purely police powers? I think not. Does someone say, You have not mentioned the care and support of the helpless poor? The experience of the Romans, and even the condition of the law of almost all countries of Europe in modern times, proves that this is not one of the necessary functions of a well-ordered State.

Is it said that Christian morality will not permit that the helpless poor shall suffer or, perhaps, starve? Whenever the State shall undertake to do all or any very considerable part of what Christian morality requires, it will become very socialistic indeed.

Having now beaten the bounds of the police powers, and having decided that all extension of government activity beyond those bounds is to be held and deemed socialistic, it is proposed to offer certain distinctions which appear important.

And, first, a measure is not necessarily of a strong socialistic savor merely because it implies a large, perhaps a vast, extension of the actual work of the State. Take, for example, the English Government's acquisition of the telegraph lines, and its performance of the work connected therewith. This was not done under a socialistic impulse. In England the telegraph service has always been closely affiliated in the public mind with the postal service; and, consequently, when the former had come to be of sufficiently wide and general use to make it worth while for the State to assume the charge, it was done in the most matter-of-fact way. It was no more socialistic than the addition of a few thousands of new post-offices to the existing number would have been.

On the other hand, the assumption of a new service by the State is not relieved from the charge of being socialistic, even grossly socialistic, by the fact that such a service is closely analogous to some other which all citizens have long agreed to place in the hands of government. Take, for example, the matter of "free ferries," which has been mooted in Boston and in New York, and doubtless elsewhere. This proposition has always been greeted by conservative men of all parties as highly and dangerously socialistic; and yet the analogy between free ferries and bridges free from toll is very strong. A ferry-boat is little other than a section of a bridge, cut away from moorings, and propelled backward and forward by steam; and it may conceivably cost less and create less disturbance to navigation to use the latter than the former means. For instance, it might cost two millions of dollars to throw an adequate bridge from Boston to East Boston, for the transit of passengers and freight. But suppose the point is raised that the bridge will interfere continually with the use of the harbor, to an extent involving immense losses to trade, and that the amount proposed to be expended upon the bridge would pay for the construction and operation of a line of ferry-boats. Is not the analogy close? And yet I agree with the objectors in this case, that the establishment of free ferries would be a long and dangerous step toward Socialism.

Even where the new function appears to be only the logical carrying out and legitimate consequence of another function well approved, there may be a step toward Socialism involved in such an extension of the State's activity and responsibility.

In illustration, I might mention the matter of free text-books in our public schools. Public provision for gratuitous elementary education, although manifestly socialistic within our meaning of that term, has come to be fully accepted by nearly all citizens as right and desirable. In discharging this duty, the State, at immense expense, builds and furnishes school-houses, employs teachers and superintendents, buys supplies,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and gives each boy or girl the use of a desk. Yet the proposition to make the use of text-books free, has met with violent opposition; has been defeated at many points; and wherever it has been carried, is still regarded by many judicious persons as a very dangerous innovation. Yet, as has been shown, this measure seems to be but the logical carrying out and legitimate consequence of a function already assumed by practically unanimous consent.

Still another distinction has become necessary of recent years, and that is between the assumption by the State of functions which would otherwise be performed wholly or mainly by individuals and those which would otherwise be performed wholly or mainly by corporations. We shall have occasion hereafter to speak of the relation of the State to the corporation.

One further distinction it may be well to suggest—viz., that the vast importance, even the absolutely vital necessity, of a service, whether to the community at large or to the subsisting form of government, does not, by itself, constitute a reason for the performance of that function by the State. Let me illustrate. In his address, as President of the Association for the Advancement of Science, at Aberdeen, in 1859, Prince Albert said: "The State should recognize in science one of the elements of its strength and prosperity, to foster which the clearest dictates of self-interest demand." Last year, Sir Lyon Playfair, in his address as President of the Association, quotes these words, and enforces the same thought. Yet it does not follow from the importance of science to the State, that science should be directly fostered or supported by government. It might conceivably be that science would do its work for the State better if the State itself did nothing for science, just as many persons who hold that religion is essential not only to the peace and happiness of communities but even to the existence of well-ordered governments, yet hold that the State can do nothing so beneficial to religion as to let it completely and severely alone.

Still another class of considerations must be borne in mind in measuring the extent of the socialistic advance involved in any given extension of the functions of government. These are considerations which arise out of the peculiar genius of a people, politically, socially, industrially. A certain act, or measure, which would be a monstrous invasion of personal liberty and individual activity in one country, would be the merest matter of course in another. The natural aptitudes, the prevailing sentiments, the institutions, great and small, the political and economic history of a nation, have all to be taken into account in deciding how far an extension of the powers of government in a given direction indicates socialistic progress.

Yet, while this is true, there will be observed some very strange contradictions in the adoption, in certain countries, of principles of legislation and administration which cross, in an unaccountable way, the general spirit of their people.

Thus England, whose population is decidedly the most strongly anti-socialistic in the world, was for hundreds of years the only country in Europe in which was formally acknowledged the right, the complete legal right, of any and every man to be supported by the State, if he could not, or did not, find the means of his own subsistence.

From the foregoing definition and distinctions let us proceed briefly to characterize certain measures of a socialistic nature proposed or advocated by men who are not Socialists; who neither avow nor would admit themselves to be such; who, accepting, on the whole, the sufficiency of individual initiative and enterprise to achieve the good of society, have yet their scheme, or budget of schemes, for the general welfare, which would operate by restricting personal liberty and by substituting public for private activity. Time would not serve to canvass the merits or defects of these schemes as measures for accomplishing certain specific social objects. We can only dwell upon each, in turn, long enough to indicate its individual character as more or less socialistic.

1st. The most familiar of schemes for promoting the general welfare, by diminishing the scope of individual initia-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tive and enterprise, is that known by the name of Protection to local or, as it is in any locality called, native industry.

Protectionism is nothing if not socialistic. It proposes, in the public interest, to modify the natural course of trade and production, and to do this by depriving the citizen of his privilege of buying in the cheapest market. Yet the protectionist is not, therefore, to be called a Socialist, since the Socialist would not only have the State determine what shall be produced, but he would have the State itself undertake the work of production. It is not my purpose to discuss protection as a scheme for accomplishing its professed object. Indeed, I should have had occasion to bestow upon it but a single word, merely to characterize it as a socialistic measure, were it not for the conviction that the forces of the age are tending strongly in this direction. In my judgment we are on the eve of a great protectionist agitation.

And the demand for the so-called protection of native industry is to be a popular one in a degree never before known. In England the restrictive system of the earlier period had been imposed by privileged classes, and was broken down by a truly popular uprising. In the United States the history of the restrictive system has been different. My esteemed friend, Professor Sumner, took the platform, three years ago, with the avowed purpose of attacking protectionism, no longer as inexpedient, but as immoral; and he proceeded, with a vigor which no other writer or speaker on applied economics in this country has at command, to stigmatize the forces which have initiated and directed our tariff legislation as all selfish and false and bad. Now, I can't go with Professor Sumner in this. Fully recognizing that our successive tariffs have largely been shaped by class or sectional interests, with, at times, an obtrusion of mean motives which were simply disgusting, as in 1828, I am yet constrained to believe that the main force which has impelled Congress to tariff legislation has been a sincere, if mistaken, conviction that the general good would thereby be promoted. Yet, after all, it has been the employing, not the laboring, class which has conducted the legislation, maintained the correspondence, set up the newspapers, paid the lobby, in the tariff contests of the past.

The peculiarity of the new movement is that it is to owe its initiative and its main impulse to the laboring class.

What strikes me as most important, with regard to the future, is the consideration that, while protectionism is to become a dogma and a fighting demand of the out-and-out Socialists everywhere, it would be in a consummated system of protection that the rampant, aggressive, and destructive Socialism, which is such an object of terror to many minds, would find an insurmountable barrier. Socialism can never be all we dread unless it become international; but the consummation of protectionism is the destruction of internationalism.

2d. Another threatened invasion of the field of industrial initiative and enterprise is through laws affecting labor, additional to the body of factory legislation now generally accepted.

There is not a feature in the existing body of factory legislation in England which owes its introduction to political forces set in motion by mill and factory operatives. Even in the United States, except solely in the instance of that piece of wretched demagogism known as the Eight Hour Law, passed by Congress without any intention that it should be enforced, our labor legislation has not, in general, been due to the efforts of the operative classes as such, but to the general conviction of the public mind that so much, at least, was fair and just and wise. The labor legislation now impending is not intended to abide the decision of an impartial jury. It is asserted, by those who claim especially to represent the interests of labor, that their class are about to undertake to carry, by sheer weight of numbers, measures to few of which could they hope to obtain the assent of the disinterested portion of the community.

Surely we have here a very grave situation. It may be that the power of wealth and trained intellect, superior dialectical ability, the force of political and parliamentary tactics, with the conservative influence of the agricultural interest, would, in any case, defeat leg-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

islation hostile to the so-called interests of capital. Doubtless, too, we of the class who are disposed to maintain the status underrate the moderation, self-control, and fairness likely to be exercised by the body of laborers. Yet it is not easy to rid one's self of the apprehension that this new species of socialistic legislation will be carried so far, at least under the first enthusiasm of newly acquired power, as seriously to cripple the industrial system. He must be a confirmed pessimist who doubts that, sooner or later, after however much of misadventure and disaster, a *modus vivendi* will be established, which will allow the employing class to reassume and reassert something like their pristine authority over production—unless, indeed, this harassment of the employer is to be used as a means of bringing in the *régime* of co-operation, so ardently desired by many economists and philanthropists as the ideal industrial system.

If this is to be so, there will not be lacking a flavor of poetic justice, so far as the American manufacturer is concerned.

The advocate of co-operation, appealing to the admittedly vast advantages which would attend the successful establishment of the scheme of industrial partnership, might say that thus far co-operative enterprises have not succeeded because, with small means, they have had their experiments to make; their men to test and to train; their system to create. Let us, he would continue, handicap the long-established, highly organized, well-officered, rich, and powerful *entrepreneur* system, so that vast bodies of goods, made with the highest advantages from wealth, capital, and organization, may not be poured out upon the market in floods, to sweep away the feeble structures of newly undertaken co-operative enterprises. Let the community consent, for the general good, to pay a somewhat higher price, as the consideration for the establishment of a system which will, in the result, not only secure a larger creation of wealth, but will settle the questions of distribution, promote good citizenship, and forever banish the spectre of Socialism from the world!

3d. Other measures of a socialistic nature, strongly urged at the present time, have in view the control by government of the ways and agencies of transportation and communication. All over Europe the telegraph service has been assumed by the State; and, to a large extent, the railroads also have come under government ownership or management. In some degree this has been due to the suggestions and promptings of military ambition, but in a larger degree, probably, it expresses the conviction that all railroad service "tends to monopoly;" and that, therefore, alike fiscal and military reasons and the general interest unite in dictating that the monopolist shall be the State.

On the continent of Europe the State's acquisition of these agencies of transport, so far as it has gone, has not been due to popular impulse; the management of the roads so acquired has suited well the bureaucratic form of government, while the thoroughness and efficiency of the civil service has, in the main, secured good administration.

Here or in England, on the other hand, such an extension of the powers of the State would have a very different significance, a significance most portentous and threatening; while even the regulation of railroad management, except through the establishment of effective and summary tribunals for the correction of manifest and almost uncontested abuses, would, according to my individual judgment, be highly prejudicial, and even pernicious, upon anything resembling our present political system.

4th. Still another suggested enlargement of public activity is in the direction of exercising an especial oversight and control over Industrial Corporations, as such.

The economic character of the industrial corporation very much needs analysis and elucidation. A work on this subject is a desideratum in political economy. So little has the economic character of this agent been dwelt upon, that we find reviews and journals of pretension, and professional economists in college chairs, speaking of legislation in regulation of such bodies as in violation of the principle of Laissez Faire. But the very institution of the industrial

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

corporation is for the purpose of avoiding that primary condition upon which, alone, true and effective competition can exist.

Perfect competition, in the sense of the economist, assumes that every person, in his place in the industrial order, acts by himself, for himself, alone; that whatever he does is done on his own instance, for his own interest. Combination, concert, cohesion, act directly in contravention of competition.

Now, combination will enter, more or less, to affect the actions of men in respect to wealth. But such combinations are always subject to dissolution, by reason of antagonisms developed, suspicions aroused, separate interests appearing; and the expectation of such dissolution attaches to them from their formation. The cohesion excited, as between the particles of the economic mass which the theory of competition assumes to be absolutely free from affiliations and attractions, is certain to be shifting and transitory. The corporation, on the other hand, implies the imposition of a common rule upon a mass of capital which would otherwise be in many hands, subject to the impulses of individual owners. But it is because the hand into which these masses of capital are gathered is a *dead hand* that the deepest injury is wrought to competition.

The greatest fact in regard to human effort and enterprise is the constant imminence of disability and death. So great is the importance of this condition, that it goes far to bring all men to a level in their actions as industrial agents. The man of immense wealth has no such superiority over the man of moderate fortune as would be indicated by the proportion of their respective possessions. To these unequals is to be added one vast common sum, which mightily reduces the ratio of that inequality. The railroad magnate, master of a hundred millions, leaning forward in his eagerness to complete some new combination, falls without a sign, without a groan; his work forever incomplete; his schemes rudely broken; and at once the fountain of his great fortune parts into many heads, and his gathered wealth flows away in numerous streams. No man can buy with money, or obtain for love, the assurance of one hour's persistence in his chosen work, in his dearest purpose. Here enters the State and creates an artificial person, whose powers do not decay with years; whose hand never shakes with palsy, never grows senseless and still in death; whose estate is never to be distributed; whose plans can be pursued through successive generations of mortal men.

I do not say that the services which corporations render do not afford an ample justification for this invasion of the field of private activity. I am far from saying that, whatever injuries one might be disposed to attribute to the unequal competition between natural and artificial persons, thus engendered, the evil would be cured by State regulation and control. Government will never accomplish more than a part of the good it intends; and it will always, by its intervention, do a mischief which it does not intend. My sole object is to point out how deeply the industrial corporation violates the principle of competition, and how absurd it is to claim for it the protection of Laissez Faire!

5th. Another direction in which progress toward Socialism has been made, of late years, is in respect to the housing of the poor. In the first instance, and this was but a few years ago, the measures proposed to this end were covered by a plea which veiled its socialistic character. Here, it was said, is a railway entering a city. By authority of law it blazes its way over the ruins of hundreds or thousands of workingmen's houses. At least let the government repair the wrong it has done! Let it put the working-men where they were before this exertion of authority. In like manner parks are created for the public good, narrow streets are widened into magnificent boulevards, always through the destruction of hundreds of humble homes. In like manner, again, the State, in a proper care for the life or health of its citizens, condemns certain dwellings as unsanitary, and orders them torn down. But what of the men, the women, and the children, who, with their scanty furniture and ragged bundles, crouch homeless on the sidewalk as the officers of the law do their work?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the demand for the exertion of the powers and resources of the State in the housing of the poor, has not stopped upon this initial line. The views of many persons of high intelligence, in no way Socialists, have advanced, during a few years of discussion, to the conviction that the State has a large and positive part to perform in respect to the habitation of its citizens. It is not in contemplation that the State shall build all the houses in the land; nor, on the other hand, is provision for the pauper class at all in view. What is intended is that the State shall set the standard for the minimum of house accommodation which is consistent with health and decency; building houses enough to provide, in the simplest and cheapest manner, for all who cannot do better for themselves elsewhere; and thereafter to wage relentless war on all "shanties," "rookeries," and "beehives" used for human habitation; to pull down all that stand, and to prevent the erection of any resembling them in the future.

Of course, the virtue of this scheme, from the point of view of anyone, however favorably disposed, who is not a professed Socialist, would depend on the simplicity and sincerity with which the principle of the minimum of accommodation was adhered to. The moment the State began building houses for anyone above the poorest of self-supporting workmen, it would not only double and quadruple the certain cost and the liability to evil consequences, but it would be taking a monstrous step toward Socialism. In undertaking such a scheme a State would, in effect, say, there is a class of our citizens who are just on the verge of self-support. The members of this class are, in the matter of house accommodation, almost absolutely helpless; they must take what they can find; they cannot build their own houses; they cannot go out in the country to make their home—that is reserved for the fortunate of their class; they cannot protest effectually against foul and dangerous conditions. Nay, the miserable liability is, that they should, after being crowded down into the mire of life, become indifferent to such conditions themselves, ready, perhaps, to join the mob that pelts the health officer on his rounds.

In regard to this class the State may proceed to say that neither Christian charity nor the public interest will tolerate the continuance of the utterly hideous and loathsome condition of things which disfigures the face of civilization. The rookeries shall be pulled down, the slums shall be cleaned out, once and forever. For the pauper there shall be a cot in the wards of the workhouse, with confinement for all, separation of sexes, and compulsory labor for the able-bodied. For every man who is trying to earn his living there shall be an apartment at a very low rent, graded to correspond with the lowest of private rents, in buildings owned by the State, or built and used under State inspection and control. Lower than this the man shall not go, until he passes into the wards of the workhouse. He may do what he pleases in respect to his clothes, his food, his drink; but in this matter of habitation he shall live up to the standard set by the State. He shall not make the home of his family a hot-bed for scarlet fever and diphtheria; he shall not, even if he likes it, live in quarters where cleanliness and decency would be impossible.

Regarding this scheme I have only to say, that if we are not disposed to look favorably on a proposition that the State should undertake an enterprise so new and large and foreign to our political habits (and I sincerely trust no American would be disposed to favor it), let us not shelter ourselves behind the miserable mockery of the Economic Harmonies, as applied to the very poor of our large cities. To assert a community of interest between the proprietor of a rookery, reeking with every species of foulness, and the hundreds of wretched human animals, who curl themselves up to sleep in its dark corners, amid its foul odors, is to utter a falsehood so ghastly, at once, and so grotesque, as to demand both indignation and ridicule.

6th. The last of the socialistic measures to which I shall advert is the proposal for the Nationalization of the Land.

Now, I think I hear one-half my readers exclaim, "The nationalization of the land! Surely, that is Communism, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communism of the rankest sort, and not Socialism at all!" while the other half say, "Socialistic indeed! Well, if the man who advocates the nationalization of the land is not to be called a Socialist out and out, whom shall we call Socialists?" To these imagined expressions of dissent I reply, that the project for the nationalization of the land, as explained by John Stuart Mill, for example, has not the faintest trace of a communistic savor; and secondly, while it is highly socialistic, the man who advocates it is not for that reason alone to be classed as a Socialist, since he may be one who, in all other respects, holds fully and strongly to individual initiative enterprise in industry. He might, conceivably, be so strenuous an advocate of Laissez Faire* as to oppose factory acts, public education, special immunities and privileges to savings banks, or even free roads and bridges, as too socialistic for his taste.

There is a substantially unanimous consent among all publicists,† that property in land stands upon a very different basis from property in the products of labor.

Nothing has ever been adduced to break the force of Mr. Mill's demonstration that a continually increasing value, in any progressive State, is given to the land through the exertions and sacrifices of the community as a whole.

If private property in land has been created and has been freed from the obligation to contribute that unearned increment to the treasury, this has been done solely as a matter of political and economic expediency. The man who proposes that, with due compensation for existing rights, all future enhancement of the value of land, not due to distinct applications of labor and capital in its improvement, shall go to the State, by such fiscal means as may be deemed most advantageous to all concerned, is not to be called a Communist. He only claims that the community as a whole shall possess and enjoy that which the community as a whole has undeniably created. The Communist is a man who claims that the community shall possess and enjoy that which individuals have created.

So far as England and the United States are concerned, the project for the nationalization of the land, notwithstanding the tremendous uproar it has created, especially in the former country, does not appear to me in any high degree formidable. Doubtless in England, where an aristocratic holding of the land prevails, this agitation will induce serious efforts to create a peasant proprietorship. It is, also, not improbable that the discussion regarding the tenure of the soil will lead to additional burdens being imposed upon real-estate. Yet the advantages attending private ownership, notwithstanding the admitted fact that the system sacrifices, in its very beginning, the equities of the subject matter, are so manifest, so conspicuous, so vast, that there seems little danger that the schemes of Messrs. Mill, Wallace, and George will ever come to prevail over the plain, frank, blunt commonsense of the English race.

The important question remains, In what spirit shall we receive and consider propositions for the further extension of the State's activity?

Shall we antagonize them from the start, as a matter of course, using the term socialistic freely as an objurgatory epithet, and refusing to entertain consideration of the special reasons of any case?

When we consider what immense advantages have, in some cases, resulted from measures purely socialistic, are we altogether prepared to take a position of irreconcilable and undistinguishing hostility to every future extension of the State's activity? May we not believe that there is a leadership, by the State, in certain activities, which does not paralyze private effort; which does not tend to go from less to more; but which, in the large, the long, result, stimulates individual action, brings out energies which would otherwise remain dormant, sets a higher standard of per-

* The name of Mr. Henry George appears on the lists of the New York Free Trade Club.

† "Sustained by some of the greatest names—I may say, by every name of the first rank in political economy, from Turgot and Adam Smith to Mill—I hold that the land of a country presents conditions which separate it economically from the great mass of the other objects of wealth—conditions which, if they do not absolutely, and under all circumstances, impose upon the State the obligation of controlling private enterprise in dealing with land, at least explain why this control is, in certain stages of social progress, indispensable, and why, in fact, it has been constantly put in force whenever public opinion or custom has not been strong enough to do without it."—*Professor John E. Cairnes.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formance, and introduces new and stronger motives to social and industrial progress?

For myself, I will only say, in general, that while I repudiate the assumption of the Economic Harmonies which underlies the doctrine of Laissez Faire, and while I look with confidence to the State to perform certain important functions in economics, I believe that every proposition for enlarging the powers and increasing the duties of the State should be long and closely scrutinized; that a heavy burden of proof should be thrown upon the advocates of every such scheme; and that for no slight, or transient, or doubtful object should the field of industrial activity be trenched upon in its remotest corner. There is something in the very name of liberty to which the heart of man responds; freedom itself thus becomes, in a certain sense, a force, and those who thoroughly believe in individual initiative and enterprise are the best and safest judges of the degree to which restraint may, on account of the imperfections of human society and the hardness of men's hearts, require, in any given time and place, to be imposed upon the choices and actions of citizens.

That enlarging the powers of government at any point where, after due deliberation, it abundantly appears that, in spite of the reasonable preference for preserving individual activity, a large practical gain to the order of society and the happiness of its constituent members will, in the long result, accrue from the interposition of the State; that dealing thus with projects of social and economic reform will, as so many seem to fear, only arouse in the mass of the people a passion for further and further encroachments, and push society more and more rapidly on toward an all-engrossing Socialism—I do not believe. It is the plea of despots that they cannot remit impositions, redress wrongs, or promote reforms, without awakening dangerous aspirations in their subjects and provoking them to ever-increasing demands.

To no such slavish dread of doing right are free nations subjected. It is the glorious privilege of governments of the people, by the people, for the people, that they derive only strength and added stability from every act honestly and prudently conceived to promote the public welfare. In such a State every real and serious cause of complaint which is removed becomes a fresh occasion for loyalty, gratitude, and devotion.

THE NEW YEAR.

By Maybury Fleming.

Ashes of oak—Are there no more trees?
What if the Yule-log whiten and die—
Blaze and redden and die—what then?
Are there no more trees?

Fallen from pride and gray with fire,
Slain by it, never to glow again—
But life is more than ashes and night;
In it lies new fire.

No trees left? Let the old year go,
And the old years go, with their bloom and blight;
Sated with joy and drunk with pain,
Let the old year go.

Ended at last—and to come, more trees,
Leaf and pleasure and—ay, and grief.
Over dead ashes light new fire—
Are there no more trees?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A VIOLIN OBLIGATO.

By Margaret Crosby.

Go down some spring afternoon to Washington Square. Sit on one of the benches, and after a half-hour, if you have not known it long ago, you will be convinced that you are in the only dignified spot in New York—the only place that seems to have the sanctity of age, the stateliness of permanency. The ample, red-brick houses, with their white doors, are ranged on the north side; at the east is the cool grayness of the University Building. In spite of its modern date, it looks mellow and weather-stained; at the spring season of which I speak an atmosphere of youthful green and freshness permeates the whole square, and seems by contrast to point its air of picturesque age.

The neighborhood below the square keeps the last-mentioned charm, but effectually loses all claim to freshness and dignity. A jumble of nationalities infest the shabby old houses that have known, unlike their occupants, better days. From the window of a room that I occupied—at a period which I may term my decadence—I had a full view of a row of these desecrated buildings. Red brick, three stories high, sometimes with the addition of a slanting roof and dormer windows; the upper windows with battered shutters, and dirty scraps of curtain fluttering disconsolately when a whiff of spring breeze loitered down the street. Usually a squalid man or woman lounged in these windows, in an immemorial attitude—an elbow on the sill, and the chin resting in the palm of one hand, looking out with careless stolidity. The lower floors were usually turned into third-rate restaurants or saloons, with brilliant signs above the windows in various languages. Opposite my lodgings was a little eating-house whose legend, emblazoned above the door, captivated my fancy—"*Ladies and Gents Chop Palace.*"

The host of the Chop Palace was one Pierre Lepont, a stout Frenchman, who had inherited his restaurant and its sign from an American predecessor. He was the ideal of a *bon bourgeois*. I never looked at his broad, sallow face, radiating good humor, his well-balanced head, the curving, material sweetness of his lips, that I did not instantly become reconciled to life under its existing conditions. The impossible ceased to tantalize me; and the actual, no longer intolerable from its limitations, lay around me full of good, if I would but stretch out my hand and grasp it.

Next to this row of houses was an alley, whose dirt and poverty was to that of the street as a thousand is to one. By leaning out of my window I could catch a glimpse of the square—calmly beautiful and well ordered; sometimes irritating me by its contrast to my surroundings; sometimes consoling me with the thought that, at a moment's notice, I could escape to it. My lodging-house only boasted two stories; my landlady, a widow named Ellis, kept a flourishing bakery on the first floor, and lived in two rooms behind her shop. I occupied the front room up-stairs, and Pinsing, an old violinist, the back room. Pinsing was between fifty and sixty, tall, thin, and gray-haired, with a visionary, childlike look in his eyes. Sitting in my room, at my easel, I experienced a confusion of sensations. There arose from below whiffs of baking pastry and cake, and occasionally my landlady passed my door. I traced a vague analogy between her glossy brown hair and pink cheeks and the chocolate and strawberry iced cakes which graced her shop-window. All this suggested a sort of Mohammedan's paradise of houris and delicious eatables. From the adjoining room came the sound of Pinsing's violin, alloying the paradise with a musical *Inferno*. Between these two influences I found it hard to preserve an artistic equilibrium.

I dignify Pinsing with the name of violinist, but the fact that he possessed a violin and continually played upon it was his only claim to this title. I found that he was first violin in a small orches-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tra of dubious quality. He practised all day, and disappeared in the evening. The scene of his labors was an obscure Bowery theatre. Each night he crept off on his pilgrimage, carrying his violin, which was tenderly shrouded in green baize and coffined in a little black casket. It was curious to me that such an amount of ardent labor should not produce a more harmonious result. His playing had all the most trying qualities of the violin when badly played. His tone was piercing and scraping, and at the same time tremulously weak. He used to practise the most intricate exercises for hours, and then apparently regale himself with some lofty composition. There was a Beethoven *concerto* that he labored through with futile incapacity. Still, the mere sound of those notes in such a place, and in such surroundings, drew me to him with passionate sympathy.

"Who aims a star
Shoots higher far than he that aims a tree."

His efforts were like my own in trying to make my little flower of art bloom in that harsh, unfruitful soil.

From motives of economy and convenience I took my meals at "Pierre's," by which familiar term the Chop Palace was usually indicated. My intimacy with Pinsing, begun by civil greetings in the passage between our rooms, was cemented at the restaurant. He also dined there, and we fell into the habit of sitting at the same table; across the somewhat dusky square of table-cloth that divided us we exchanged confidences. It is not necessary to specify mine. His had all the tragi-comedy of mistaken effort. Music in itself—music and its world, where only its priests serve at its high altar—was the mirage that had led him on. As a boy in a New England village, he fed his passion on such poor food as it could find—some stray books of sacred music, the family melodeon, and a broken fiddle. A few years later, when he had pushed his way to Boston, and worked in a warehouse on one of the wharves, the longing for a musical education consumed him. His position was a kind of slavery. He had chanced upon a battered copy of Consuelo; the title-page was torn off, and in the most thrilling passages whole pages were gone. In his ignorance it read to him like inspired history. The story of Haydn seemed a divine message. Like him, he would go to Italy, and seek a Porpora, and brush his boots and mend his clothes for the privilege of sitting at his feet and learning of him. In a fit of desperation he made his way, as a stowaway on an outgoing steamer, through unheard-of miseries, as far as England; but he never reached the promised land. One bright spot shone in the dark picture of his struggle for life in England. He found, at length, not a Porpora, but the kindly organist of a church in Liverpool. From him he gained what knowledge of music he possessed. When the organist left his post in Liverpool for another city, he gave Pinsing two things which fixed his destiny with a fatal certainty—his violin and an original autograph of Beethoven. The first reigned in his heart—his goddess, his love; the second was the embodiment of his deity. He looked at it, and approached it, with awe.

After our acquaintance had progressed for some time, he invited me to his dingy room, and showed me his treasure. He had bought a good photograph of Beethoven, and pasted beneath it the precious autograph. The whole was framed carefully, and covered with glass. He dilated with an almost crazy enthusiasm when he spoke of the autograph.

"The first time I touched that writing with my hand," he said, "I felt as though the master's hand clasped mine. I felt then as though I could interpret him rightly. I live for this—to stand between him and the world, that it may know him through me."

His hope and enthusiasm were so undying that he did not realize that life had slipped noiselessly by and found him, nearing sixty, no nearer the fulfilment of his hopes than he had been as a boy.

Below these heights on which he dreamed he played an unconscious part in a little comedy, which went on as if for my benefit. Mrs. Ellis, our landlady, was a simple soul without coquetry, despite her good looks and widowhood of five

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years' standing. Between her and Pierre of the Palace existed a friendly intercourse, the tokens of which I used to watch from my window. Pierre supplied her with hot chops and beefsteak, and found it equally convenient when he was short of pastry to run over to the bakery, where Mrs. Ellis smilingly furnished him with all that he needed. Pierre's attitude toward her was one of evident courtship, which she received with what was either unconsciousness or indifference. My sense of the fitness of things made me feel that they should be united. As I sat in my room painting, I used to hear their conversation across the counter. Pierre, in his white apron, would cross the street, and his sonorous, even tones and Mrs. Ellis's hearty laugh floated up to me. With Pierre she was at ease, but Pinsing impressed her profoundly. She regarded his spare form, his iron-gray hair, and air of abstraction with evident admiration. Even what Pierre spoke of pityingly as his "thread-naked coat" failed to detract from the respect she paid him. She sometimes appeared in the hall when he was playing, and leaned against the open door of his room—one plump hand resting on her hip, her handsome head bent forward in genuine attention. When he perceived her, Pinsing would rise and offer her a chair with punctilious civility, and then go on playing, forgetting her presence in five minutes.

When we repaired to the restaurant, Pierre showed his jealousy at this preference in an openly childlike manner. When Pinsing gave an order he affected not to hear. If it were repeated, he moved away with an absurd flounce and pout, and called to his colleague, an oily, active little Frenchman:

"Jules, *servez monsieur!*"

The scornful emphasis on these words contained all the contempt which he felt. Sometimes the climax was capped by the gratuitous appearance of Mrs. Ellis's handmaid, a white, dejected little girl of twelve, with what she called a "grape-jell patty" for Mr. Pinsing's dessert. On such occasions Pierre usually doffed his apron and left the restaurant, not to return until our short meal was over. All this went on under Pinsing's feet, as it were; his head was in the clouds, and he took no cognizance of what happened upon earth. On mild afternoons we went to the square, and sitting there, talked idly beneath the light shadows of the early foliage. It was on such occasions that Pinsing became eloquent.

"I am a fatalist," he used to say; "my life has proved to me that all is decided by fate. It was my fate to be a musician; everything was against it. By myself I could and can do nothing. Again and again my destiny has been decided without my volition. When I was despairing in Liverpool, there came a musician who helped me in a way beyond all that I had dreamed. When he left me he gave me my violin and my sacred relic. Then, when I most needed it the spirit of the master musician filled me. I have lived for music. For that I have given up everything—the love of woman, the love of home. When my musical destiny is accomplished, as I feel it will be soon, all that will come. In time it will come."

I looked at his haggard face and gray hair. "In time!" I thought. "Make haste, Pinsing!"

He heartily despised the flimsy waltzes and comic songs that he was obliged to play every evening, and confessed that he became so weary of them as to fall asleep in his chair in the orchestra. One evening I went with him to the theatre where he was employed. It was a shabby place, and I stood in the dusky flies and watched the preparations for the performance.

Before Pinsing took his place in the orchestra the manager spoke to him sharply: "Look here now, Pinsing!" he said. "Don't let your wits go woolgathering, as they did last night, or you'll go out of this double-quick."

The awkward eagerness with which Pinsing promised attention had something pathetic in it.

When the play began, at Pinsing's suggestion, I took a seat in the gallery and watched the performance of a roaring farce.

Between the acts I watched Pinsing. He sat in the orchestra with an abstracted expression, playing mechanically. During the last act, what with heat and the noisy dulness of the farce I lost my

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

interest in it and fell into a reverie. I was only aroused by a tap on my shoulder. I turned and saw Pinsing standing beside me; his face was flushed with excitement. The people about me were leaving their seats, and I realized that the play was over.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Come with me," he answered. He hurried me out of the building, and told me in a few words that he had been dismissed, owing to lack of interest and inattention to his duties. The manager had decided to fill his place with someone else. He seemed rather elated than otherwise at the loss of his position, and talked of his freedom and the leisure which he could now devote to his art. After this he played furiously, not only all day, but in the evening also. About this time he gave up dining at the Palace. When I asked him the reason, he answered evasively that he had found a place where the cooking suited him better. I noticed that his gait became more feeble and his form more bent, and I began to have a painful suspicion that as his purse became lower he starved in proportion. I followed him one day as he shuffled off to his dinner, and came up to him after a few blocks, where he stood before a cake-stand eating a sandwich. He started when he saw me and tried to hide it behind his back, pretending to examine a glaring handbill on a wall near by. I humored the poor fellow's ruse.

"Why, Pinsing," I said, "I have been looking for you. Come and dine with me. I haven't half the appetite I had when you sat opposite to me."

He accepted half unwillingly, but I could not persuade him to come again.

Mrs. Ellis looked at me so earnestly one day, as I passed through the shop on my way out, that I stopped and asked her if she had spoken.

She blushed slightly. "Oh, no sir!" she said. Then she added, "Mr. Pinsing"—she paused.

"Yes," I said, encouragingly.

"He looks sick."

"Yes, he does, Mrs. Ellis."

"Can't *I* do anything?" She laid the slightest emphasis on the pronoun.

"Try," I suggested, still more encouragingly.

I do not know what her efforts were, but they were not successful in improving our friend's appearance. He became perceptibly more haggard. Once, when I attempted to hint gently that it would be well for him to find some employment, he waved me aside grandly, saying: "Do not distress yourself. I have some views for the future that preclude the necessity for any such arrangement." All this time he looked curiously happy. His devotion to his violin was intensified; I caught glimpses of his rapt face as I passed his room when he was playing, and envied him his Fool's Paradise. One evening, about seven o'clock, I was startled by his appearance at my door in a dress-suit of extraordinary shabbiness and age. He had his violin-case under his arm, and was trembling with excitement.

"I can tell you at last," he said. "I have wished to tell you before, but I waited until it was decided. The moment of my life has come."

He gave me a crumpled programme, printed on coarse white paper.

At the top was printed:

ORPHEUS HALL,
EIGHTH STREET AND THIRD AVENUE,
Thursday Evening, May 12, 188–,
AT 8 O'CLOCK.
GRAND CONCERT.

Then followed the programme. After a performance by the orchestra, a soprano solo, and a solo on the guitar, came the announcement that a violin *obligato* would be performed by Mr. Albert Pinsing.

Pinsing's solemn exultation was a great deal too deep for words. In answer to my questions, I learned that if he made a good impression he was to be engaged to play at a series of concerts to be given at the hall during the summer. He gave me a ticket and left, hardly waiting for my congratulations. Before I went out I tried to find Mrs. Ellis, to tell her of Pinsing's success, but she was not to be found. My seat in the concert-hall was not far from the front; and almost the first people I noticed were the missing widow and Pierre, seated beside each other in their finest attire. Mrs. Ellis's face was full of ex-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cited interest. Pierre was evidently too happy to be with her, on any terms, for any other feeling but pleasure.

I glanced at the programme, and saw that beneath Pinsing's name were the words: "*His first appearance.*" This announcement struck me as being singularly inappropriate, and even satirical. The hall was gorgeously frescoed and brilliantly lighted. The audience was what might have been expected—small tradespeople, and a mixture of a rougher element. A flashily dressed youth who sat near to me remarked audibly to a friend, "All our set are here to-night."

"Our set" was in an appreciative mood, and received each performance with much good-humored applause. After the orchestra had played a stirring march, and a pretty young girl had sung a popular ballad, a snub-nosed little man made his appearance, carrying a guitar and a chair. His face looked as if it had been modelled by a child in putty, and then flattened against a wall. There was a deep, knowing twinkle in his eyes. He seated himself on a chair and made a feint of playing on his guitar, giving the while a rambling, comic speech, full of local hits and broad humor. Every sally was received with more uncontrollable laughter, and when he picked up his chair and left the stage he was recalled with energetic applause. He came back with an obliging smile and seated himself again. Then, as if he had forgotten something, he rose hastily.

"Just excuse me for a moment, will you?" he said, colloquially. He left the stage, and the audience waited breathlessly for several minutes. Then, as he did not return, the joke dawned on them with a crushing completeness. It was in the midst of the peals of laughter that followed this stroke of comedy that Pinsing made his appearance.

His shabby, antiquated figure and wistful, moon-struck eyes were strangely out of keeping with the tone of the place and the mood of the audience. The laughter gradually died away, now and then bursting forth in little jets of remembered amusement. As he began to play they eyed him with unrepressed disapproval. I thought that I had realized the thinness and poverty of his playing, but it never struck me as keenly as in that large, echoing space. By a fatal predilection he had selected the Beethoven *concerto*. At its best rendering it would have been far above the heads of his listeners. As he played it, it lost almost all of its own beauty. He was wretchedly accompanied by a small orchestra, and the length of the piece seemed interminable. The audience became restless, but Pinsing was unconscious of everything but his music. He was filled with the dignity and beauty of the music itself. It was plain that the possibility that his listeners were not in sympathy with him had not entered his consciousness.

At length he came to the end, and stood motionless in a sort of dream. I began to applaud; but I was the only person who did so, and several loud hisses warned me to be silent. A member of the orchestra, in passing him, touched him on the shoulder to remind him that it was time to go. He started, and after a puzzled stare bowed and hurried off the stage. It is a slight thing to say that he bowed, but a difficult thing to describe. He held his violin and bow above his head as far as he could reach and bent almost double, with an extraordinary scrape of his foot. The audience was ready either to hiss or to laugh, and his bow turned the scale. They laughed and applauded vociferously, finally stamping on the floor in a kind of rhythm. Pinsing reappeared with a glowing, transfigured face. The applause, of which he missed the ridicule, intoxicated him like fine wine. Beneath his excitement I saw that he was unnerved by the strain of his emotion. He raised his violin and began to play. Instantly a chorus of shouts and hisses arose.

"Don't give us any more of that scraping!"

"Put up your fiddle! Let's have that bow again!"

The rough element in the audience, roused by the comic speech before Pinsing's performance, now broke forth. Pinsing stopped playing and stood in dazed bewilderment. The shouts were redoubled, and as their full meaning broke on him, he lingered a moment in a sorrow-stricken stupor. Then, turn-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing suddenly, he left the stage with a stumbling, wavering step. At the threshold of the stage-door he fell, dropping his violin. Someone within helped him to his feet and picked up the violin, and the door was shut.

I left my seat, and, in spite of the protestations of one of the ushers, made my way through one of the side passages to the green-room. Quick as I was, someone else had been quicker. Pinsing sat in a chair, his gray head dropped in his hands, a picture of broken, helpless misery. Mrs. Ellis stood by him, her hand on his shoulder, and tears of the tenderest sympathy in her eyes. Pierre was in the doorway, in his face a mixture of jealousy and pity. Pinsing raised his head and spoke convulsively, as if in answer to Mrs. Ellis.

"Go home!" he exclaimed. "I can't. I haven't any home! I have owed you for my lodging for months. I haven't a cent in the world. I thought I could pay you after this; but do you think they would take me here *now?*"

He stopped, and sank back in his former despairing attitude.

"You're welcome to a place in my house as long as you want to stay," said Mrs. Ellis.

Her deep blush and the tremor in her voice made her meaning, however unconscious, unmistakable. Here was happiness—prosaic, it is true, but none the less actual—knocking at Pinsing's door. I think a glimmer of it dawned on him. He staggered to his feet.

"You are a good, kind woman," he said, brokenly, "but how can I accept so much from you?"

"All in time," I broke in, with a sudden inspiration. "Mrs. Ellis is right; you ought to go home now."

His violin lay on the floor beside him. I handed it to him, and as he took it I saw that the violence of his fall had broken both the strings and the sounding-board. He examined it in silence.

"It's too bad it's broke," murmured Mrs. Ellis.

"It makes no difference," he answered, with dead quietness. "I shall never play again."

The manager came up with some grudging apologies for the disturbance in the house; said he guessed such high art wasn't exactly in their line. "About that engagement," he added, in an undertone to Pinsing. "To tell the truth, your style of playing don't exactly suit here. We won't do anything more about the matter now."

Our way home led through Washington Square, and although I had helped Pinsing, his weakness began to seem alarming. He made no answer to my remarks, but seemed to be lost in a profound reverie. We left the street and came into the strange, shadowy region of the square, where the electric lights and the moonlight blended in a white, unearthly radiance and cast exquisite traceries of leaf and branch on the pavement. Pinsing suddenly swerved aside, and sank on one of the benches.

"Let me rest here for a moment," he said, tremulously. "I can't go any farther now."

I could not persuade him to go on; Mrs. Ellis and Pierre were walking slowly before us, but as we stopped they turned back.

"Come home soon, Mr. Pinsing," said Mrs. Ellis, "and we'll have some supper together."

The moonlight gave her blooming beauty a certain grace and refinement. Pinsing thanked her with something of his old manner; after they left us he was silent again, and this silence became so oppressive that I broke it in self-defence.

"Come, Pinsing," I ventured to say, "don't make it worse than it is. You began in the wrong place. The best musicians have had poor receptions. Wagner's operas were hissed off the stage in Paris."

He looked at me for a moment in silence. It seemed to me that the unworldly, visionary enthusiasm of his expression was gone, and that a hard, desperate common-sense had taken its place.

"Don't try and blind me any more," he said, coldly. "My eyes are open. It is not long since I left that place, but I have thought—I have thought. I see myself *as I am.*" He emphasized these words in a way that made me uncomfortable. "I am a fool, and an old one, too. I have no life to live over again. I have had my life, and wasted it. I have dreamed,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

but now I am awake—awake—*awake*." He spoke with fierce energy.

The wind stirred the branches of the trees, and the tracery on the silver flooring at our feet wavered and dissolved and formed silently into a million new shapes. There was all of the mystery of ideal beauty in it, and the bitter realism of his words had a sad inconsequence.

"You have worked too long and too patiently not to have some reward," I cried, with a futile desire to console him. "In time——"

Pinsing interrupted me quickly. "In time! It is too late. I am not a musician. I shall never be. I might have been a good cobbler. My cursed vanity had led me all my life, but it is dead now. It will never cheat me again." He rose with nervous energy. "Come, we are wasting words. The thing is over."

He walked briskly for a couple of blocks, but when we reached our door his strength gave out suddenly.

"Come in," I urged. "Rest, and eat something, and you will feel like a different man."

"Eat!" he repeated, bitterly. "I have starved for a month; why should I begin to eat now? I can't pay for it."

"It isn't a question of paying," I said. "It's a question of pleasing your friends."

Mrs. Ellis met us in the door, her face full of sound womanly tenderness. She announced that supper would be ready in a few minutes, and that Mr. Lepont had gone over for a bottle of wine. Pinsing said that he would leave his violin in his room and come down in a few minutes. I watched him go feebly up the stairs, and heard the door of his room shut. Mrs. Ellis invited me into her little parlor behind the shop, and I watched her as she set the table for our supper. She was certainly kind and pretty. Why was not Pinsing a lucky fellow? Why should not he be happy with her? She had no education, and he had; but that was not an obstacle to their happiness. When supper was ready, and Pierre had returned with the wine, I went up-stairs, at Mrs. Ellis's request, to call Pinsing. I knocked at his door, but he did not answer. I felt alarmed, and reproached myself that I had not gone up with him. I knocked again, and then, as there was no reply, I opened the door and went in.

A faint smell of burning varnish greeted me. A hot fire burned in the little grate. Pinsing stood before it. I looked involuntarily into the flames. There I saw burning his violin and the picture and autograph of Beethoven. He had imbued me with his fantastic awe of these relics.

"What are you doing, Pinsing?" I cried. "You will regret this."

He turned to me with a ghastly face.

"Let them alone!" he said. "They have cheated me long enough."

I stood by him while the fire burned hotter. I felt as though I were attending a veritable *auto da fé*, as the violin and picture blazed up and smouldered into red ashes.

Our landlady's voice rang up the stairs.

"Come down to supper, gentlemen!"

Pinsing straightened like a soldier.

"Come," he said to me, "I am old; but if I am worth anything, I can take my chance for a new life."

I remember that he drank a great deal of Pierre's wine that night, and as he grew excited he seemed merry. For the first time he seemed conscious of the widow's devotion, and I consoled myself, when the recollection of his disappointment returned, that he had, doubtless, a comfortable future before him.

At the end of three or four days my surmise became a fact, and Pinsing informed me that he was to be married in a week to Mrs. Ellis, at the nearest Protestant chapel. During the intervening time Mrs. Ellis was filled with proud happiness; Pinsing treated her with subdued gratitude, and helped her in the shop, as salesman, with a fidelity that was almost ludicrous. But if his former failure had been lamentable, his present success was pitiable. In the afternoon, when his duties were over, he used to go up and sit in his room, with his feet on the hearth, gazing blankly into the fire-place, where his treasures had disappeared. He took no interest in the ordinary events of life, and silenced the widow's inquiries about his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

violin by saying that he no longer possessed it. His health failed rapidly, and by the time the day for his marriage arrived he was ill in bed.

It was not strange that the mental and physical strain he had borne for so long a time should have its inevitable result. Between Mrs. Ellis and myself he was faithfully cared for, but he grew rapidly worse. It was more a failure of his powers than an illness, although there were organic troubles that made his rallying uncertain. Toward the middle of each day he was dressed, and would sit in a chair near the window by the hour. The presence of a beautiful young woman wonderfully freshened the atmosphere of his musty room, but he did not seem to notice the change. He accepted the widow's devotion with gentle gratitude, but his depression was not lightened. Once, as he sat in his usual place by the window, I spoke to him of her. She had just left the room, after silently placing a little vase of flowers beside him on the window-sill.

"She is very kind to you, Pinsing," I said.

He was moving the fingers of his left hand rapidly, as though he were once more playing on his beloved violin. He gave me an absent, dubious look.

"Yes," he said, "very kind;" he hesitated for a moment. "I think she likes me," he added, deprecatingly.

"Certainly," I said, laughing.

"Even loves me—perhaps?" he went on, looking at me with humble questioning.

"Undoubtedly," I answered. A faint satisfaction appeared in his face; he lifted the little vase of flowers and drew a long breath of their sweetness.

"It's very strange," he murmured. "I don't understand it; I don't deserve it."

Then his look of absent misery returned, and he fell to poring over the pages of a sheet of music that lay on his knees.

One day, Pierre, who had been in eclipse since the announcement of the widow's approaching marriage, made his appearance in Pinsing's room. He had brought a little red wine for Monsieur Pinsing. He presented it with large, easy grace. His broad, handsome face beamed with generous cordiality. Pinsing seemed quite overwhelmed with a sense of his kindness. After the short visit was over, he sat thinking profoundly for a moment. Then he spoke with an acuteness that I had never seen in him, except upon the evening of his performance at the concert:

"Pierre would like to marry Mrs. Ellis."

I tried to contradict him, but he silenced me.

"He is a good man. She could be very happy with him."

This idea seemed to give him a curious satisfaction.

"Not as happy as with you," I said.

"That is not true," he answered, sharply. "I am an old and broken-down man; he is far younger than I, and a strong, honest fellow."

Apparently he brooded over this idea, for several times during the next few days he referred to it. After this he became weaker and more silent than ever. One day, when I came in, after having been out for two or three hours, Mrs. Ellis asked me to go and sit with him; she said that she had some work to do, and that he had already been alone half an hour. I ran up-stairs; the door of his room stood open. The summer heat was upon us at last, and the room was flooded with the burning sunshine. In its rays the faded red-ingrain carpet and the shabby hair-cloth furniture showed with a certain obtrusiveness. The bit of faded chintz that served as a window-curtain flapped with a dull report against the sash, as little puffs of hot wind blew in at the window. I saw Pinsing lying on the floor near the fireplace. I thought he had fainted; but when I leaned over him, and looked at his wasted face, I saw, with a shock that was not all surprise, that he was dead. One hand was flung out toward the grate, where his treasures had been destroyed, as though in death he sought to renew the allegiance he had tried so hard to break.

. . . . . .

Not long after Pinsing's death, as I was coming down-stairs from my room, I heard Pierre's voice in the shop. He was speaking in a tone of urgent entreaty, although I could not hear his words.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Yes, Mr. Lepont," I heard Mrs. Ellis say. "But poor Pinsing——"

"*Ah! c'est vrai*," said Pierre. "Poor Pinsing! But *enfin*, madame, he is dead, dead, and I am alive."

He spoke not cynically, but with hearty practicality. Mrs. Ellis made no reply, and I passed through the shop, leaving her standing meditatively in the doorway.

Not long after this the wheel of fortune turned again, and took me away from the region where Pinsing had lived and died. I was not sorry to leave before the consummation of Pierre's ardent courtship, which was continued in spite of the widow's unwillingness.

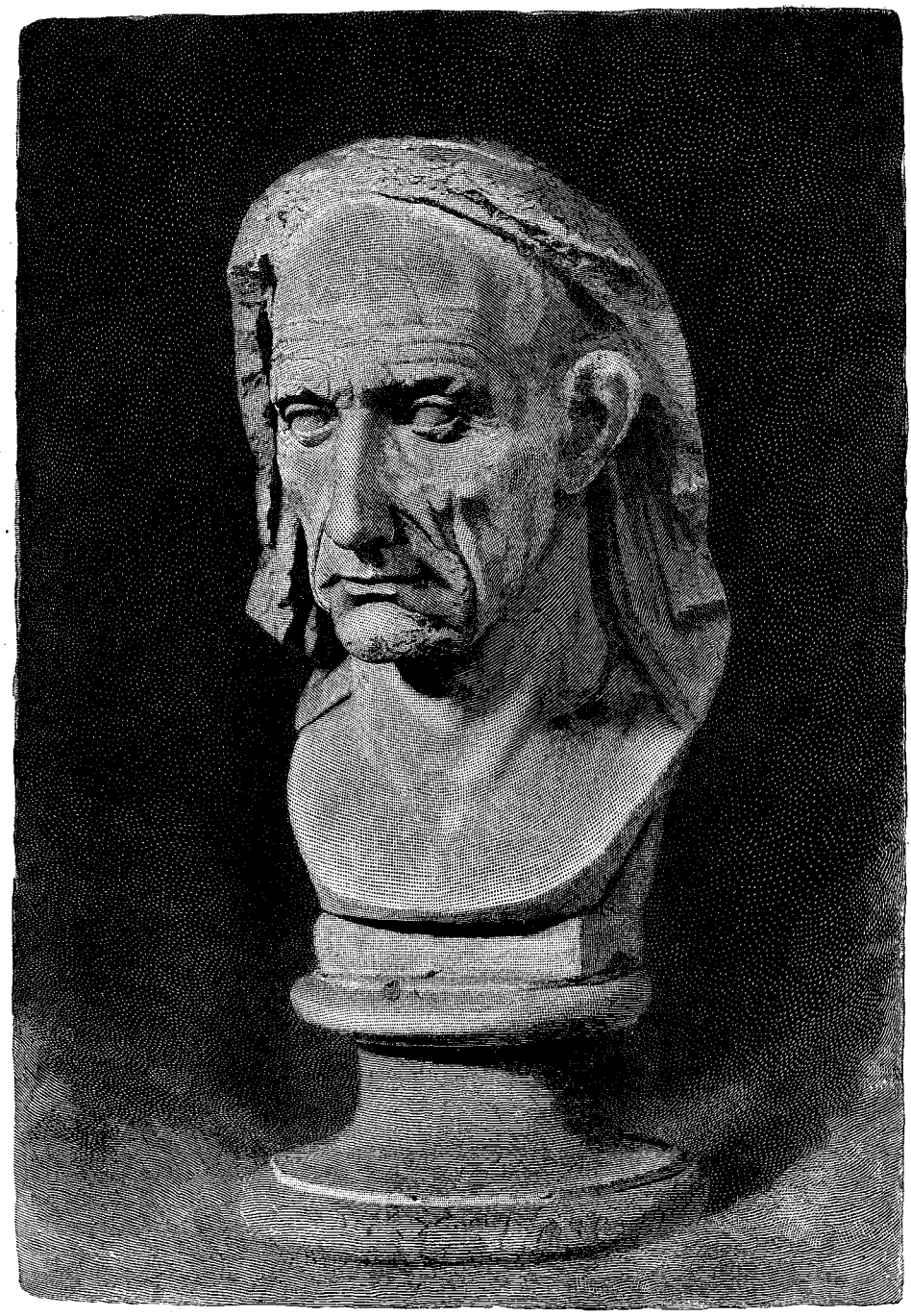
Before I went away Pierre told me, with a beaming face, that he was to marry Mrs. Ellis. I congratulated him, and then, almost mechanically, echoed the words I had heard the widow speak: "Poor Pinsing!"

"Yes; but he had his chances," said Pierre.

"How hard he worked, poor fellow!" I continued.

"He could not play," replied Pierre. "He should have found it out, and worked at something he could do. When I was young I wished to be a great actor; but, my faith! I soon found I could not act, and so—I kept a restaurant. At present," he ended, complacently, "I have enough. In this world it is a mistake to be too ideal!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



ENGRAVED BY W. B. CLOSSON AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE ORIGINAL.

JULIUS CÆSAR AS PONTIFEX MAXIMUS, FROM THE BUST IN THE MUSEO CHIARAMONTI, IN THE VATICAN.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED